

# *The* **A** **MERICAN** **L** **EGION** *Monthly*

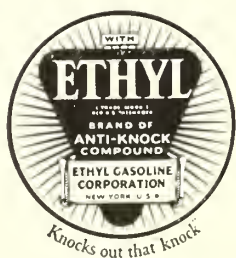
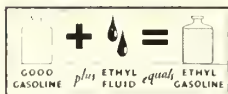
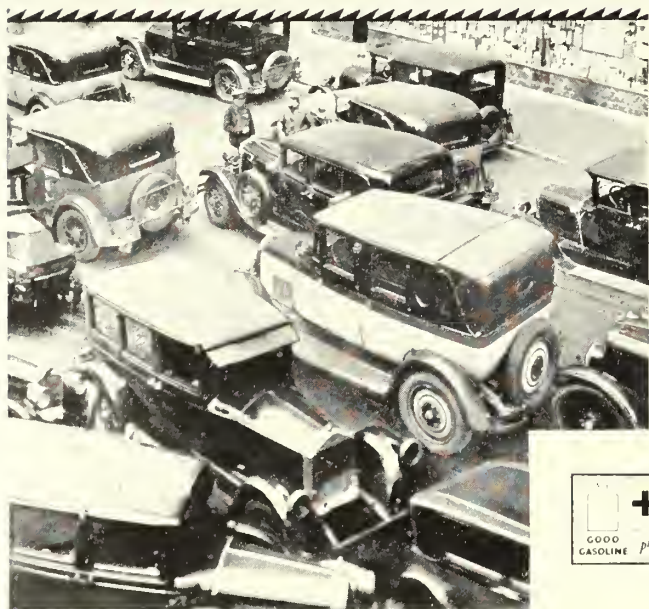


RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD - PETER B. KYNE  
WALTER P. CHRYSLER - ALEXANDER GARDINER



You can't  
*avoid*  
TRAFFIC

—but you  
*can* use  
ETHYL



Wherever you drive—whatever the oil company's name or brand associated with it—*any* pump bearing the Ethyl emblem represents quality gasoline of anti-knock rating sufficiently high to "knock out that 'knock'" in cars of ordinary compression and to develop the additional power of the new high-compression models.

**D**RIVING in heavy traffic is easier with Ethyl Gasoline in your tank.

That's because the Ethyl anti-knock compound it contains enables you to slow down to a crawl when necessary, then pick up again smoothly . . . without shifting. And when the line speeds up, the quicker acceleration that Ethyl gives keeps you in your place with so much less effort.

Ethyl means easier handling and better control because it is good gasoline *plus*—quality gas-

oline of high anti-knock rating. It gives added power, pick-up, smoothness, to *any* car. And the high-compression cars require a fuel of Ethyl's anti-knock standard to do their best.

Wait until your tank is almost empty; otherwise the Ethyl will be diluted and its effectiveness lessened. Then fill up with Ethyl and give it a trial in the worst traffic you have to contend with. See how greatly the strain *can* be eased. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York City.

*The active ingredient used in Ethyl fluid is lead.*

© 1930, E. G. C.

ETHYL GASOLINE

# Are You Satisfied With Your Work —And Your Pay?



**I**f you're satisfied with your work—and your pay check is all you desire—stop reading—this is not addressed to men who are satisfied.

**I**f you're trying to look ahead—hoping for promotion that's slow to come—needing more money—willing to work for it but not getting it—then—read every word. This may be the turning point in your life.

**T**HERE is a business profession you can acquire at home—studying in your spare time. It pays—in money and prestige—it puts you in touch with big things—with business leaders. It holds the immediate reward of materially increased pay—it opens opportunities for rapid advancement to real positions—and it offers the ready possibility of a business of your own as a public accountant.

## Accountancy— the modern business profession

Now don't get Accountancy confused with bookkeeping—the bookkeeper is the private in the business army—the Accountant the officer—and each gets paid in proportion.

Today Accountants deal with the most vital problems of business—the Costs—the Controls—Income and Tax matters—is it any wonder that where bookkeepers are paid a living wage, trained accountants earn up to \$10,000.00 and more a year?

Any question about its possibility for you? Then read the facts about these four men and women—facts picked from thousands of similar stories in our files—men and women who chose LaSalle home study training to open up this profitable profession.

### From plumber to bank auditor

He was beginning to get badly discouraged—this mid-western plumber, 32 years old—eleventh grade education—drawing a small salary—without increase for several years—no chance for advancement in sight.

But a few months of LaSalle training opened up a bookkeeping job. A year later he became an accountant for an auto concern with two bookkeepers under him. Now he is auditor for one of the largest banks in his state and his

income is 325 percent larger than when he began accountancy with LaSalle. And even greater opportunity is ahead.

### Railway clerk becomes assistant auditor general

“How can I get out of this rut and win bigger success?”

That was the burning question of an untrained railway clerk. He was in Canada—34 years old and drawing down a mighty slim salary. He analyzed himself and his qualifications—he studied the path ahead—he investigated the experiences of men already at the top. He found that the chief difference between these successful men and himself was trained ability—that without training he was about as far as he could go.

He sent us a coupon just like the one at the bottom of this page—he considered carefully the information that coupon brought him—he enrolled for LaSalle training in Accounting—and he began climbing.

Today he is Assistant Auditor General of one of the world's great railway systems—and the future is bright.

### “Good-bye time clock, I'm my own boss now”

Down in southeastern Ohio, a young bank teller toiled away in his cage, looking forward along the usual slow path of advancement—a path especially slow for the man who has no special training and only loyal, routine service to offer an employer.

Today, this man, yet in his early twenties, owns a flourishing public accounting business with four other accountants on his staff, has the respect and liking of the leaders of his community, is his own boss, and has an income

of which men much older than he would be proud. The LaSalle coupon started him.

### Accounting helped her become auditor

At the other end of Ohio, a woman bookkeeper in a great hotel worked day after day at the details of a minor bookkeeping job. She was untrained, unable to cope with any accounting problems outside of her routine task. She realized that she could go no further without outside help.

She sent the coupon. She got under way.

Training in Higher Accountancy swept away the obstacles—opened up a clear road to ability and opportunity. When she completed the training she was head auditor and accountant at a substantial increase in salary. She has since been transferred to an even bigger hotel and her income has grown accordingly.

### Would you like to join this profitable profession?

You can—if you have the ambition and the will to prepare. But the first step is to get the facts—send the coupon.

Our new illustrated booklet, “Accountancy, the Profession that Pays,” will open up to you a complete view of the accounting field—its problems, opportunities—will show you how its leaders work, what they expect of its future, what they demand in the men and women who are to become their co-workers and successors. In addition, it gives full information about our training in accounting, so that you may know and estimate it for yourself.

The booklet is absolutely free of cost or obligation—all you need do is to tell us on the coupon where to send your copy.

## LaSalle Extension University

THE WORLD'S LARGEST  
BUSINESS TRAINING  
INSTITUTION

-----These Four People Sent Coupons Like This-----

**LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY,**

**Dept. 6361-HR**

**CHICAGO**

Opportunities in Accountancy—Check below and we will send you a copy of “Accountancy, the Profession that Pays,” also copy of “Ten Years’ Promotion in One,” all without obligation.

☐ **Higher Accountancy:** Leading to position as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.

**Other LaSalle Opportunities:** If more interested in one of the other fields of business indicated below, check here:

☐ Business Management.

☐ Expert Bookkeeping.

☐ C. P. A. Coaching.

☐ Modern Salesmanship.

☐ Traffic Management.

☐ Railway Station Management.

☐ Railway Accounting.

☐ Law: LL. B. Degree.

☐ Paper Salesman's Training.

☐ Industrial Management.

☐ Modern Foremanship.

☐ Personnel Management.

☐ Modern Business Correspondence.

☐ Stenography—Stenotypy.

☐ Credit and Collection Correspondence.

☐ Telegraphy.

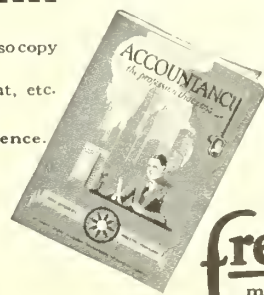
☐ Business English.

☐ Commercial Law.

☐ Banking and Finance.

☐ Effective Speaking.

☐ Commercial Spanish.



**free!**  
mail  
coupon  
now

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Present Position \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_





# The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly



## Contents

COVER DESIGN: JUNE	by Edwin Earle	
SKYSCRAPERS AND PYRAMIDS	by Walter P. Chrysler	4
	<i>Decoration by Franklin Booth</i>	
THE BACKFIRE	by Peter B. Kyne	7
	<i>Illustrations by Frank Street</i>	
SUPER-BABEL	by Richard Washburn Child	10
	<i>Cartoon by T. D. Skidmore</i>	
BIG MOMENTS		12
	<i>Illustration by V. E. Pyles</i>	
SAINT BOTOLPH'S OTHER TOWN	by Alexander Gardiner	14
	<i>Illustrations from etchings by Sears Gallagher and Samuel V. Chamberlain</i>	
EDITORIAL	with cartoon by John Cassel	18
LIVINGSTON BROTHERS: Part Six	by Leonard H. Nason	20
	<i>Illustrations by Harry Townsend</i>	
THE DEMONSTRATION	by Wallgren	24
A PERSONAL VIEW	by Frederick Palmer	25
KEEPING STEP	by Right Guide	26
HE WRECKED HIS WAY TO FAME	by William F. Sturm	29
THE CAPTURE OF GERONIMO	by Henry W. Daly	30
BURSTS AND DUDS	conducted by Tip Bliss	31
BOYTOWN, WISCONSIN	by Philip Von Blon	32
THEN AND NOW	by The Company Clerk	33
THE UNFINISHED BATTLE		35
THE MESSAGE CENTER	by The Editor	64

## THE STARS IN THE FLAG

NEVADA: The 30th State, admitted to the Union Oct. 31, 1864. Jedediah Smith, an American, is credited with being the first white explorer to cross the land in 1827. It was part of the province of New Mexico under Spain and Mexico. The United States acquired it at the signing of the treaty of peace that concluded the Mexican War, 1846-1848. Thousands trudged across the Nevada deserts on their way to California. Once included in the Territory of Utah, it was organized as a separate territory, Mar. 2, 1861. The discovery of silver, 1859, in the Comstock lode, where Virginia City now stands, yielded \$300,000,000 in bullion by 1880 and gave the State an impetus toward settlement. Population, 1860, 6,857; 1920 (U. S. Census), 77,407. Percentage of urban population (communities of 2,500 and over), 1900, 17; 1910, 16.3; 1920, 19.7. Area, 110,600 sq. miles. The least densely populated of any State



in the Union, (1920 U. S. Census), 0.7 per sq. mile. Rank among States, 48th in population, 6th in area, 48th in density. Capital, Carson City (1920 U. S. Census), 1,685. Three largest cities (1920 U. S. Census), Reno, 12,016; Tonopah, 4,144; Sparks, 3,238. Estimated wealth (1923 U. S. Census), \$541,716,000. Principal sources of wealth (1923 U. S. Census), manufacturing output, \$22,242,524, with copper smelting products the leader; all crops (1920 U. S. Census) were valued at \$13,980,000, live stock, wheat, potatoes, corn; mineral output (1925), \$26,469,901, gold, silver, copper, lead, zinc, tungsten and gypsum. Nevada had 5,412 men and women in service during the World War. State motto, adopted 1866, "All for Our Country." Origin of name: It takes its name from Sierra Nevada which means, in Spanish, snowclad mountain. Nicknames: Silver State, Sage Brush State.

ROBERT F. SMITH, General Manager

B. L. DOMBROWSKI, Advertising Manager  
JOHN T. WINTERICH, Editor

PHILIP VON BLON, Managing Editor  
ALEXANDER GARDINER and JOHN J. NOLL, Associate Editors

RICHARD E. BRANN, Business Manager  
WILLIAM MACLEAN, Art Editor

THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY is the official publication of The American Legion and The American Legion Auxiliary and is owned exclusively by The American Legion. Copyright, 1930, by The Legion Publishing Corporation. Published monthly at Indianapolis, Ind. Entered as second class matter January 5, 1925, at the Postoffice at Indianapolis, Ind., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized January 5, 1925. Price, single copy 25 cents; yearly subscription in the United States and possessions of the United States \$1.50, in Canada \$2, in other countries \$2.50. In reporting change of address, be sure to include the old address as well as the new. Publication Office, Indianapolis, Ind.; Eastern Advertising Office, 521 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Western Advertising Office, 410 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.



# SPORT STYLES...

WHEN you buy Sport Shoes for your Summer wardrobe, be certain they are FLORSHEIMS . . . that will assure your getting the newest styles and leathers . . . unquestionable comfort with longer wear and shapeliness. All in all . . . your money's worth and more. FLORSHEIM SPORT SHOES offer a superior service that every outdoor enthusiast will appreciate. They add to the summertime attire, that pleasing smartness, that generous comfort well-dressed sportsmen enjoy. . . . Style M-400

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY  
Manufacturers      Chicago



*Most Styles*  
\$10

## *The* FLORSHEIM *Shoe*

*for the Man who Cares*



# SKYSCRAPERS *and* PYRAMIDS

*By Walter P. Chrysler*

*Decoration by*

*Franklin Booth*

EGYPT built pyramids for the dead. And in this country, by contrast, we are now rearing to the heavens, in our larger cities, mighty skyscrapers which are for the use of the living. The pyramids are five thousand years old, and are of solid stone. Erected in a climate where it seldom rains, on land to which it seems unlikely now that the realtor's front-footage plan of calculating rentals will ever apply, they will probably continue to stand, old as they are, when our present skyscrapers are nothing but a memory.

Yet this difference in the purposes of the two types of monumental structures is a significant one. The skyscraper, dedicated to the living, has the magic spark of life in it—life that perpetuates itself. It has, furthermore, even more than dwellings or other types of structures, the spirit of organized creativeness in it. It was only that factor which made the skyscraper possible. Just as surely, no less a force could have produced the pyramids. But the organized creativeness that built the pyramids by comparison was a flimsy thing. The stone of the pyramids has outlasted it. The reverse should be true of the stuff that is mixed with the concrete and iron of modern skyscrapers.

Our present skyscrapers may be torn down, as others have been before them. But the spirit of men working together that they represent will build new ones. In point of size or height they may be greater, or they may be lesser. But what skyscrapers represent, and what has brought them into being, is a growing thing. And just as the skyscrapers of today are more impressive and adequate than those of yesterday, so surely will those of tomorrow be superior in some important ways. They will be better ones.

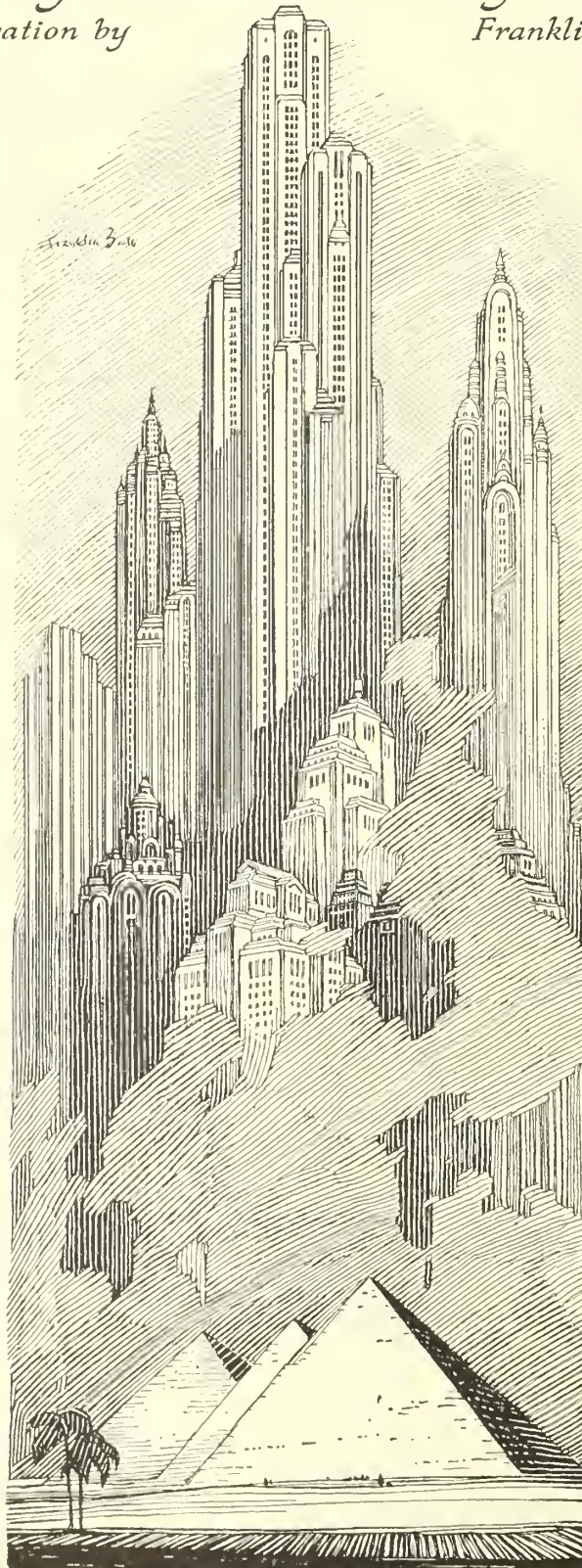
The organizations of men back of the skyscrapers and other things we are making are the really enduring structures that we are building in America. More enduring even than the organizations is the spirit of pulling together lustily, with good will, and without the need of a driving taskmaster, that the organizations are developing. This enables existing organizations to grow, to re-form, even after they have disintegrated, and to operate with ever increasing smoothness.

They are not shackled together, but grown together by a living spirit.

Their counterparts, the human structures back of the pyramids in Egypt, were clumsily shackled by clanking chains of compulsion. Bas-reliefs have been preserved that show gangs of thirty-six men, driven by a whipmaster, tugging at the ropes by means of which, and with the help of inclined planes or levers, the great stones in the pyramids were pulled into place.

Or the present type of manpower organization might be compared to a great reciprocating engine, with its high intermediate and low compression cylinders, its auxiliary steam-driven pumps and smaller engines. If the engine is operating efficiently the connections of the pipe lines convey the live steam from the boilers to the high-compression cylinder and relay it to the other cylinders without loss of energy. So it is with an organization freighted with enthusiasm and belief in a common purpose; and also loyalty to, and belief in, those in command. No steam escapes. The whistling lash of the taskmaster that accompanied the moving of the big stones of the pyramids was symbolical of escaping steam from carelessly fitted joints and connections.

Or, indeed, these human qualities might well be compared to the live steam itself. For they supply the power that is turning the wheels that make possible ever more ambitious collective enterprises, whether they be skyscrapers or great factories for building automobiles. And whatever gauges we have for measuring it deserve watching far more closely than the towering achievements that are the results of its application. More and more the men who are making their way to positions of importance in present affairs are being judged by how well they can work with others; how tightly they can connect with the high-pressure lines of enthusiastic collective effort. Ability they must have, of course. But there is less and less room for the man who works not joyously with others, but only because he thinks that he has to. More and more in demand is the man who is susceptible to and a spreader of the somewhat rare contagion that we come to recognize unmistakably as real enthusiasm.





# How To Secure A Government Position

**S**TOP WORRYING about business depressions and job hunting. Work for Uncle Sam. No special experience needed to get one of these attractive positions. It's easy if you prepare for it and it's my business to help you get it! For eight years I was a Secretary Examiner. I have helped thousands into well-paid Government positions, and I can help you get the job you pick. I know *how to train you* to get high rating in Civil Service Examinations, which will qualify you for early appointment. You get the job you want after passing examination—or my help costs you *nothing*. **GOVERNMENT GIVES EX-SERVICE MEN PREFERENCE!**

## Good Pay—Short Hours—Steady Work

Get rid of the bugaboos of "hard times," strikes and layoffs that you must always worry about in ordinary jobs. Don't stick in the low-pay jobs that start you off in a rut and keep you there. Work for Uncle Sam in a fine position you can't lose for any religious, political or personal reasons. Get a Government position that's *safe*—that pays you from \$1,700 to \$3,300 a year to start—a "sure berth" where there are no strikes, lockouts or dull times, where you get vacation with pay, retirement pensions, 8-hour day, automatic yearly salary raises, unlimited opportunities for quick advancement and many other advantages you can't get anywhere else!

**Why Worry about "HARD TIMES"?**



**Get my BOOK FREE!**

If you are a citizen, eighteen or over, you can get the Civil Service Position you want. Write today for my new free book that tells all about the Civil Service—the jobs open, how easily you can get *your* job, the pay, the vacation and all the big advantages of Government Positions. Find out just how I can help you land a steady, good-paying position in the Civil Service in Washington, traveling or near your home. Mail the coupon or a postal **TODAY**.

**A. R. PATTERSON, Civil Service Expert**

636 WISNER BUILDING,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

JUNE, 1930

### Railway Postal Clerk

**\$1,900 to \$2,700 a Year**

Work 6 days, then 6 days off. Paid all the time. Opportunity for travel. 15 days' vacation and 10 days' sick leave every year with full pay.

### Post Office Clerk

**\$1,700 to \$2,100 a Year**

Special clerks at \$2,200 to \$2,300. 15 days' vacation and 10 days' sick leave every year with full pay. Promotions to positions paying up to \$4,700 a year.

### City Mail Carrier

**\$1,700 to \$2,100 a Year**

15 days' vacation and 10 days' sick leave every year with full pay. Good chance for rapid promotion to bigger pay.

### R. F. D. Mail Carrier

**\$1,800 to \$2,300 a Year**

15 days' vacation and 10 days' sick leave every year with full pay. A fine position for men in rural districts.

### Internal Revenue and Custom House Positions

**\$1,100, \$1,680 to \$3,000 a Year**

and up. Extra pay for overtime.

### Postmaster

**\$1,200 to \$2,500 a Year**

This is a position of great importance. In small towns a position that can be made very profitable.

### Departmental Clerk

**\$1,440 to \$1,620 a Year and up to \$3,000 a Year**

30 days' vacation and 30 days' sick leave with full pay. Work in Washington or near home.

**HOW TO SECURE A GOVERNMENT POSITION:**

**IMPORTANT NOTICE!** Railway Postal Clerk's examination coming soon—average yearly pay with allowance is \$2,759.



Arthur R. Patterson,  
Civil Service Expert  
**PATTERSON SCHOOL**  
636 Wisner Building,  
Rochester, N. Y.

Send me your **FREE BOOK** about the Civil Service, and tell me how your coaching can help me land a Government position paying from \$1,700 to \$3,300 a year. This costs me nothing.

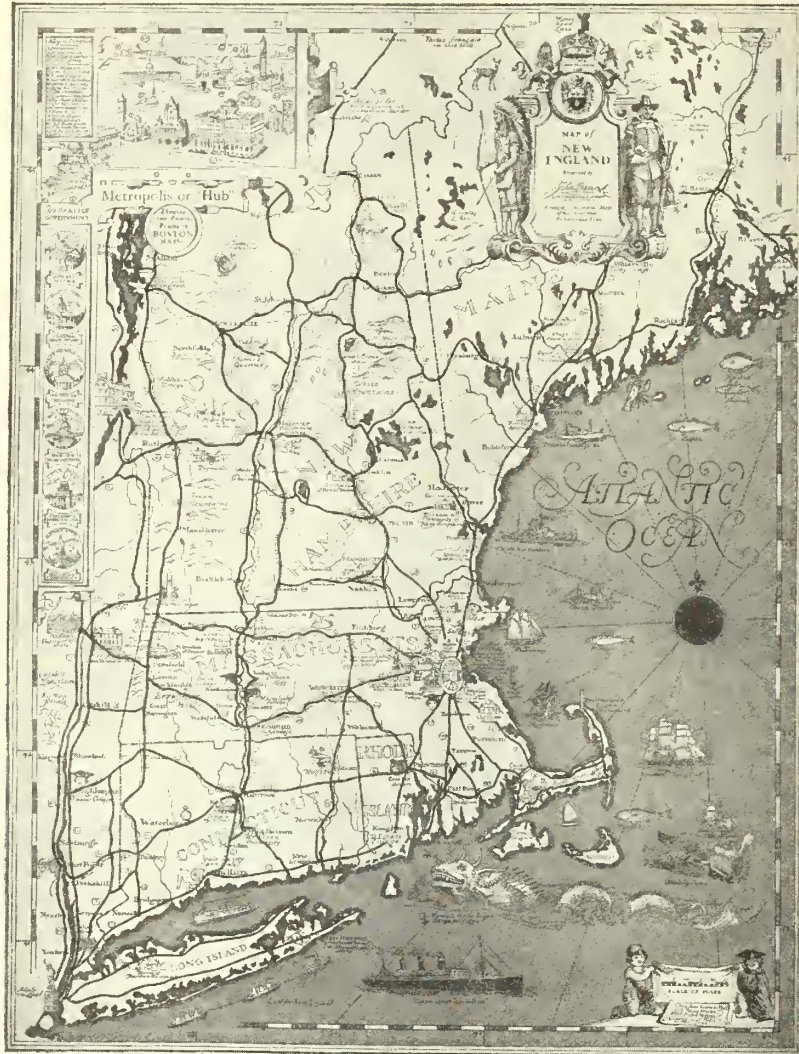
Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

(You must be 18 or over to be eligible for a position.)

# NEW ENGLAND CALLS YOU



## There is another Legion marching on in New England...

a Legion of heroes whose names are indelibly inscribed in her history. The preservation of their monuments, their birthplaces and their battlefields has kept them alive in memory. In reminders they go marching on—a road that once rang to a lone rider's call to arms, a house that saw the births of two Presidents, a busy waterfront, once the scene of the world's most historic "tea fight."

Legionnaires coming to their National Convention this fall will salute these comrades of the past, and visit the spots made

famous by the heroic men and actions of earlier days.

The John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company of Boston is sending a handsome large size color map (a small facsimile of which is reproduced above) to every American Legion Post in the world. Look for it on the bulletin board at your post headquarters, and know that New England's doors are open during this Tercentenary Celebration and the Legion Annual Convention in October.

*John Hancock*  
MUTUAL  
**LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**  
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

A.L.M.



# The BACKFIRE



**D**ATTO TINDIG (or Taguian Tindig, to give him his full name, for he was a lineal descendant of the fierce Borneo Dyak of the same name who, simultaneous with the Spanish Conquest, had invaded the island of Basilan and planted the seed of the present Moro race in the southern Philippine archipelago) had arrived, eventually, at that stage of mental uncertainty where all things seem uncertain and futile except war.

For three weeks Datto Tindig had been immersed in melancholy introspection, for he was obsessed with the belief that malevolent jinns had assumed direction of his personal affairs. In the idiom of the Americans, whom he hated, he was, undoubtedly, "jinxed"—and how! Within two moons past his eldest son had perished in the maw of a crocodile, which had upset the boy's *banca* as the latter paddled along the shores of Lake Llanao. Datto Tindig's next eldest son, now the heir apparent to the dattoship, was an imbecile. Recently, the datto had become convinced that a young and good-looking wench he had added to his harem two years previous was barren, hence not worth the price he had paid for her. However, since she was the daughter of a powerful neighbor, Datto Tindig dared not kick her out, which he felt was the correct thing to do. Smut had come upon the rice and rinderpest had appeared among Datto Tindig's own caribao; he had too many relatives of his numerous wives nestling under the mantle of his philanthropy and two of the said wives had developed the nagging habit to such an extent he contem-

*Datto Tindig came forth hurriedly and obsequiously. Tuan Garvey stretched out a great arm and a vise-like grip closed over the shoulder of the Moro*

*By* **PETER B. KYNE**

*Illustrations by Frank Street*

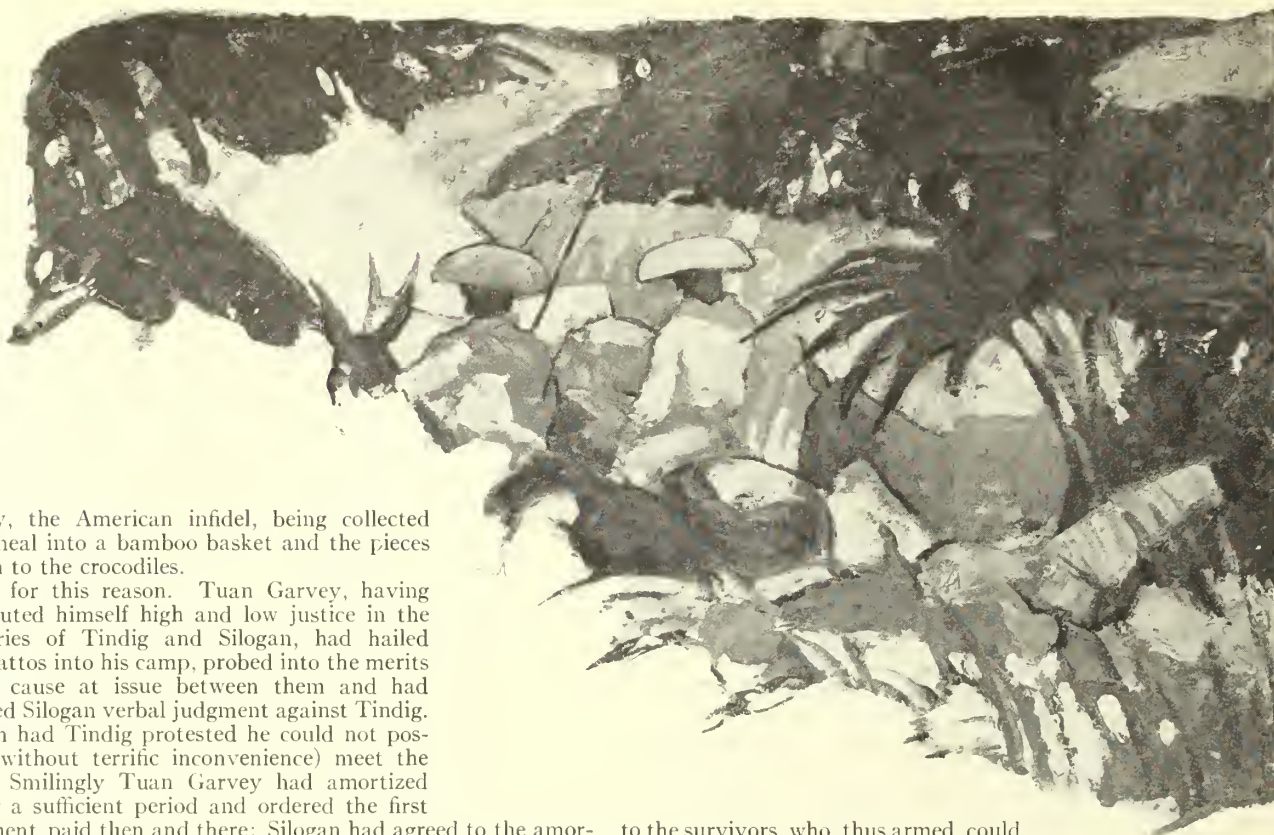
plated killing both, unless, indeed, he could dispose of them profitably to one of his subjects. A certain lingering fondness for both ladies stayed his hand, and for this weakness he hated himself.

But these economic and domestic trials were as naught compared with the political an-

noyances which beset him. He owed a neighboring chieftain, Datto Silogan, a debt which he was neither able nor willing to pay, and as a consequence he had recently been forced to defend himself against the onslaughts of Silogan and his warriors. Promptly a company of Philippine Scouts had appeared and administered a severe drubbing to both dattos, with the consequent loss to both of twenty-eight fighting men. Thereafter, having forced peace, the Scouts had remained encamped by the lake shore, in readiness to suppress any recrudescence of the quarrel. And if there was one thing that annoyed Datto Tindig more than anything else, it was the presence, in his territory, of a company of Filipino infidels, commanded by an American infidel upon whom his lies and political wiles made not the slightest impression.

Had these infidels confined their activities to fighting him, Datto Tindig could have put up with the annoyance of their presence, for he found in war his greatest delight. But when the base-born wretches interfered in the internal administration of his subsultanate, telling him what he must and must not do, then, Datto Tindig decided, patience ceased to be a virtue. He could conjure up no more delightful vision than that of Tuan





Garvey, the American infidel, being collected piece-meal into a bamboo basket and the pieces thrown to the crocodiles.

And for this reason. Tuan Garvey, having constituted himself high and low justice in the territories of Tindig and Silogan, had hailed both dattos into his camp, probed into the merits of the cause at issue between them and had awarded Silogan verbal judgment against Tindig. In vain had Tindig protested he could not possibly (without terrific inconvenience) meet the debt. Smilingly Tuan Garvey had amortized it over a sufficient period and ordered the first instalment paid then and there; Silogan had agreed to the amortization and had sworn, by Allah, to refrain from further punitive measures, provided the future instalments were met as they fell due. Tindig had no recourse other than to accept.

As a consequence of his general bad luck and this oppressive white man's unasked interference in Moro domestic affairs, slowly there had developed in Datto Tindig's turgid mind a very definite conclusion that it was his manifest Mohammedan duty to slay the infidels. In fact, it had always been his duty, for had not the Christian Americans forced upon his people subservience to the hated Tagalog Christians of the North—a condition which never has and never will set well on the Moro stomach?

At first Datto Tindig had pondered seriously the advantage of running amok among his own people. It was a time-honored method of letting off steam, so to speak, but in the end he knew his own people would kill him as they would a mad dog; so he abandoned this plan as savoring too greatly of futility and not because he shrank in the least from the fatal result. For a practical savage was Datto Tindig. Since running amok meant that he must die, what greater satisfaction could a True Believer experience than that of dying among his infidel enemies?

He considered, therefore, with equal seriousness, the advantages of proceeding to Datto Silogan's cota and there staging his bloody drama. But here, again, he impaled himself upon an impracticality. Although an enemy, Silogan and his people were also children of the Prophet, and the slaying of one or more of them would avail Datto Tindig nothing in the procurement of a high seat in the ultimate Paradise. On the other hand, great would be the merit he would acquire beyond the skies should his earthly activities terminate in a ring of gory infidel corpses.

So he called upon Tuan Garvey to report in person the payment of the second instalment on his debt to Silogan and carefully timed his arrival for retreat roll-call. With the Scouts in company formation he could count his enemies with fair accuracy; having ascertained the number of men in line and allowing, at the outside, twenty more for guard and kitchen details who would not be present at retreat roll-call, he would be enabled to make a practical estimate of the situation.

He discovered he would have not less than a hundred and twenty-five infidels to dispose of and concluded he could turn the trick with three hundred Moro fighting men. However, this number would tax his man-power to the limit, so, after presenting his compliments to Tuan Garvey, he retired to his cota to deliberate further.

Into conference he called his most influential followers to explain to them the manifold advantages of his still nebulous plan. With the Scouts disposed of at a probable price of fifty per cent of his followers, the rifles and equipment of the enemy would fall

to the survivors, who, thus armed, could promptly fall upon Datto Silogan, conquer him, enslave his followers and, incidentally, discharge a debt that irked and bore heavily upon every member of Tindig's constituency. He laid his sketchy plan of operations before them; he sought, by appealing to their natural love of murder and rapine, their sense of injured nationalism and religious fanaticism, to induce them to co-operate with him. But the memory of their recent brush with Tuan Garvey and his Tagalog Scouts was still too fresh; they had not forgotten how sturdily the little brown soldiery had stood up to their attack, how calmly and methodically they had fired, how cunningly Tuan Garvey had disposed them to meet the assault. And Tindig's men were not—for a time, at least—wishful to review that lesson.

It came to Tindig eventually that Tuan Garvey was the bug in his amber, so to speak. For the Scouts the Moros held the healthy contempt of superior fighting men, but for Tuan Garvey they had admiration and fear. They had known him many years; he was adept at avoiding their ambushes; for every nan of his their barongs bit, a dozen Moros paid the price. He had the affection and confidence of his men—hence he could control them in any situation, direct their assault or their defense, inspire them with the will to win, the belief in ultimate victory. With Tuan Garvey out of the way, therefore, Datto Tindig knew his people would much more readily yield to his powers of persuasion; without Garvey's wise leadership that company of Scouts (Tindig reasoned) would become demoralized. For Garvey was the sole white officer with the little force, two of his lieutenants being negroes promoted from colored regiments of the Regular Army and two being Filipino mestizos. Moreover, Datto Tindig was familiar with the recruiting methods of the Scouts, which dictated the employment of men from widely separated districts and tribes—a principle which militated against disloyalty and mutiny, since no Tagalog might entirely trust a Visayan whose dialect he could not understand, nor fire him with sympathy for a political cause espoused by some more intelligent and crafty Chinese or Spanish mestizo. The iron discipline, the watchfulness, the suspicion, the unceasing vigilance of Tuan Garvey, who knew that anything may happen in Moro land—and generally does—spelled a more formidable opposition to Datto Tindig's plans than the rifles Garvey commanded. With the latter out of the way, it might be a matter of weeks before another white officer could come up from Zamboanga to take command; meanwhile discipline would disintegrate, vigilance would relax—and Datto Tindig would attack.

His plan of assault, once he had won his followers to his point





*For a minute a packer, galloping after a mule that was trotting back along the trail, was out of sight of his fellows. Datto Tindig, waiting in the grass with his barong, sprang up and with a silent swing of the weapon was upon him*

of view (and he anticipated no difficulty, following Garvey's death) was simple and, like all simple things, promised to be effectual. While the constabulary were at morning mess he would charge their camp with all his men. The Scouts' rifles would be in their tents; hence he would place fifty of his warriors between the tents and the kitchen, while the remainder of his force closed in silently from every side and went at their work with barong and kris.

Of course there would be reprisals. Datto Tindig knew that. But, provided he did his work thoroughly, no man would live to say whether he or Datto Silogan had committed the massacre; and with Datto Silogan, an easy prey to an enemy armed with Springfield rifles, slain and his people conquered, there would not be lacking proof that Silogan was the guilty datto! Datto Tindig smiled as he reflected how easy it would be to suborn perjury among the conquered and have a Silogan informer lead the avengers to the cached rifles. Not all of them, of course, but enough to damn the memory of Datto Silogan and restore confidence in Datto Tindig, the Loyal One who had inflicted summary punishment upon his neighbor for violation of a treaty of peace to which both had been signatories.

Datto Tindig prided himself upon an intimate knowledge of American psychology. The accursed infidels hobbled themselves with sentiments of justice and mercy. He knew that unless satisfied beyond a reasonable doubt as to the identity of the force that had slain the Scout unit, Datto Tindig's cota and surrounding barrios would not be molested. Of course in similar circumstances, Tindig would not have bothered to make an impartial investigation; he would never be so foolish as to prejudice his vengeance by a nice consideration touching the guilt or innocence of himself and Datto Silogan, but would have warred ferociously

and mercilessly upon both factions, since thus only could a mistake be avoided! To a people who had never known any persuasion save that of brutal force, mercy was a sign of weakness and justice but the vaporings of fools.

Quite suddenly Datto Tindig made up his mind to kill Tuan Garvey, the captain of the Scouts.

Some years before he had discovered that escorts did not always accompany the quartermaster pack trains that marched in the rear of the columns which, periodically, invaded the interior of Mindanao. The packers were civilian employes and not supposed to bear arms but since they were hard, practical men and resented the army dictum that they might not bear government weapons, they had armed themselves with the old single action Colt's forty-fives of blessed memory, and repeating rifles of a popular sporting model. Also, unhesitatingly they dum-dummed their ammunition. Datto Tindig, crouching in the tall cogon grass beside a trail, had one day watched a cavalcade of packers file past.

Suddenly a mule had turned and commenced trotting back along the trail, and a packer, mounted on a light riding mule, had galloped back after her. For a minute that packer had been out of sight of his fellows—and in that minute Datto Tindig had slain him. A silent, swift rush from the grass, a swing of the barong and the deed was done. Quickly Tindig had possessed himself of the man's rifle, pistol and ammunition and disappeared into the cogon grass as silently and swiftly as he had emerged.

Datto Tindig still had that rifle and (Continued on page 48)



# SUPER-BABEL

*THE* Story of propaganda—or, as someone has said, improper-ganda—runs hand in hand with the history of the world.

*By Richard Washburn Child*

*Cartoon by T.D. Skidmore*

to death would occur within six minutes.

The clergyman wheeled toward him in Christian fury,

Whenever a king or a medicine man felt that the sword might fail in the subjection of the mob or the individual, he changed his policy from "Off with his head!" to "Into his head!"

Thus in the absence of the armor of education of the high meditative type or in the absence of time on the part of the "Man with the Hoe" or the "Man with the Ticker Tape" to do much thinking of his own, propaganda has always filled the void. Most of the great prophets of the world were great advertisers or rather publicity men and no small proportion of them succeeded in making the public "swallow it whole," just as in recent times and across our own door steps we have bought happily bottles of branded medicine for a dollar, containing merely a substance which if purchased in bulk at the druggist's would cost seven cents.

"Making 'em believe it" as the theatrical press agents used to say is nothing new; what is new is the development and spread of the art—due in part to the canned thought factories of governments in the World War plus the almost infinite multiplications of method by which whatever is in my mind can be pushed along—openly or slyly—toward yours.

I am no authority on publicity in the sense that I have practiced as a professional. It is true that in politics I have sometimes, with belief in what I was doing, used modern methods; it is true that sometimes I am willing, from the point of view of a lawyer, to assemble facts which may serve the truth in a special pleading to public opinion but I never sign such an array of facts. Nevertheless because I have been for so many years a reporter of modern life, international, national, social and economic, I am able to look back with much interest, some misgivings and much amusement to what has been put over on modern civilization, the true, the half true, and the false—nourishment and poison—and how!

I have seen the public which is so careful—except in the field of recent liquids—as to what it puts in its stomach, swallow into its mind the assertions of villains and fools without even a shudder. I have seen the spoonfeeding age of thought from behind the scenes. I have seen a nation supposedly proud of its individualism go goose-stepping after fads and fanatics, cranks and cold creams. I have seen goose-stepping the direct result of goose-stuffing, and no doubt I, myself, who ought to know better, have done the one because I swallowed the other.

"Open your mouth and shut your eyes; I'll give you something to make you wise."

The war propaganda may have shut the eyes of the silly victims of it; certainly it opened up the eyes of those who for one reason or another wanted to make us run like sheep after a falsehood or more commonly a legitimate truth. It's bad, however, when we have a job of it to tell which.

The job we have to tell which is that raised by our modern Super-Babel—a heading suggested by a perceptive executive of this American Legion Monthly. There is something humiliating in the fact that though the American mind has resistance to the "best minds," i.e., those who like to "teach the class" and the class sometimes revolts as it did on the "Join the League of Nations" propaganda, none the less we have to keep on our toes to prevent some new fangled needle of publicity from being stuck in our legs.

The war propaganda, always carried on with a God-on-our-side piety, yielded so many brazen lies that the world blushes today not only because it did not believe such absurdities but because it did. We learned then that the "wish to believe" anything put high intellectuals right down to the foot of the moron class. I have often told of a prominent truth-loving clergyman in Boston who recited the story of his lady parishioner who with her own two eyes had seen two French children who had walked twenty miles after their little hands had been cut off at the wrists by a German officer. A Boston doctor protested that bleeding

"Don't you want to believe the story?" he exclaimed.

So it is with a good many God-on-our-side causes today. The moral fervor becomes an end in itself, let truth be jammed!

If the war opened up the picture of what could be done to human thought if one controlled all the entrances and exits of human thought, the progress of modern invention has produced so many new entrances that we cannot keep track of them!

I have a friend among the most astute of advertisers who says, "Give me the Wall Street backing to make a merger of newspapers, radio, television, and motion pictures and I can make the United States a dominion of the British Empire, or manipulate the price of horse chestnuts to be used to prevent parrot fever, so that I could break Morgan and Company on the bear side of the market. I could make the country believe again that the Chinese are pacifists or that Mussolini had promised to run against Hoover!"

The Super-Babel of those who want us to believe something has become so complicated that even those who are supposed to be on the inside are now on the outside—unless they have a good nose.

Not long ago I was asked to aid in the formation of an international society which we will call the American-Volabia Society. Distinguished names were on the stationery—the names of gullible Wall Street gentlemen, clergymen, respectables. I attended a large banquet where solemn speeches were made by solemn gentlemen who spoke on international good will, and upon an American educational foundation for backward Volabia. Good old Volabia! The dear Volabians! Great stress was put upon the duty of the United States not to interfere in the internal affairs of Volabia. What was back of it? What was back of it was a gentleman from the West who had outrageous concessions in Volabia and wanted to use the Society to uphold the present President of Volabia who had shot and "bot" his way into office.

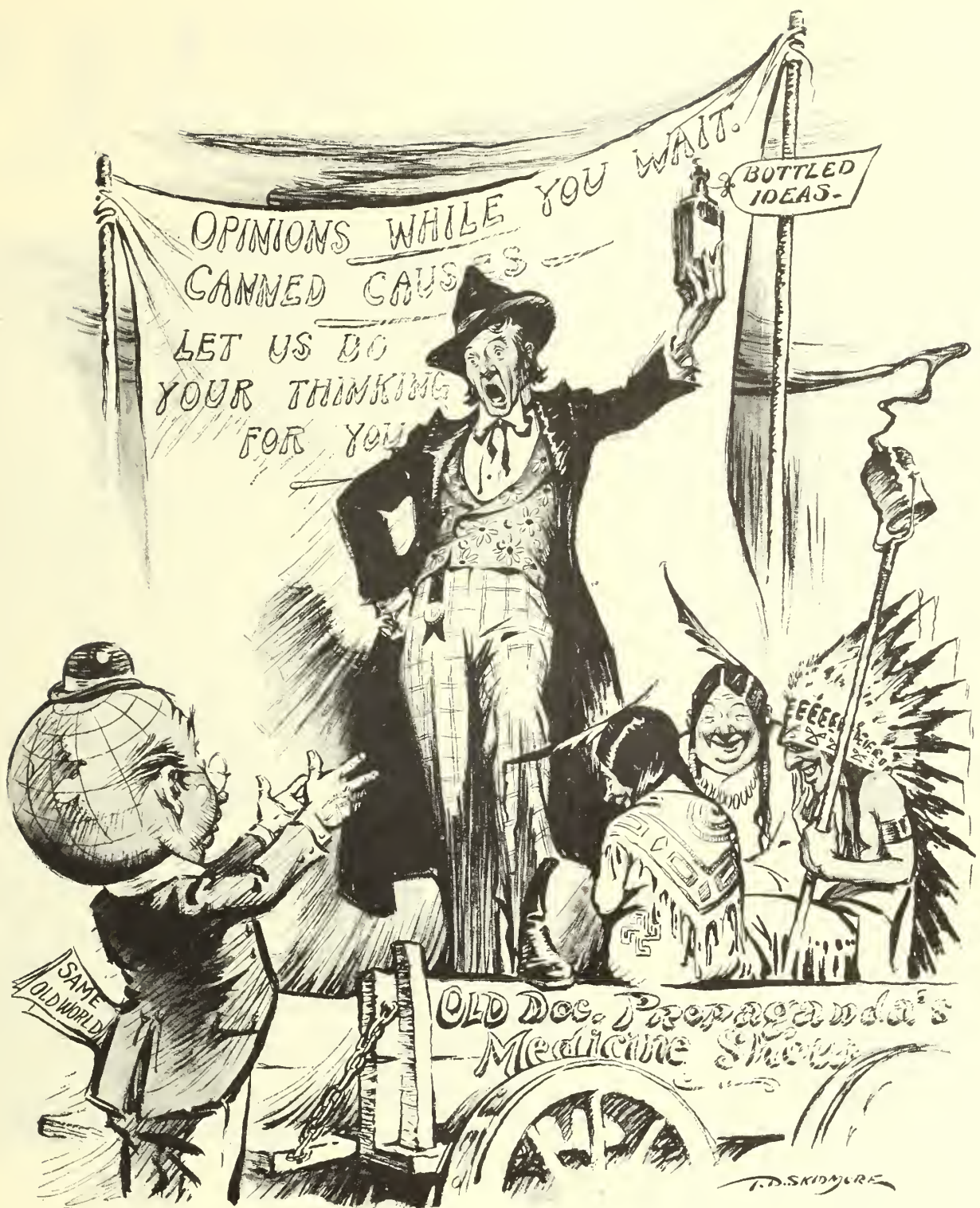
FOR a year a full page advertisement of a certain type of machine was carried at high cost in a magazine. That advertisement was carried, not to catch the many but to catch just one manufacturer. And it caught him!

Indirection has become the strategy of most of the eight-cylinder propaganda and publicity. There is nothing wrong in it sometimes. At other times there is a great deal of wrong in it. Consider the published confessions of methods used by the famous prohibition campaigner, "Pussyfoot" Johnson. And consider also the number of cases where moral and supposedly godly gentlemen and ladies ask the Honorable Peter Perverse of the Lower House to vote for some "commandment," as distinguished from a law, because they have discovered that this now honorable and bald-headed legislator set fire to the school teacher's wristlets at the age of seven or so, or did something naughty in his 'teens! An advertiser may expend large sums of money with magazines and newspapers not to get any publicity nor indeed to sell anything but to create on the part of publications a reluctance to attack the advertiser. That is to say, the real aim may not be to tell a story but to be sure that a story is *not* told. It would be foolish to say that several national campaigns which go under the slogan "the public is entitled to know our business" are not conducted either to get customers nor in the main to enlighten you or me as to what goes on among the companies' employes, but rather to keep the business end of publications purring for new advertising contracts.

When it comes to extending this purring to the point of insertion of propaganda in the reading pages because of the advertising most of our higher class publications are obdurately and sometimes viciously set against such an invasion.

With one editor I have an agreement to tell him whenever I am approached with a request to "sell" him such and such propaganda material. The very fact that he or I have been asked by private interests to "get this story into the Blank Magazine" is





*"'Making 'em believe it,' as the theatrical press agents used to say, is nothing new. I have seen a nation supposedly proud of its individualism go goose-stepping after fads and fanatics."*

enough to finish the story. And sometimes this in itself is most unfortunate. Suppose, for instance, that an American banking house wishes to make a loan to a European country which is really struggling upward toward social place and economic stability. Here is news for me, here is a trip to Europe and a true interest in a new political situation abroad. But if the banker asks me to dinner or goes to see the editor of this particular magazine suggesting a series of articles on the subject of Volabia and its progress the story is killed for a long time. Why? Because inevitably the banker would say, "Ha! I put that over!" This in spite of the fact that Volabia which is getting the loan deserves to have it and has become of vital interest by her experiments in political and social progress.

The average banker and business man, to speak with candor, is a perfect goose about publicity and propaganda. Not long

ago a partner in a great international house said to me, "Help me to get Blankus, the great writer, to go to Arcadia and write a series of articles about the country, its premier, its development and future. He can charge what he likes and have all his expenses."

Now there was an absurdity—a waste! What the banker, who is more than forthright and honest, should have done was to get Blankus to spend a year in Arcadia—but writing not a word! Blankus' function would be to know all about Arcadia, dine with the premier, take the princess sailing on the Gulf of Lepidoptua, and then wait for all the newspaper men, correspondents, current-events lecturers, magazine writers and tourists to come through Arcadia. He could say, "Look at this! Look at that! See for yourselves. Do you want to write about this? Well here are the facts and tomorrow I will show you the (Continued on page 38)



*THE third instalment of prize-winning Big Moment stories is printed herewith. Another instalment will appear in the July issue. Rules governing the contest, in which five hundred dollars a month is awarded, are given at the conclusion of the instalment.*

# BIG

## AN ENEMY IN NEED

*\$100 Prize*

**I** WAS serving in an ambulance section attached to the Twelfth French Division.

One cold night I was given, besides the usual three stretcher patients, a German with a shattered shoulder. As there was no room inside he had to occupy the seat beside the driver.

The radiator leaked, and within a few miles I had to stop to get water. A canal paralleled the road, and to this I went. With the toe of one shoe in a chink in the masonry I reached down to fill the bucket. My foot slipped and into the canal I went.

It was impossible to climb out. All I could do was to hold to a crack in the wall—the bank was three feet above. Another car came down the road. I called for help, but they could not hear me. Chilled through, I was ready to give up when a shadow appeared on the bank and an arm was stretched over the edge. I seized it and with difficulty scrambled to the bank.

There I found my German passenger, his bandage pulled loose, bleeding and unconscious. I bandaged the shoulder, revived him and got him into the car again. We soon found more accessible water, and two hours later reached the hospital more frozen than alive.

I want the world to know that then and there I hunted up for that German prisoner the biggest ration of rum that could be found.—A. S. JOHNSTON, Beckley, W. Va.

## CHICKEN À LA TOWEL

*\$50 Prize*

**D**URING the winter of 1918 we were stationed in a small village in southern France. We were considerably isolated from the base of food supplies and our rations suffered accordingly. Many of us had received no pay for five or six months and could not supplement our rations by the franc route. There was only one thing left to ease the pains of an empty stomach and doughboy-like, we proceeded to exercise our prerogative. A certain chicken house had attracted attention for many days but had always been securely locked or well guarded. One Saturday night the vigil slackened and several of the chickens mysteriously disappeared. A little wood obtained from the floor of a nearby barn supplied the heat and about nine o'clock the following morning the chickens were simmering nicely in the old stone fireplace.

Someone looked out the window, turned and shouted, "Good Lord, here comes the lieutenant and the town mayor."

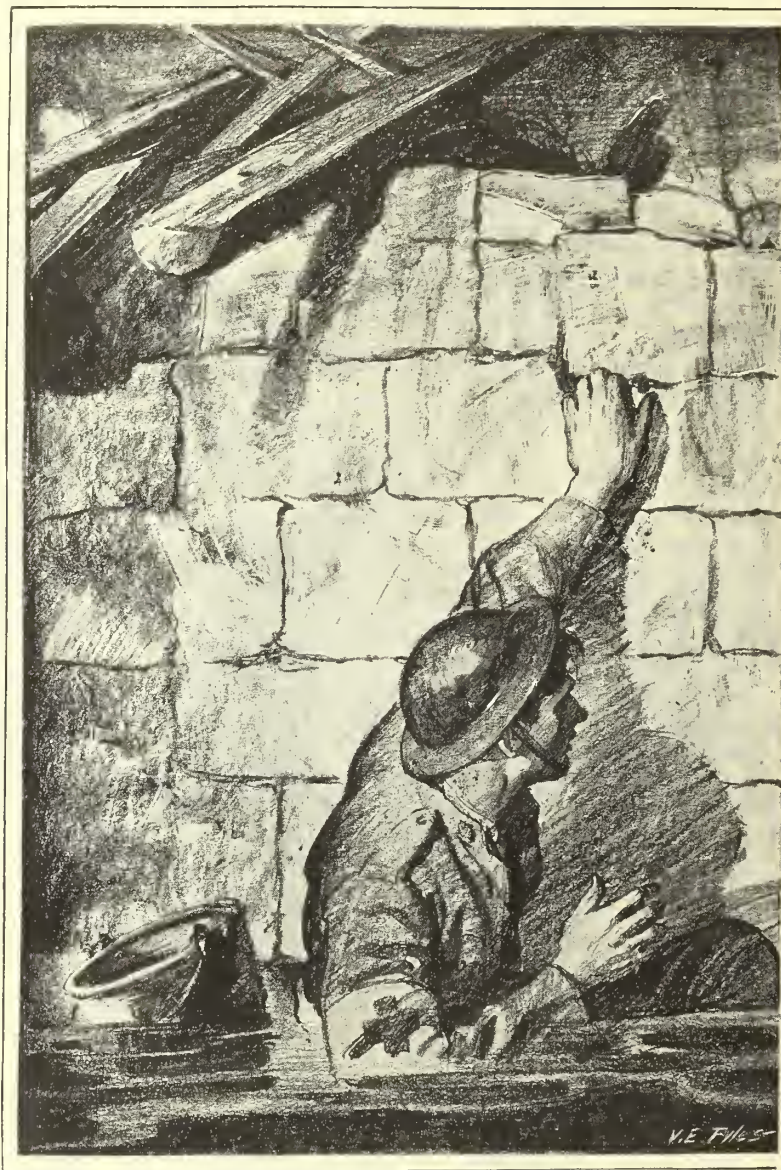
What to do? Suddenly a corporal dashed to a corner, grabbed three or four bath towels and threw them into the kettle. As the lieutenant and the mayor entered the room we were all busily engaged boiling our laundry. They walked through the room, looked about, and failed to find the culprits.

The chickens were extremely savory in spite of their contact with bath towels. I have always believed that the lieutenant had a keener sense of smell than the Frenchman, for there was a twinkle in his eye that did not indicate a total lack of comprehension.—EMORY L. O'CONNELL, Denver, Colo.

## THE TOUCH OF NATURE

*\$50 Prize*

**I** CAN'T forget that Liberty Loan poster that hung in our dug-out. A hulking German brute pursuing women with dripping red sword. Typified our notion of the Jerries. Then Armistice



*"An arm was stretched over the edge. I seized*

Day. A party of us exploring the trenches. Dead men lying around everywhere; all the grim debris of battle. Twelve hours ago our infantry had been mauled in a frontal assault and the casualties had been heavy.

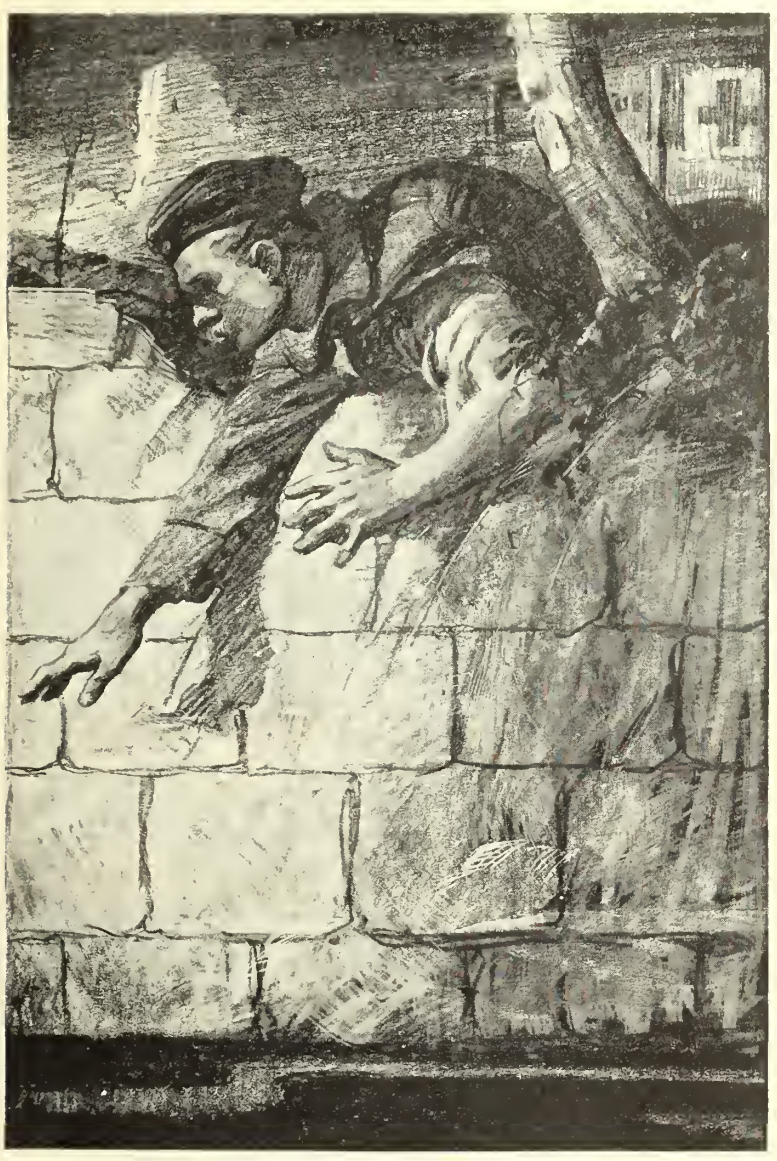
Tex Jones popped his head out of a German dugout and called for a gun—had forgotten the war was over and wanted some prisoners. We climbed down and there they were. Just kids. Younger than we expected. Pale, thin, underfed. Kind of scared, yet glad to see us. Friendly, too, in a bashful way. When we snagged an old helmet they would replace it with a brand new one. Gave us their coarse black bread. Grinned, showed us around; pointed out a machine-gun post with piles of empty cartridges; showed us a lane where they had mowed us down. We talked it over like a football game; told them it was a dandy place for their gun. One of us hummed a German nursery song. They yelled, called up their gang and made him sing it all through. Didn't want us to leave; loaded us up with souvenirs. In short, it was like a reunion of buddies who had been separated for years.

As we came back there was Old Glory streaming over Fort de



# MOMENTS

*Illustrations  
by V.E. Pyles*



*it and with difficulty scrambled to the bank"*

Tavannes. Our hard-bitten top looked up at it for a moment and grunted:

"Somehow—all over the world—folks is just folks."—JOHN H. THACHER, *Okmulgee, Okla.*

HIS JERRY  
\$25 Prize

THE particular instance of which I write happened during the Battle of Cantigny. At that time I was a sergeant in command of the second platoon of Co. E, 28th U. S. Infantry. My commanding officer was Captain Johnson, one good soldier.

At 6:25 A. M. (the zero hour) May 28, 1918, we jumped off, my platoon being in the second wave. Just before driving at our objective we met strong resistance. The Germans were entrenched behind a tall hedge which was interwoven with barbed wire and it was almost impossible to get through.

A French soldier who was assigned to my platoon for the purpose of using a flame thrower (liquid fire) suggested that I bring

my platoon up on line with the first wave so that we could storm the enemy's position.

We were some distance from any of our officers and, in order to save time, I acted on the Frenchman's suggestion, bringing my platoon forward.

With the first and second waves combined, we charged the hedge. Many of our boys fell.

At the hedge I found myself standing upright against it with the enemy firing point-blank at us. Why I was not hit is still a mystery. On looking around, I noticed a tank creeping toward us and signaled it to come forward. Within a few minutes, the tank crushed the hedge to the ground, breaking a passage about ten feet wide through which the boys followed with bayonets at short point.

During this hand-to-hand struggle which lasted about three minutes, I fired at a German officer, wounding him in the thigh. He fell and at the same time tore away the leg of his breeches, pointing to his injury and asking me for mercy.

By sign language, I tried to persuade the German to get under cover. His broken reply came to me under the sound of fire, "Plees kintly put me in grafe." I thought he wanted me to kill him; I put my pistol to his head. Immediately he resumed his pleas. Then I suddenly realized he meant "trench."

—J. J. FINNEGAN, *Bellrose, N. Y.*

NO ADMITTANCE  
\$25 Prize

YOU might call it my big moment, but it was also my most embarrassing one. For in February, 1919, I was ill in Base Hospital 1, St. Nazaire, France. Of course, a Red Cross nurse wasn't supposed to be sick, but there I was flat on my back in bed with the mumps. My face was as large as two faces, and my stomach as empty as a collapsed balloon, because my jaws were so sore I couldn't eat, and all I was enjoying was the rest and freedom from the rain and mud of Camp Hospital 85 at Montoir where I was stationed.

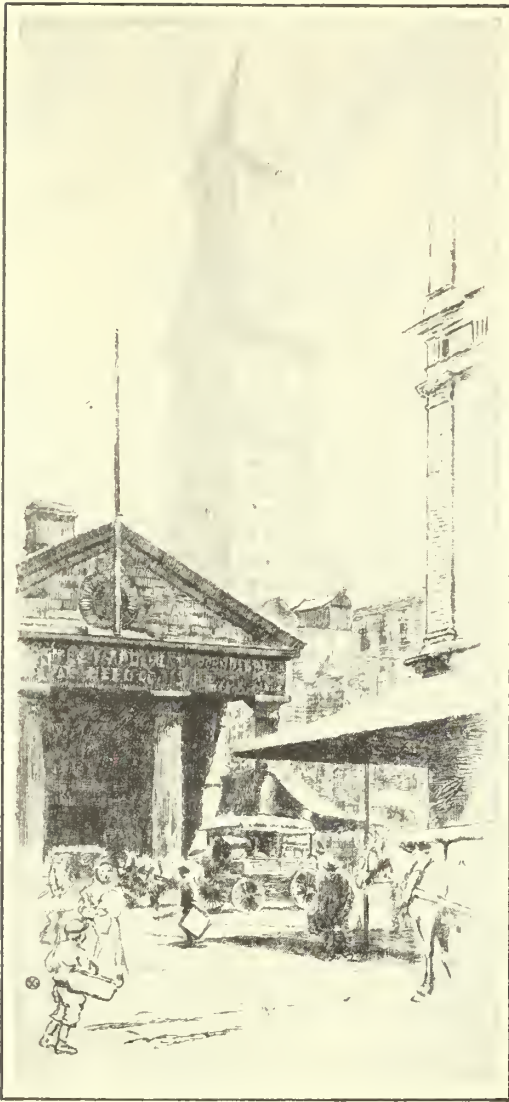
It was a lovely, calm, quiet day when the day nurse came bustling in and said, "Please do not muss up your room. Stay in bed and be quiet, for General Pershing is making a tour of inspection of the hospital." She was gone, and the words "inspection" and "Pershing" were frozen in my brain. I had a sick feeling and wondered if my bedroom slippers were lined up. I leaned out of bed to see. The bed was high, my arm was short; and I fell out of bed, dislocating my shoulder, and landing on my back with my feet up in the air. I called for the nurse. She came running, and when she saw my predicament said, "Couldn't you wait until Pershing had gone before you did that?" She called for the ward surgeon, and General Pershing and he arrived in my room at the same time. General Pershing looked in and said, "They are busy in this room." He never knew that he himself was the cause of my accident and suffering.—FLORENCE GREEN, *Coleraine, Minn.*

THE CRISIS  
\$25 Prize

A SMALL, pine-boarded room, reeking with that sweetish, sickening smell of ether. A single white army hospital bed. A bandage-swathed patient, with only his lips showing. Base Hospital 35. Mars-sur-Allier, France. (Continued on page 55)



# SAINT *other* By Alexander



*Custom House Tower*



*Faneuil Hall and Quincy Market*

*Illustrations from  
Sears Gallagher and*

**A** WHEEZE of a generation or two ago had it, "You don't know beans until you come to Boston," and doubtless thousands of picture postcards with a bean pot, surrounded by views of the city, will be sent to all corners of the world next October when delegates and visitors to the Twelfth National Convention of The American Legion assemble in the Massachusetts capital. Of course it is literally true that the succulent baked bean with salt pork reaches its highest development in Boston and even such a little distance away as New York deteriorates into a too liquid mass of inadequately prepared stuff that would make the heart of a Bostonian bleed. And the further west from the Hub of the Universe you go the bean gets worse.

Forget the army beans with raw onion that too often greaseballs poured on to your messkit twelve and thirteen years ago. As well speak in the same breath of a French cigarette of the war period and an American tailor-made of today. Boston is the home of the bean as well as the cod. Saturday night is baked bean time in the city and within its direct sphere of influence—Saturday night and Sunday morning. But since this convention is going to be in session from Monday to Friday doubtless some concession will be made so that those who, hearing from afar of the dish and still doubting, may yet allow themselves to try it, with the brown bread that accompanies it. They will be convinced!

But that ancient wheeze, like all wheezes worth their salt, had a double meaning in it. As late as April 6, 1917, and perhaps today "you don't know beans" meant that you were beyond the pale of understanding, that you were in need of enlightenment. How to get it? In the fifties of the nineteenth century there was a way. If you could not be born in Boston, as Edgar Allan Poe had been, you went there, and if you were fortunate you were able to sit at the feet of the leaders of American literature who lived in or near the city and who always regarded it as their cultural home—Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Dana, Aldrich,

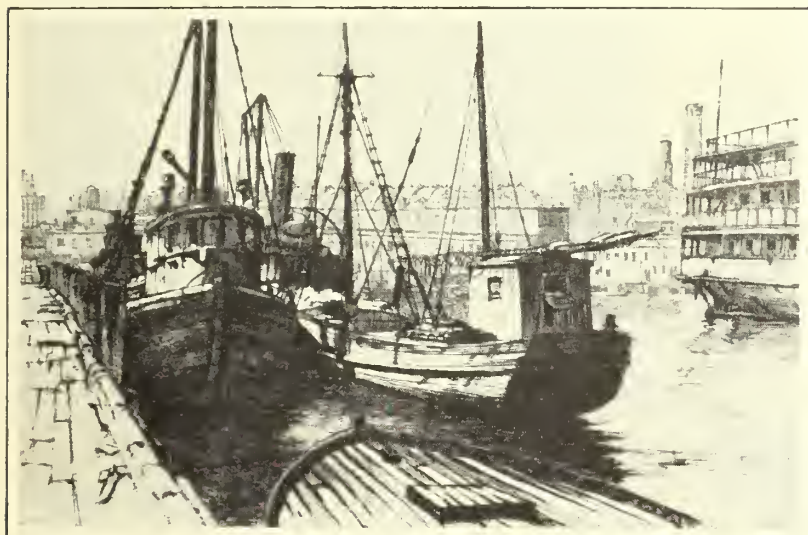


*Tea Wharf*



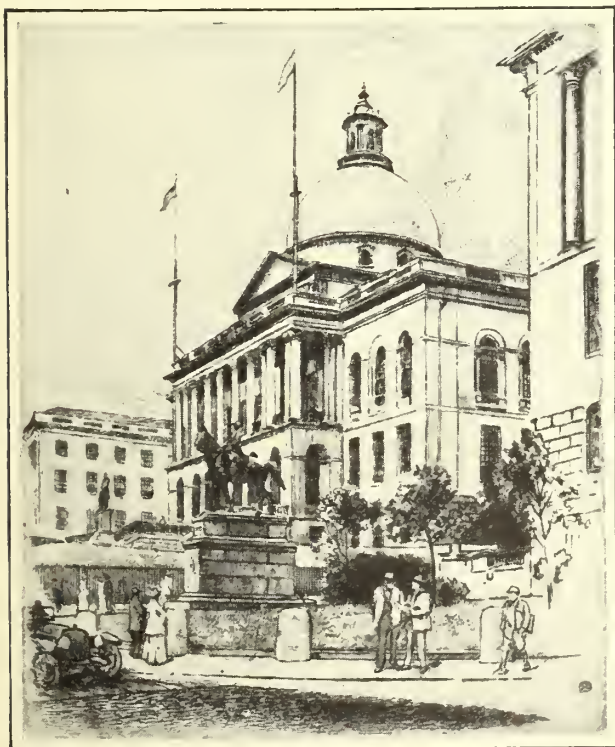
# BOTOLPH'S TOWN

*Gardiner*



*Fish Pier*

*the etchings by  
Samuel V. Chamberlain* ♦



*State House*



*Old North Church*

Louisa May Alcott and Julia Ward Howe. There never was and probably never will be again such a group. Their presence gave Boston a cultural leadership lasting into the nineties, that no other place in America has had. Hartford in the neighboring State of Connecticut a few years later had Sam Clemens, Harriet Beecher Stowe and Charles Dudley Warner as leaders of its literary life, and New York City and an undefined portion of Indiana have had some claim to fame as an abiding place for literary folk. But none of these was able to match that Boston group.

If Boston has lost that leadership in literature it can still pride itself on a form of mass intellectual leadership. A Columbia University professor, intrigued by the results of the intelligence tests set before the drafted forces in the World War, set out to find out by eight or ten other standards just where in this country the general level of intelligence is highest. The tests he used proved that Massachusetts (and therefore by implication Boston) stood above all the other States in moral, mental and acquisitive characteristics of the population. Next after Massachusetts he ranked the States in this order: Vermont, New Hampshire, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Maine, and then went on to the other forty-two States, making the lowest in the New England group higher than any outside that section. Incidentally, the professor was born in Michigan. His name is William C. Bagley.

Don't get the impression from all this that your New Englander is an austere, unsociable composite of intellectual and money grubber. You who make the pilgrimage to this convention (a *New England* rather than a narrowly Boston and Massachusetts affair, your Boston Legionnaires would have you know) will find your hosts more than ready to show you what you want to see, and to put themselves out

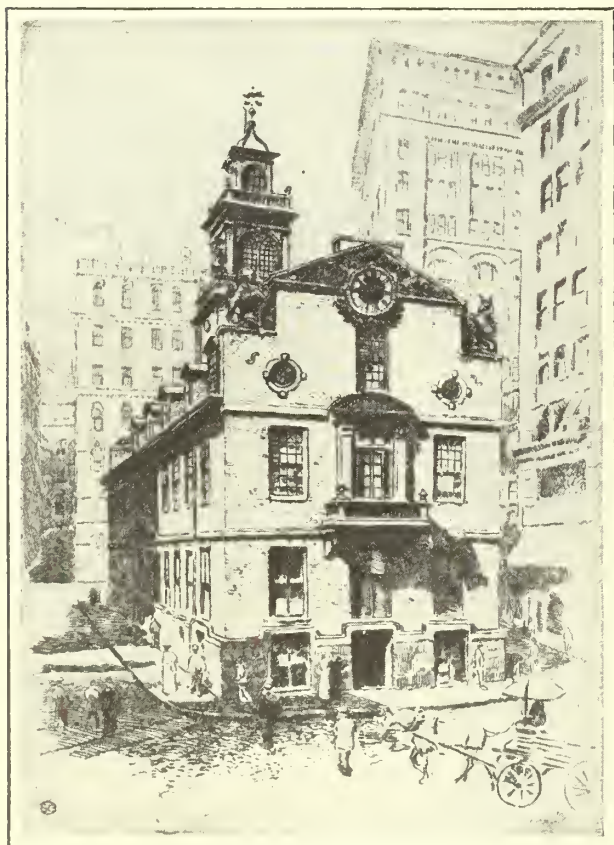


to entertain you, whether your family came to America before 1700 or just in time to let you into the fracas of 1917 and later. But you won't get a sales talk like this one on New England, and nobody will try to sell you house lots.

The six States of the section, proud of their reputation as the summer playground of the nation, are at their glorious best in early October—and are anxious to prove it. Hills and valleys—and no matter what part of the country you come from you'll find a new type of beauty in these New England prospects—are aflame with the changing colors of the trees and flowers, and there is a tang to the air that gives a sense of well being and makes you want to be on the move, in the phrase of the day to go places and do things. And there is so much to see, hear, taste, smell, feel, and read, mark, learn and inwardly digest! So many places whose very silence trumpets forth the noble past that it is quite hopeless to think of naming them all here. Knowing Boston only as an infrequent visitor, in trying to convey something of the atmosphere of the place I feel like a schoolboy attending his first three-ring circus. All the eyes of Argus would not be enough to take in everything you fortunate first-time adventurers to Boston will want to crowd into a few days there.

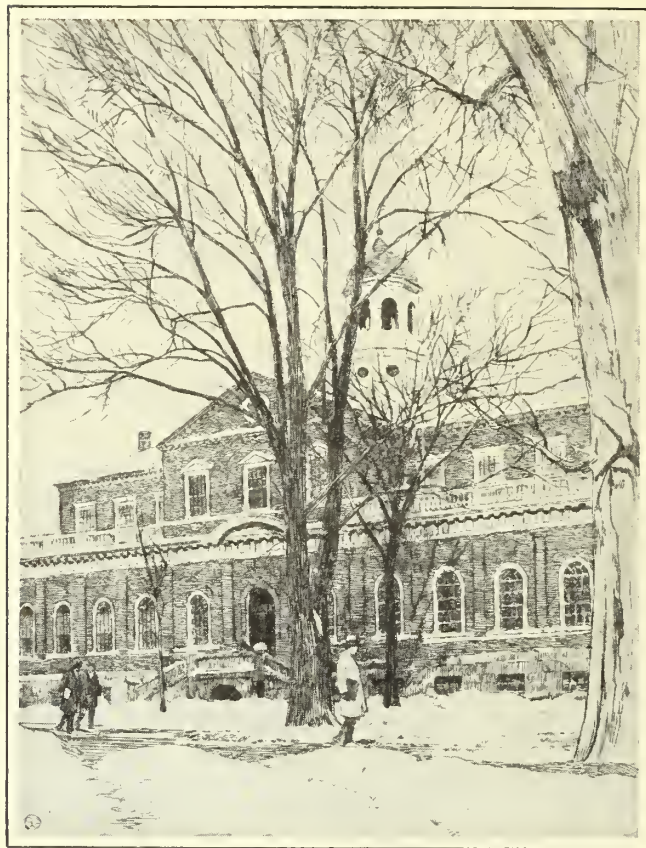
Legionnaires are pre-eminently interested in history, in American history, for did they not contribute to a stirring bit of it themselves? In Boston and throughout New England they and the Auxiliaries coming from afar will see old towns and houses, famous battlefields, the monuments of big moments in the story of America. They will see products of the seventeenth century, utensils fashioned by Paul Revere, that mechanic who won deathless fame in the eighteenth and lived well into the nineteenth century. And then they will see tremendous industrial plants whose output is quite literally sold and bought in every cross-roads village in the world.

Those six States want to see you! They have banded together to make the 1930 convention of the Legion the greatest ever.



*Old State House*

Their most distinguished citizens, headed by former President Coolidge, have given the prestige of their names and the backing of their dollars to the active committee of arrangements, itself no council of mediocrity. On the second day of the convention, October 7, this committee expects to entertain a quarter of a million people, a tremendous crowd in view of the fact that Boston, which is celebrating this year its three hundredth birthday, has many narrow and crooked streets. But that committee will



*Harvard Hall, Harvard University*

get away with the problem, and everybody who comes into the city for the parade is going to see it and have a great time.

The committee has one idea that smacks of genius. In Boston or one of the forty-odd towns that arch it north, west and south are Legionnaires and Auxiliaries from every State in the Union, men and women whose ties with Back Home have not been broken. These people are being banded into State liaison groups, with a chairman at the head of each group. He and his committee colleagues are going to see that the visitors from their State get all that they should have in the way of entertainment, opportunities for sightseeing above and beyond the run-of-the-mill variety, and that any pre-convention queries a delegation-to-be wants answered are answered. If any of the folks from Wisconsin, for example, want to know just how they can take in Dartmouth College up in Hanover, New Hampshire, and Longfellow's birthplace in Portland, Maine, in one trip and do it most expeditiously and without too great a strain on the pocketbook, the Boston-Wisconsin committee is going to get the information for them. If a California Legionnaire wants to know what's the best way to combine a visit to New London, Connecticut, from which one of his ancestors set forth in '49 for the gold rush, and to Bennington, Vermont, where another ancestor fought during the Revolution, the Native Son Legionnaires temporarily or permanently abiding in New England will tell him how to do it. Probably more members of the Legion and Auxiliary will make side trips of that sort than at any other convention, for not only will these men and women visiting New England come as long absent children to the ancestral home, but they will find the entire compass of the six States hardly more of a spread than a couple of Texas counties, all of it easily accessible, and most of it within 200 miles of the convention city. Five of the six States together could be crowded into Indiana, and even with the behemoth Maine added to it the group would fit comfortably within the confines of Missouri.

Probably thousands of people who will attend the convention are planning to go by automobile. They will find a network of concrete roads to every part of New England. Long before they enter that section they will begin to go through cities, towns, and villages in which history was made in colonial days and in the Revolution. And whether they take the Mohawk Trail which enters New England near Williamstown in Massachusetts, or come up from New York over the Boston Post Road through Greenwich, Connecticut, they will soon gaze upon historic sites. Everybody knows the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth in





*St. Paul's Cathedral*

1620; after this convention everybody's going to know that Boston was settled in 1630; but probably comparatively few persons know that before 1630 there were settlements all the way down to Stamford in Connecticut and at places on the Connecticut River from Saybrook up to Springfield in Massachusetts.

So the hundred and fifty to two hundred miles automobile parties journey to Boston from the most western reaches of New England will be packed full of historic places. In the charming valley of the Connecticut River, for instance, if they venture off the through roads to Boston, they'll see such towns as Deerfield, Hadley, Hatfield, Northampton (where Mr. Coolidge lives) and Springfield which faced the fury of the Indian braves in the late 1600's. Some of these places were captured and pillaged by the aborigines two or three times. By the time the Revolution rolled around they were all historic towns. All through Massachusetts and southern New England may be seen places in which General Washington spent at least one night. Some ancient inns there are which proudly refuse to join the stampede for publicity, and therefore announce by sign displayed on their grounds that the Father of his Country did *not* spend a night within their walls.

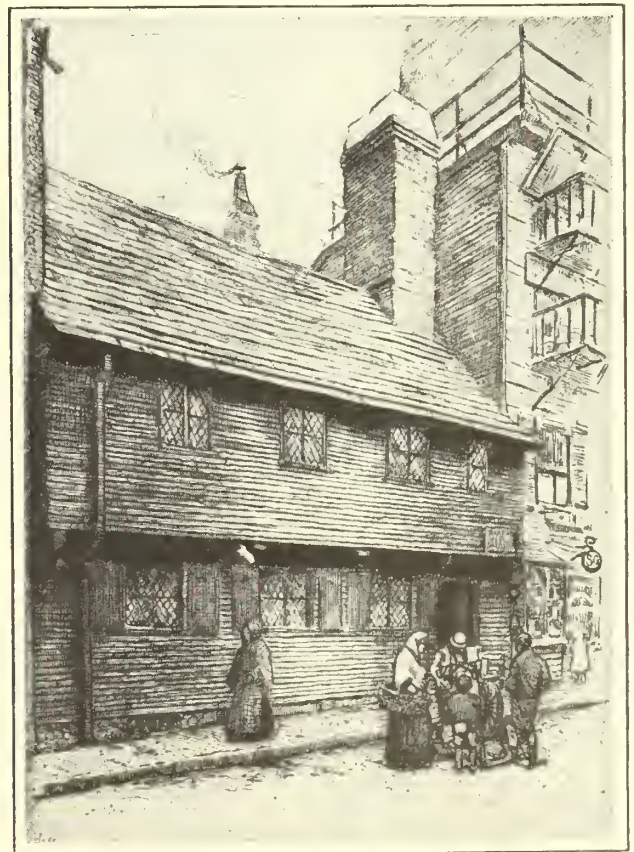
New England is rather proud of its industrial supremacy, which despite stories to the contrary still continues. Visitors from more sparsely settled States will view with amazement the extent to which manufacturing is carried on, particularly in Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut. To the most superficial observer it is evident that here is concentrated a tremendous amount of wealth which in the true Yankee tradition is being kept busy producing more wealth. Boots and shoes, jewelry, brass, silverware and the manufacture of paper are perhaps the most important elements in the industrial line, but the textiles, in which it is still by far the leader, are showing evidence of a comeback, and the rubber industry is getting more important every year. Newsprint mills are on the increase in Maine and New Hampshire, which with Northern New York State furnish the larger part of competition which Canadian mills meet in furnishing the raw material of which our newspapers are made.

The "sacred codfish" which hangs over the speaker's desk in the Massachusetts House of Representatives is an earnest of the reliance of that State in its fisheries. Though whaling voyages are no longer made, fishermen still go out from Gloucester and other north shore towns to bring into Boston the great staples of the sea—cod, bluefish, mackerel, haddock and halibut, while in numerous places along the coast lobsters are trapped and oysters

cultivated. The Fish Special train that roars its way to New York every night is as famous in its way as the great passenger trains bearing distinctive names. Cape Cod is still the best known cranberry center in America, Aroostook County in Maine wants the world to know that it's raising more potatoes this year than ever before, and for maple sugar and maple syrup Vermont takes a long lead over any other State. Connecticut and western Massachusetts raise tremendous quantities of tobacco and onions, and all through the six States are sprinkled dairy and poultry farms whose products go west and south to share with the fruit of other fields the bounty of the family table.

When finally you reach the convention city, St. Botolph's other town, named for a smaller but no less interesting Boston in England, if you have made the journey by rail you will probably get off at one of the Back Bay stations if you have come from the west or the south, but if you have come through Vermont or New Hampshire you will land at North Station in the oldest portion of the city, the very part settled when members of the Massachusetts Bay Company, finding that the wells of Charlestown had run dry, accepted an invitation to go across the Charles River and make their homes there, in September, 1630. What are now the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad from Providence and the Boston and Albany Railroad from Worcester used to come into Boston over embankments through the Back Bay, which until the sixties and early seventies of the last century was just what its name implies, but which in later years was filled in and became the fashionable portion of the town.

Old and new Boston may best be seen from the Custom House tower, the only skyscraper in the city. It dominates the scene, and from it most of the nearby historic points may be viewed. Bunker Hill Monument and the frigate Constitution, "Old Ironsides" at the Charlestown Navy Yard come clearly to view from this eminence. It was just a hundred years ago that someone in the Navy Department blunderingly ordered the historic vessel broken up



*Paul Revere House*

and thus called forth the famous poem of Oliver Wendell Holmes:

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!  
Long has it waved on high,  
And many an eye has danced to see  
That banner in the sky!

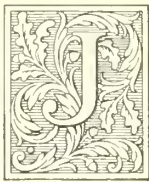
The pennies and nickels and dimes of school children throughout the nation have been aug- (Continued on page 54)



# EDITORIAL

*For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.*

## Real versus Unreal



JUST what sort of picture is presented to the mind of the average American citizen by the words national defense? There is reason to believe that the present composite viewpoint on the business is this: "What's it all about? We have an Army and a Navy, haven't we?"

This means simply that the problem of national defense is not among the subjects which men talk about when they get together to pitch horse-shoes, to play poker, to eat lunch, or to engage in general conversational endeavors.

The American public declines to stir up over the problems of its Army and Navy and Air Service. It manifests only a detached and casual interest in these essential branches of our national police force—interest of the same sort which it manifests in the latest discovery of Dr. Einstein or reports of new cures for tuberculosis or cancer. It thinks of national defense as something best left to experts.

The situation is comparable to what would happen if the game of bridge were so highly developed that it could be played only by prodigies. Run-of-the-mine intellects, if bridge became much more scientific than it now is, would decline to subject themselves to the strains involved in trying to master the pastime. And except in a crisis, the average man is willing to leave the question of national defense to the generals and the admirals on the one side and the pacifists on the other. Equally true is it that the pacifist cannot be accused of apathy on this issue. Very industriously he keeps polishing away on his formulas for universal peace, first and foremost of which is his demand that the United States set a moral example to the rest of the world by disarming itself without waiting for other nations to disband their armies or scrap their navies.

To the man who took part in the World War, this attitude of American pacifism is amazing and incomprehensible. He wonders how normal human beings, understanding the fundamental human qualities of avarice, jealousy and malice, can fail to realize how unenviable is the position of a rich and prosperous nation in a world filled with fellow nations overwhelmed with misfortunes, social ills and debts. He wonders how the apostles of immediate disarmament can see in the picture of present-day Europe any indication that the lean and gaunt nations still suffering from the World War are ready to fall on Uncle Sam's neck in the spirit of brotherly love. To the World War veteran, it seems likely that if there is any tendency abroad to fall on Uncle Sam's neck, the nation harboring it is carrying a well-sharpened axe.

The man who saw the war close up can only see the current pacifist viewpoint as a set of delusions and hallucinations. The extreme pacifist has built for himself a world which does not exist, and his formulas are adapted only for such a world. So contrary to human nature and common sense are these formulas that the man who remembers how nations behave in war or in the imminence of war wonders whether the extreme pacifist is not a pathological phenomenon.

The American pacifist has set up for himself a world which may exist in our universe, but it is not our own troubled sphere. His demands for the reduction of our Army and the destruction of our Navy may be reasonable in relation to the glowing and peace-loving world existing only in his own mind, but there is a very real peril that, through public apathy and parsimony, the pacifistic formula for a non-existent world may be thrust upon the United States in this real flesh-and-blood, everyday world.

Charles B. Robbins, former Assistant Secretary of War and now Chairman of The American Legion's National Defense Committee, described the pacifist's state of mind in an address he made at the Women's Patriotic Conference on National Defense held at Washington last winter. Mr. Robbins said:

The pacifist and internationalist societies would have us believe, in the face of the history of the nation, that lack of preparedness will prevent war. Such a concept is contrary to history and contrary to common sense. . . . Some people, in the peace and the security, the prosperity and happiness enjoyed by the citizens of the United States, look across the seas to where their brothers are living in poverty and distress and see no reason why the entire world should not share the same well-being that exists in our own nation. . . . Those who favor internationalism forget that every nation has its national aims and aspirations, its own language, its own way of thinking, and misunderstandings among nations still grow into hatreds from which wars are engendered. . . . While the universal brotherhood of man is something to be hoped for in the future, it does not and cannot exist until the nature of man himself changes. How few years ago it was that we were engaged in a great struggle which we fondly called a war to end all wars and make the world safe for democracy! Yet, since that time, the world has been cursed with many wars, and they still continue. There never was a time when there was more need for vigilant watchfulness as to the security of the nation. The greater our treasure, the more need there is to guard it, and the United States today is the greatest treasure house in all the world.

Chairman Robbins's sentiments reflect the policy which National Commander Bodenhamer has championed in his speeches throughout the United States. The National Commander has urged everywhere the





## HE SEES WHAT HE WANTS TO SEE

preservation of our Navy's relative power and, in addition, the necessity of adopting in this peaceful era a unified plan which would automatically command equal service by all in any future war in which this country might find itself. In advocating a universal service act, National Commander Bodenhamer has not presented a cut-and-dried formula. As the Legion's spokesman, he recognizes that the problem of providing the right kind of a universal service plan is not a simple one. He simply urges that Congress appoint a competent committee to study the principle of universal service in time of war and devise a plan that would be fair alike to capital, labor and citizens who would be called upon to serve in uniform. Perhaps by the time this is read, Congress will have authorized this investigation.

The Legion's policy is not swashbuckling jingoism. In championing sound principles of national defense it

is echoing the admonitions of George Washington, embodied in his Farewell Address. Almost alone, The American Legion speaks in Washington today for those principles, while the prevailing winds carry the pacifists' twin spellwords of disarmament and economy. The American Legion pleads for the preservation of common sense and an end to the confusion that is paralyzing the power of this nation's self defense. It holds forth to the country the warning that there is absolutely no assurance that war will not come again to the United States next month or next year. It asks the nation to heed the thunder on distant horizons and the glare from far-off lightning. It begs that, in this time of relative happiness and tranquillity, the nation adopt a comprehensive policy on national defense that will guarantee our future independence and the preservation of all that we have won in a century and a half of toil and battle.



# LIVINGSTON

By

LEONARD  
H. NASON

*Chapters I-VIII in Brief*

**R**UPERT LIVINGSTON, elder son of a deceased Regular Army officer and himself a captain of artillery, is held in the United States while his young brother John, enlisting in the Vermont National Guard, goes overseas. Rupert must testify in a court martial against his mess sergeant, who appropriated to his own use the money with which he should have paid the bills. John writes him of having been in a battle and of having been made a sergeant.

*Chapter IX*

**M**AY 15, he wrote this," muttered Rupert, "and today is the fifth of June. Good mail service at that."

Rupert was still in the Depot Brigade. Winter had gone into spring, and spring to summer. Meanwhile he vegetated. He had made one move, which had been to transfer his effects from a tent to semi-permanent officers' quarters. These quarters were the ordinary type of two-story barrack, but with the interior divided into rooms by fibre board partitions. Two officers slept in each room. It was warm weather when these quarters were completed, which was lucky, for they were very drafty and much colder than a tent.

Someone opened the door of Rupert's room and entered, but Rupert had begun to re-read John's letter and did not look up.

"Hem!" coughed the newcomer. "Sorry to disturb, but I've been quartered here."

"Yeh," replied Rupert, "we're a kind of hotel here. That's your bunk over there."

He finished the page he was reading and turning it, looked idly at his new room-mate. He gasped, then got hurriedly to his feet. The other man was wearing the insignia of a brigadier general.

"Sit down," grinned the general. "I won't bother you very long. I'm only here for a little while."

"I'll make arrangements to clear out right away," stammered Rupert. "I'm sorry I didn't see the general come in. They quarter so many officers on us—I never had anybody above a major here before."

"Sit down," repeated the general. "They were going to send me clear across the camp to wash my hands, but I won't have it. Give me a basin and a towel. I rank 'em all. They had to do what I said. So I'm here. What's your name, Captain?"

"Livingston, sir," replied Rupert. "I'm in the depot brigade here."

"Good. Well, go on and read your love letter. I'm going to unpack."

"It's not a love letter, sir. It's a letter from my brother. He's at the front, and has just been in his first battle. It's very interesting."

"It's a wonder he gets it by the censor," grunted the general, undoing the straps of his valise. "It's forbidden to give details of actions. He a clerk or something?"

"He's some kind of a mail orderly, or he has charge of them," said Rupert.

"Probably censors his own letters then," chuckled the general. "All the clerks do. They sign the officer's initials in the corner and let it



go. Nobody gives a dam' if the base censor catches them at it. No commanding officer would let one of his officers go to stand trial anywhere. Officers are too scarce."

"Scarce!" cried Rupert. "Then in God's name why don't they send a few over from here, General? I've been commissioned now almost a year and I can't get anywhere. I've been here signing service records since February, doing work that any boy with a grammar school education could do!"

"Yup," agreed the general without interest, "the rear areas are full of officers that would give their souls to get to the front, and the organizations in the lines are always under-officered, and sergeants and subaltern officers doing work that officers of higher grade should be doing. Can't help it. All wrong. New army. Can't change the American public. They want it this way, now they can have it, by God! How long have you been a captain?"

"About six weeks," said Rupert.

"Well, you ought to be with a regiment! Who put you in the Depot Brigade?"

"My regiment went overseas, sir," explained Rupert, "but I was left behind to testify in a trial. Our mess sergeant got away with the mess fund."

"Couldn't they take your affidavit?"

"Well, I wondered about that a long time, but it seems Higher Authority wasn't taking any chances on his getting away with it. They got the idea that he'd hidden the money somewhere, and that all he was after was a 'kick' so

*Illustrations  
by*

Harry Townsend



# BROTHERS



*The camp stretched down the hill to the town, a few wretched huts in which lived men too old for military service and women too old for work in munition factories*

that he could get on the outside and go into some kind of business with our mess fund. No, he didn't have any of it left. He and this woman he had went through it all. They tried to find her, but they couldn't, and he wouldn't make any statement, or tell what he'd done with the money or anything."

"So then what?"

"So then they tried him a month ago and he pleaded guilty. Can you imagine that, sir? I wasn't even called to testify! He got five years for theft and five more for assaulting an officer. He tried to knife me when we arrested him. The word had come down from higher up to make an example of him so that all the other jaw-bone mess-sergeants would learn to keep their fingers out of the mess fund."

"Ugh!" replied the general. He was deep in his valise now, searching for something, like a dog digging for a bone, and he seemed not to have heard.

"Meanwhile," went on Rupert, "I'm still here, with no prospect of leaving. My kid brother, that has no more idea of responsibility than the birds of the air, is overseas fighting. He wrote me they made him a sergeant for gallantry in action, and he seemed to let on that he'd been decorated. What did he do? He and a janitor went out and got stinking drunk! Ah, I don't know, maybe if I'd been in a battle I'd get drunk, too. What the hell have I

done to be made a captain?"

"Livingston—Livingston!" said the general suddenly. "Oh, I knew the name was familiar. I used to know an officer named Livingston. A cavalryman, too. Hmm. Where was it now? I forget, but in the Islands somewhere. I was a shavetail with the California Volunteers. Anyway, he was an adjutant of our regiment for a while, or instructor or something. A fine chap. He could give an outfit as fine a damning as a man would like to hear. Know him? Any relation of yours?"

"It might have been my father," said Rupert.

"Ah? Where is he now? He ought to be a general officer by now. Is he still in the Army?"

"He's dead," replied Rupert. "He died of the effect of

wounds he got in the Islands."

"Yes, yes. I guess that's right. I did hear that he got cut up later on. He was a hell of a fine officer. So you're his son! Well, you can be proud of your father!"

Rupert said no more, but buttoned his

blouse and offering the general the use of his soap and towel, made preparations to withdraw and leave the other in possession of the room.

"Where you going?" demanded the general.

"Oh, I always take a walk before dinner, sir, it's the only exercise I get."

"Don't let me drive you out, will you?"

"Not a bit, General," smiled Rupert

Then he went out, to walk as far as the edge of the forest and back, and think about John's letter. Fighting! John in battle! He and old Joe lying down behind a ridge of land and shooting Germans, dark running figures that hurried out of the smoke of battle!

"He'll have the laugh on me if I don't get out of here pretty quick," muttered Rupert to himself.

Five months he had been there, doing nothing but signing service records and pay rolls, serving on a board of survey, and going on guard once a week. He had done this same sort of thing all the time since his regiment had gone overseas, but previous to Sergeant Lippens's trial he had seen a reason for his being there. A faint one, but still a reason. There was no reason why he should stay now. The general had remembered his father all these years. Would anyone remember Rupert seventeen years





*They watched the gaily painted destroyers convoying them chase each other like barking dogs*

hence? Hardly. With the exception, perhaps, of Sergeant Lippens.

On his way back he met a brother officer, who fell into step beside him.

"The old general pay you a call?" asked the other, grinning.

"Yes," replied Rupert.

"He won't bother you long," went on the other. "He's going to move over across the camp. He wanted a place to wash up in, so I sent him into your room, because I knew you had the empty bunk. Thought you might like to have a general to talk to for a minute or two."

"How did he happen to come back from France?" asked Rupert. "From what he said and the clothes he had, he's been over."

"I don't know," said the other officer. "There's some kind of talk that he was a political colonel, and that they sent him home to get rid of him. First, of course, making him a brigadier, so he wouldn't get his friends in Congress after their scalps."

"Who's they?"

"Oh, the boys that pull cards out of one file and put 'em into another. Like we do here. What's an officer but a card? I get a requisition for five junior officers with such and such qualifications. I pull five cards out of the index with blue ticklers on them and the clerk copies their names off on an order. Away they go."

"Is that the way they send overseas, too?" asked Rupert sadly.

"Ah, that I don't know," laughed the other. "Overseas orders come from the rock that is higher than I."

"I'm going back and wash for dinner," said Rupert. "Maybe the general will be out of there."

The general was. He was just coming down the steps of the quarters followed by a man with his suitcase. There was a huge limousine there, and as the general was about to get in, he spied Rupert.

"Captain," said he, coming over and taking Rupert by the arm, "you ought to be overseas. Sometimes, when the right string is pulled, the highest barriers roll back. I'll see what I can do. Your father's son ought to have a crack at the boche. Both of them ought to. Now, good luck; I'll see what I can do."

With that he climbed into his car and was gone.

"As simple as that!" thought Rupert. "And when the old boy is over the other side of the hill three minutes he'll forget I ever existed."

He went on to his dinner and to his afternoon's work. He had built his hopes too many times on firmer foundations than a vague promise like the general's, and had had them dashed utterly to the ground.

He re-read John's letter again that night before going to sleep. The lucky kid! If only he would snap out of it and not act the fool all the time! Never mind, he was a sergeant now, and probably had a decoration. Let him see how long he could hang onto it!

Another day of heat and of writer's cramp. Another day of getting nowhere. Rupert was leaving the plank table that served him as desk when a messenger entered, and inquired for Captain Livingston.

"Here!" said Rupert, and though he knew it must be nothing more than a copy of the latest regulations for collecting of garbage or an order regulating hours for baseball and other recreation, his heart beat rapidly as he opened it.

"Special Order No. 97. Extract. The following named officers and enlisted men will form the July Replacement Draft from this camp and will report for duty with same prior to departure for the Port of Embarkation.

"Captain Rupert Livingston, Depot Brigade.

"By order of the General Commanding."

He read it again, then initialed the messenger's book. He then re-read the order. It was he, Rupert Livingston, captain. That was he, no mistake. "July Replacement Draft!" Never mind, he would go with the Casual Detachment, Quartermaster Corps, Civilian Employees Section to get to France. Port of Embarkation! Suppose they held him there?

They did not. Rupert did not even need to transfer his baggage to the quarters of the Replacement Draft, for they left the next day. How much his general had helped to get him the detail Rupert would never know. Moreover he did not care. He was on his way. Things moved swiftly, too. The draft was loaded into cars before Rupert knew who the first sergeant was, or if they had one. They didn't, and he organized it as a company while they were enroute.



They arrived at Tenally late one afternoon and had an inspection of equipment before they had eaten their first meal.

"Listen," protested Rupert to the officers who came to inspect, "can't we do this tomorrow? We've been on the cars for three days with little enough to eat except the chewing gum the Red Cross handed us. Couldn't we put this off until tomorrow?"

"You'll be on the boat this time tomorrow," said the senior officer gruffly.

"Not really!"

"Well, dam' near. You won't spend forty-eight hours in this camp, take my word for that!"

"By God, I'm glad I can move fast for once," said Rupert. "I've been standing on one foot and then the other for a year now."

"Hmm," said the other, "there was a time when Washington thought we were going to just maintain a hurt silence while the Allies licked Germany. They've snapped out of it now, and then some! Every son that can stand on his two feet goes to France these days. Load 'em on the boat as fast as you can stick a tin hat on their heads and a rifle in their hands—and a bayonet in their sit-downs to make 'em move faster! Unroll packs on the bunks now. Stick around, Captain. We'll issue 'Equipment Short' tonight. Company's to be on the alert every minute. You'll probably go early day after tomorrow."

They went after supper the next night, marching away to the cars in the gathering night, then running without lights and with drawn curtains for hours, until they came out of the train into a covered pier, with a great bulk of a ship at one side. They were all aboard by midnight and the gangplank was pulled in to prevent any weak-willed young man from slipping ashore. The next day they were at sea.

Rupert, from John's description, had expected to find a slow, dirty boat, that conditions aboard would be terrible, and that he would have ten days of starvation and sea-sickness to face. Not so. The transport was a fast, comfortable, modern ship, a Pacific Coast oil burner. Moreover she was manned by American naval sailors, and the food would compare favorably with that of any liner in peace times.

There were five ships in the convoy, all fast, and the naval officers told them they would be ashore within the week, assuming, of course, that a German submarine did not get them.

Rupert's company was quartered in the hold, of course, but the quarters were clean, brightly lighted and well ventilated. They had spring bunks to sleep on. Rupert himself had a stateroom with one other officer, an elderly first lieutenant, who finally thawed after the first day or so and admitted to Rupert that he was a fire chief, going over to take charge of fire companies of the quartermaster corps that were stationed in the supply depots.

"Aha!" said Rupert. He said nothing further, but his eye could not help wandering to the bulky bedding roll marked with the other man's name that stood in the corner.

"Yup," said the first lieutenant, "I had to buy one of those, too, with all the tools that go with it—rubber basin, winter underwear, peejamas—I don't wear 'em. I wear a nightshirt, but never mind. I explained to the officers that I wasn't going to the front, that I was a fireman, but they didn't get it. 'The order is formal,' says they."

"Did you have to wait long before you went overseas?" asked Rupert.

"No, it was agreed that I was to go right over before I took my commission. If I was to hang around this side, I might as well be in the fire house."

"That's the way in the Army!" agreed Rupert. "If you wait for it to do anything for you, you'll wait until hell freezes. I never found it out until just now either. Gee, and all the times I'd had it pointed out to me! I had a striker assigned to me once, a lad that I got run for a general court for sleeping on post. You think he took on and we were friends ever after? The hell we were. He went over the hill that very night and we never saw hide nor hair of him again! He didn't want to play soldier any more."

"Yup," said the elderly lieutenant, "it's a great life. I ain't got no striker. I made my own bed for forty year, by God, an' polished my own shoes. I'm goin' to keep on with it, an' put the ten dollars a month in my own pocket! If the Army don't like it, they can lump it!"

"You said it!" agreed Rupert heatedly. "I soldiered and did as I was told all these months, and rotted, and might still rot 'til the end of the war, only a man came along that pulled the strings for me. Luck! Well, now, I do as I please after this! Anyway I'm on my way to France!"

He did a short war dance about the stateroom, then flung him-

self into his berth and tossed his heels in air. "Hooray!" he yelled. The older man laughed heartily.

They had a smooth passage. The sea was like a great lake, and the convoy tore through it gloriously. They counted the days, two, three, four, and five, and arose to find themselves convoyed by a half dozen gaily painted destroyers, that chased each other around the transports, like barking dogs.

Suddenly, the afternoon of the seventh day, a great yellow headland heaved itself out of the sea. Behind it lay Havre, and that night the July Replacement Draft debarked, along with the rest of the troops aboard, and lined up on the dock to see what would befall them next.

IN the center of France, between the route that goes to Spain and the one that goes to Marseilles, and far enough between so that it is not touched by traffic on either, lies the old French province of Limousin, a desolate waste of moor and upland. In the midst of this, among the rolling hills, is the permanent camp of La Courtine, whither the artillery in the southern departments went for their training before the war. Rupert Livingston had come, with the July Replacement Draft, and had reported them at high noon to the camp adjutant.

"Good," said the adjutant. "Here, Major, take care of these men. Give them something to eat and distribute them. Where's an orderly? Here, orderly, take Captain—er—" consulting the order, "Livingston up to the officers' quarters and find him a room. See you at dinner, Captain."

"Is that all?" asked Rupert, rather aghast at the rapidity with which these orders had been issued.

"Yes, that's all. You're relieved. Your responsibility's at an end."

"So I have nothing to do now but stand to horse?"

"That's all. Stick around and rest yourself. You'll be assigned somewhere within forty-eight hours. Don't leave camp without signing the book."

The adjutant was already deep in a file (Continued on page 45)



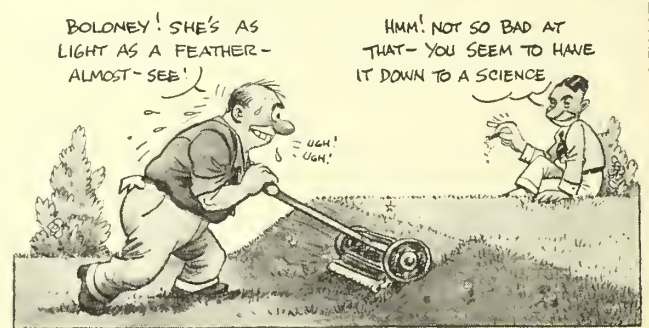
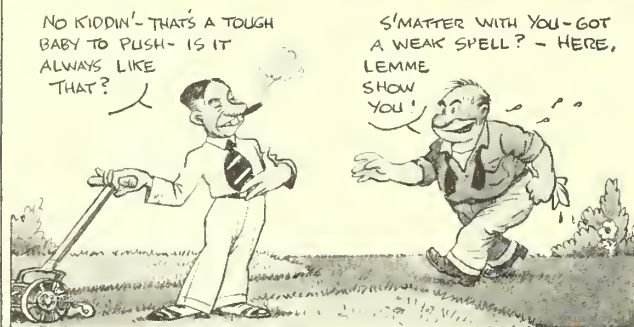
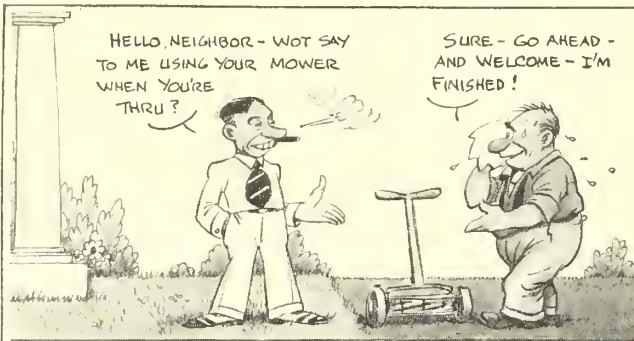
*Rupert clutched the table so hard his nails hurt. Who was Mulford that he should be allowed to die before the enemy while he, Rupert, rotted in a camp!*



# THE DEMONSTRATION

*How Doh the Former Goldbrick Improve Each Shining Hour*

By Wallgren





# ❧ A PERSONAL VIEW ❧

by  
*Frederick Palmer*

IT IS A noble thought, and good business for New York State, when Governor Roosevelt proposes planting trees along its highways. It is money-making business of the same kind as the railroad folders' appeal calling tourists westward to the Rockies and the Yosemite and eastward to New England's old villages shaded by old elms; of the same kind that makes a summer hotel emphasize the scenery the rocking chair brigade may enjoy from the veranda.

## *Shade That Pays*

NOT SO LONG ago the Japanese gave America cherry trees to plant on the bank of the Potomac at Washington. Now that the trees are grown, people motor from a distance, and fill the hotels, to see the avenue of cherry blossoms in the spring, as they do to see the magnolia gardens of Charleston. I know an elderly man, distinguished in his community, who points to an avenue of maples he planted thirty years ago as his monument. I often walk in a park where an honor grove was set out in 1918 in memory of the World War dead. The trees are quite sizable now, giving a good measure of shade. Long after all the veterans have passed these noble trees will still be living and the great-grandchildren of veterans playing under them. And even if those who come after do not recognize what they commemorate, the trees will still be useful and beautiful.

EACH ONE OF the numerous villages which boasts that it is the most beautiful in New England rests its claim no less on its old trees the forefathers planted than on its old houses the forefathers built. Travelers will stop at an inn set in a grove rather than one set in a sand lot. The homage we pay to a grand old tree is akin to that we pay the flag. It is, like the flag, a symbol of tradition. Who, when automobiling, is insensitive to a stretch of road arched with green? Some one planted the trees that made the arch. Time did the rest.

IN THIS AGE when the tourist business has become so big, the community or individual that plants trees makes an investment which will pay rich returns for little effort and capital. Why shouldn't all cities have avenues of cherry blossoms? Governor Roosevelt's idea for trees along New York's highways should become a national idea. While we back the schools for the sake of the citizens of the future, why shouldn't future generations ride all the way across the land in shaded avenues? I know no better memorial to them and to those who fell in the World War than to gather the survivors of the Civil War

## *Streets That Bloom*

of any town or county as guests of honor at a tree-planting ceremony.

THE BEST WAY to make Americans "See America First" is to make America worth seeing even where nature did not supply forests or singing cascades. Our tourists spend hundreds of millions of dollars every year in Europe. We raise our tariff to keep Europeans from selling goods to us only to pay them our money for seeing their sights. Why motor on the Riviera when you might motor the length of the Pacific coast or through New England? Why the Italian lakes instead of our own lakes? Why stand in awe of the Pyramids and not of the Grand Canyon or the Panama Canal? If half the money that our tourists spend in Europe in one summer were spent in beautifying the United States, it would insure avenues of cherry blossoms to greet the spring in all our towns and three or four avenues of trees across the continent, with a surplus to spare for parks and playgrounds.

SUBSTANTIATED COMPLAINTS STILL come in about American citizens of Italian birth, when visiting in Italy, being arrested and forced to do service in the Italian Army. This is no occasion for weasel diplomacy from our State Department, but forcefulness of the Grover Cleveland and Theodore Roosevelt kind. The poorest shoeblick or day laborer of Italian origin whom we have taken into our American family is entitled to all the protection of a fellow citizen who is a powerful descendant of a renowned Puritan or Virginian pioneer. We should speak out vigorously, and if it is necessary to negotiate new treaties it should be done. Our citizens must be protected.

NO OFFICE IN the gift of the President is so important as that of a judge of the United States Supreme Court. Great ability and deep learning are not sufficient qualification. A man who takes his seat on that highest bench must forever free himself of the slightest suspicion of partisan politics or personal bias. His oath is immutably for the service of the whole. The average American forgets how mighty in his life and that of the nation is the Supreme Court. Congress may pass laws and the President veto them, and Congress may pass them over his veto, but the Supreme Court says whether or not they are constitutional, and so in keeping with the great charter of our liberties and restraints. The Supreme Court's part is that of the supreme wisdom of statesmanship. There is no appeal beyond its decisions except the three-fourths majority of the States which amends the Constitution. Those amendments come slowly, as is proper.

## *No Occasion For Soft Words*

## *America's All Highest*



# KEEPING

A QUARTER of a century ago Washington County was a pine forest in the midst of Georgia. Today its square miles are dotted with charred stumps. Year after year forest fires swept unchecked through the underbrush and the seedling trees which were striving to take the places of the virgin timber cut by the lumber companies. This year Washington County Post of The American Legion of Chatom, Georgia, decided to do what it could to prevent its county from becoming a desert. Working with the State Forestry Commission and lumber companies, the post in a few months helped put out twelve forest fires. Through Legion efforts, two watch towers were erected and connected with telephones, so that fires could be detected immediately.

"This is only one activity of a post working under unusual handicaps," reports George W. Cameron, Post Adjutant. "Our county is the most thinly populated county in Georgia. There is not an incorporated town in it. Between Chatom and Wagar, the two largest communities, one may pass the whole distance over a good highway without seeing a single house. Back in the other sections of the county, twenty miles will separate a man's house from his nearest neighbors. Yet our post has built a creditable clubhouse. It has sponsored the establishment of one of the finest airports in Georgia. It looks after the families of uncompensated veterans who are patients in Veterans Bureau hospitals. It furnishes schoolbooks and clothing free to any needy child in the county.

"Our whole town helped in the establishment of the airport. All business places closed and everybody turned out to help clear the site. We removed 10,000 stumps and more than 10,000 small oak trees."

## *Eight Dollars*

EL PASO (Illinois) Post rises to claim a new American Legion record. "We believe our post dues are higher than those charged by any other Legion post," writes Legionnaire Cassell C. Kingdon, adding: "We get \$8 a year for dues and have had this rate for the past six years, during which period we have averaged 105 members in a town of 1,600 persons. As a result of being self-supporting we own our own clubhouse, free from incumbrance. We increased our membership when we in-

creased our dues and have never lost it. We allow non-resident members to pay the old rate of \$3. Typical of our activities was the post's annual Community-Legion banquet recently, at which National Commander O. L. Bodenhamer and Department Commander Edward A. Hayes were the principal speakers. It was attended by 385 guests and, much to our regret, we were unable to provide seats for another hundred who wished to attend."

## *The Soldiers Again*

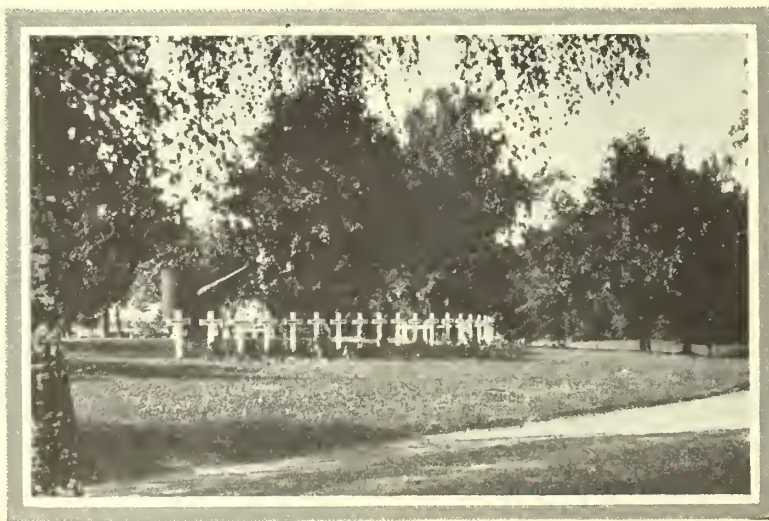
WHILE the statesmen of the world are still striving to find a formula for world peace upon which they all may agree, the soldiers of the Allied countries during the World War are invited to help them. A prize of one thousand francs has been offered by the *Fidac Review*, the official publication of La Federation Interalliee des Anciens Combattants, for the best answer to the question, "How Can World Peace Be Assured?" Answers may be submitted by members of The American Legion and the eighty-nine other World War veterans' organizations abroad composing Fidac, whose total membership is more than eight

million. Suggestions must not be longer than 3,000 words. No manuscripts will be returned. The contest will close August 1, 1930. Entries should be addressed to the *Fidac Review*, 15 rue de Presles, Paris, France.

Scores of American Legion posts have taken out subscriptions to the *Fidac Review* so that their members may keep in touch with European developments of special interest to World War veterans. The subscription price is \$2.20 a year. The magazine is printed in both French and English, all articles appearing in the two languages in parallel columns.

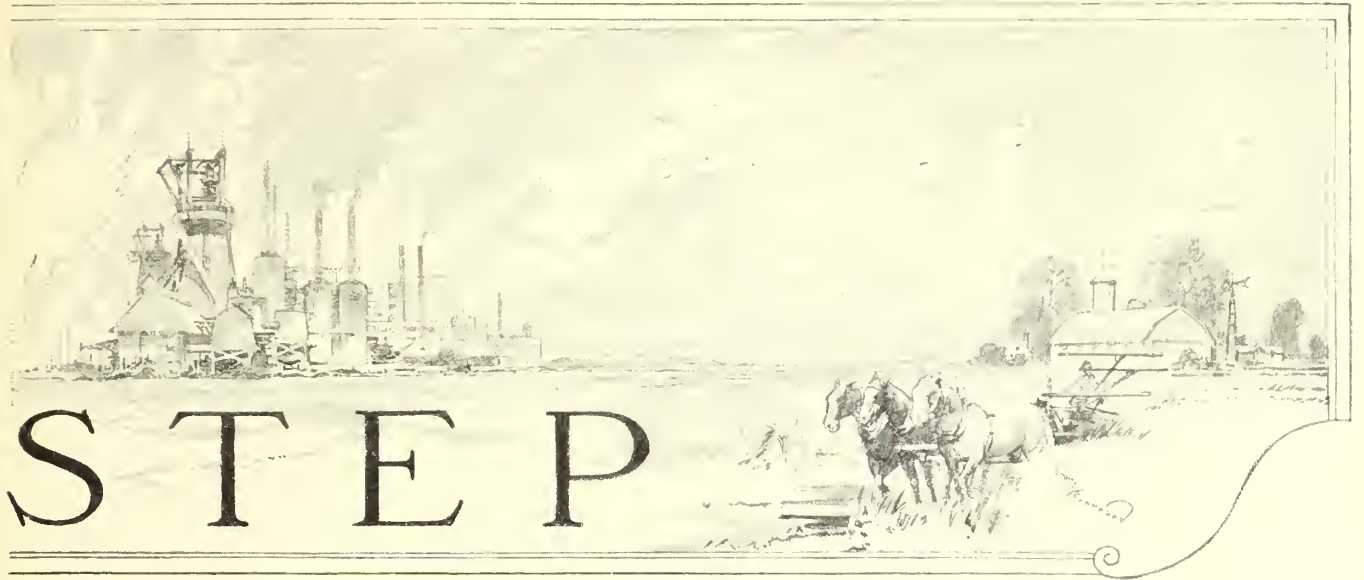
The *Review's* prize-winning peace suggestion probably will be made public at the eleventh

annual congress of Fidac to be held in Washington, D. C., September 22d to 24th. The large number of delegates representing France, Great Britain, Italy, Belgium, Rumania, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland and Portugal will visit many eastern cities of the United States after the congress and will attend the national convention of The American Legion in Boston early in October. The congress will be the second Fidac congress held in the United



*Not only on Memorial Day but throughout the year, this burial plot maintained by Frank J. Goldcamp Post of Ironton, Ohio, is a community's center for reverent pilgrimages. It is typical of Legion memorial plots throughout the country*





States. The third congress was held at New Orleans in 1922 at the time of the Legion's fourth national convention.

The National Executive Committee last year approved a plan submitted by the Legion's Commission on World Peace and Foreign Relations under which each post is urged to hold at least one meeting annually on foreign relations. The commission has prepared a printed bulletin for guidance of posts and copies may be obtained from the chairman, Lemuel Bolles, 50 Church Street, New York City, Past National Adjutant.

### *Solid Gold*

EVERY year at the annual banquet of Malden (Massachusetts) Post, the post orators have remembered to say something about the "faithful and untiring service" of their fellow-poster, William H. Doyle, Past Commander of the Department of Massachusetts and long active in the Legion's national rehabilitation councils. Recently the whole post decided to express the sentiment permanently. It presented to Mr. Doyle a solid-gold life-membership card, bearing the Legion's emblem in colors. The card was engraved by Anthony A. Anderson, a post member who is a jeweler.

### *One Thousand*

NO BAND played and no flags were displayed in Elkton, Maryland, on a certain recent day but it was a great day nevertheless, reports Thomas H. Bartilson of Elkton Post. For on that day Elkton Post's community ambulance, which first went into service on April 23, 1926, made its 1,000th run, and at the end of that run its speedometer registered 32,567 miles.

"Our ambulance was the pioneer American Legion ambulance," adds Mr. Bartilson. "The big fact about it is that it is being operated as conscientiously in this fourth year as it was in the earliest months when it was still a novelty. All the drivers have been members of the post, serving without compensation, and the runs have not been always simple ones as the average trip mileage of 32 miles indicates. Fifty-two members of the post have at one time or other helped carry out our pledge of service to our community. A half dozen of the drivers each have several

hundred trips to their credit. In all, the members put in 2,448 hours of working time or 306 full eight-hour days. And they are still on the job. They have made fifty trips since the day they rounded out the even thousand."

### *Education for Orphans*

THE New Jersey Department has taken the lead in the national campaign being carried on by The American Legion to obtain scholarships in colleges and universities for the orphaned sons and daughters of men who died in the World War. This spring the New Jersey legislature passed a law providing for payment of \$150 a year to war orphans attending higher educational institutions, and Department Commander Richard Hartshorne announced that at least fourteen New Jersey colleges and universities will award free scholarship to orphans. Princeton University has agreed to give free scholarships to every war orphan who meets the university's eligibility requirements, and President John G. Hibben of Princeton will personally examine all applications. Similar concessions have been made by Rutgers

University, Stevens Institute of Technology, New Brunswick Theological Seminary, Seton Hall College and the other institutions which are co-operating with The American Legion.

Department Commander Hartshorne, who carried through the negotiations with the institutions, described the results accomplished at a banquet tendered National Commander O. L. Bodenhamer at Newark. Past National Commander Franklin D'Olier was toastmaster at the banquet. Speakers predicted that institutions throughout the country would gladly grant the same concessions as given by the colleges and universities of New Jersey.

The countrywide Legion effort is being directed by P. C. Harris, U. S. A., Retired, the Adjutant General of the War Department during the World War. General Harris estimates 12,000 boys and girls lost their fathers in the World War, and of these more than 2,000 had reached the age of 18 on January 1, 1930. The need for special educational assistance for boys and girls of unusual ability is reflected by the fact that the Government makes comparatively



*Typical Legionnaires on a typical Legion errand. This is the graves registration detail of King's Mountain Post of Johnson City, Tennessee, at the graves of Ernest and Curtis Girdner, brothers killed in action with the 30th Division*



# K E E P I N G S T E P

small payments to widows and children of men who died in the war. A widow receives \$30 a month, with \$10 a month for a single child and \$6 for each additional child.

## War Romance

**T**WELVE years and three thousand miles separated Made-moiselle Therese Blanc of Marseilles, France, and Fred S. Bogden of Gary, Indiana, after Mr. Bogden returned to the United States to take off his uniform. But for twelve years letters sped between Marseilles and Gary. In February Made-moiselle Blanc arrived at Gary and was married to Mr. Bogden in a wedding attended by five hundred guests, including members of Gary Post of The American Legion and its Auxiliary unit. The marriage ceremony was performed by Reverend Harold Martin, Post Chaplain.

"Bogden was serving with the 2nd Regiment of Air Service Mechanics, commanded by Hiram Bingham, now United States Senator from Connecticut, when he became friends with Sergeant Edmond Blanc of the French colonial troops, and Sergeant Blanc invited him to his home," relates Post Adjutant J. R. Oakley. "This was the beginning of the romance which resulted so happily. Mr. Bogden and Mlle. Blanc continued their friendship by correspondence while Mlle. Blanc was completing her education in Marseilles and Paris."

## Where to Go, What to See

**W**HEN National Adjutant James F. Barton visited Boston recently to look over the layout for the Legion's national convention to be held October 6th to 9th he was impressed by the fact that that convention is going to be all New England's as well as Boston's. Everywhere in the New England States Legion posts were taking steps to organize local committees for the entertainment of the thousands of Legionnaire visitors from the South, Middle West, the West and the Pacific Coast, many of whom will find in the Boston convention their first opportunity to make a tour of historic towns of the original colonies and the famous mountain and lake regions. The Boston Convention Committee of The American Legion, 603 Statler Building, Boston, at the time of Mr. Barton's visit was sending in response to inquiries copies of an illustrated map which will guide outsiders to New England's places most worth seeing. Any Legionnaire may get a copy of this map by writing for it.

## Ohio Finds a Way

**T**HE Ohio Department of The American Legion believes it has solved the problem of providing financial help for uncompensated needy service men and their dependents. It is finding the necessary financial help by putting new life into the operation of an Ohio law passed just after the Civil War for the benefit of Civil War soldiers and their dependents, but now applying to World War veterans also.

This Civil War law provides that each county shall establish a Soldiers' Relief Commission consisting of three members. It

also provides that sub-committees of three members each shall be appointed in each county—one sub-committee in each township outside a municipality and each ward within a municipality. The sub-committees report service men and dependents needing help. County Commissioners are authorized to make necessary appropriations, limited to funds obtainable by a tax levy of not more than a half-mill on county assessed property valuation.

"We found that this law had become almost a dead letter in most counties," Dudley A. White of Norwalk, Ohio, Commander of the Ohio Department, reported to National Commander Bodenhamer. "Only \$340,000 was used under the law in the whole State in 1928, while a total of \$6,750,000 would have been available under the half-mill tax on the State's assessed property value. The

law was inoperative because the members of the county boards for the most part were aged men and women and township and ward sub-committees did not exist in most counties.

"The Ohio Legislature at its last session amended the law to provide that at least one of the three members of each county Soldiers' Relief Commission shall be a member of The American Legion. The Ohio Department Rehabilitation Committee is now engaged in a state-wide effort to make the law operative to the fullest extent. Gilbert Bettman, State Attorney General, has ruled that the appointment of a Legionnaire to each county commission is mandatory. We are making a special effort to bring into existence the township and ward sub-committees."

## Getting Ready for Boston

**A**SINGLE bugle call or the roll of a drum casts enchantment when heard over wooded hills or still waters. Imagine then what it will be like in Lake George, New York, on June 27th and 28th when fifty of the best American Legion drum and bugle corps of New England and adjacent States assemble on a huge field and together play a march that is famous in American history. That is what will happen if plans made by Lake George Post work out. The post has announced an American Legion drum and bugle contest for the championship of the Northeastern United States, and, according to Post Commander Lael W. Breen, at least fifty American Legion drum and bugle corps from nine departments are expected to take part. A

parade will precede the contest. First prize in the contest will be \$1,000 and in all \$3,250 will be distributed in prizes.

## The Roll Call

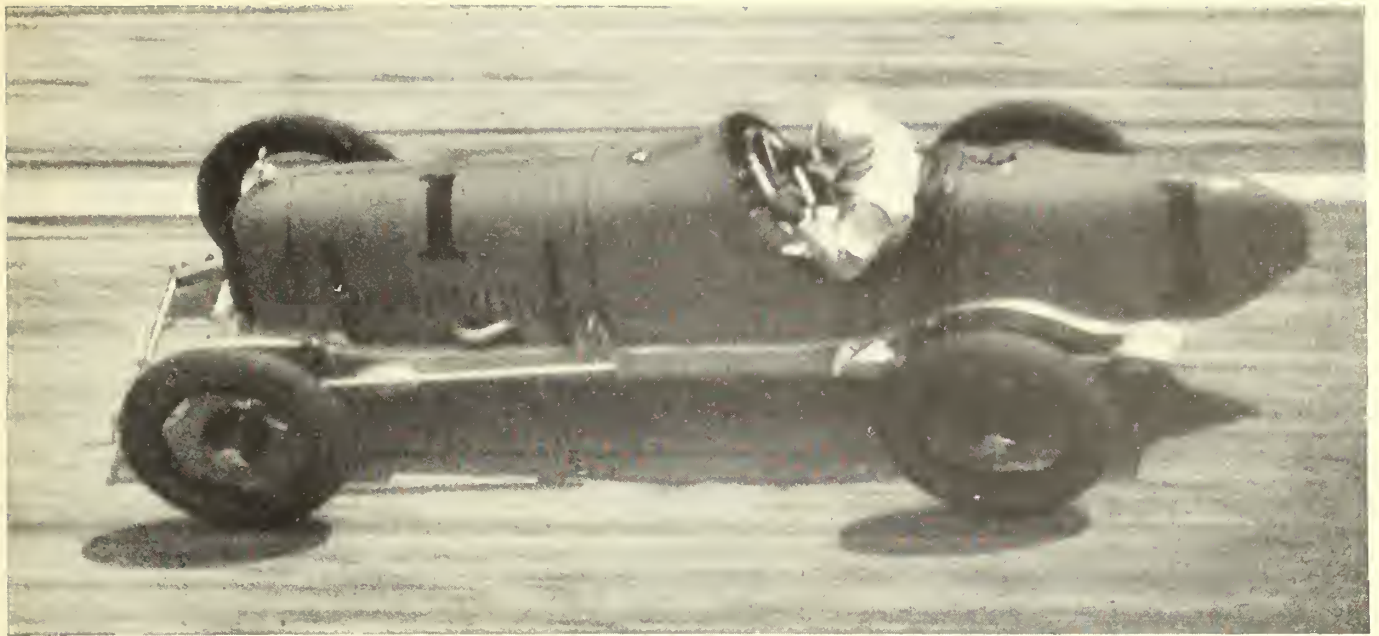
**H**ENRY W. DALY, author of "The Capture of Geronimo," at the age of 81 is one of the oldest members of The American Legion. He belongs to Jasper Post of Washington, D. C. . . . Peter B. Kyne is a Past Historian of the Department of California . . . Alexander Gardiner is a member of Rau-Locke Post of Hartford, Connecticut . . . Leonard H. Nason is a charter member of Moses H. Taylor Post of Northfield, Vermont . . . Frederick Palmer belongs to S. Rankin Drew Post of New York City . . . Philip Von Blon is a member of Wyandot Post of Upper Sandusky, Ohio . . . Peter De Paolo, subject of William F. Sturm's article, "He Wrecked His Way to Fame," is a member of Los Angeles (California) Post. He was in the Air Service during the World War.

RIGHT GUIDE



*Therese Blanc came from France to wed at Gary, Indiana, Fred Bogden, whom she hadn't seen since the war. Below, Mlle. Blanc (left) and Mr. Bogden twelve years ago when Bogden was on leave*





# HE WRECKED HIS WAY TO FAME

*By William F. Sturm*

**D**URING my years of association with big league automobile racing drivers I have never known another pilot who had as much bad luck on his way to stardom as Peter De Paolo had. And by the same token, I have never known a championship driver who has reached such a high pinnacle of success, once he surmounted the bad luck hump. De Paolo's path to fame and fortune was cluttered with the wreckage of smashed cars, and he climbed to the top over the debris.

Pete began driving in 1922 and the turning point in his career did not come until 1925. Usually a championship driver will show the earmarks much sooner than that. He won the American Automobile Association driving championship twice—in 1925, and again in 1927, something few drivers other than himself have done. He finished first in the Indianapolis 500-mile race in 1925 at the fastest average ever made, 101.13 miles an hour; and this record still remains for Indianapolis or any other race of like distance. In fact, Peter De Paolo proved that keeping persistently at it brings success.

De Paolo has been a distinct ornament to the racing profession. Of Italian-American parentage, he is slight in build, weighing only 135 pounds. He enlisted at nineteen in the hope that he would become a pilot, but when the Armistice whistles blew he was an aero mechanic at St. Paul. About a year later he got his chance in automobile racing by becoming mechanic to his uncle, the famous Ralph De Palma. He stayed with De Palma through the season of 1921, and then became a driver on his own.

Pete and I were sitting in the lee of his sun-drenched California home not so long ago talking about racing. I asked him about his first year at the wheel.

"Well," he chuckled, "four of my first six starts ended in smash-ups, and nothing much else happened to me in the first

three years of racing. But by the end of 1924 I had managed to finish twelfth in

the American Automobile Association driving championship list. The following spring I won a couple of fairly important races and shipped my Duesenberg to Indianapolis for the Memorial Day race with high hopes of getting somewhere.

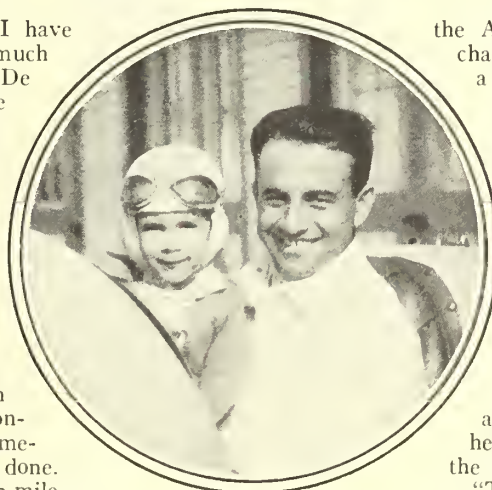
"Starting positions at Indianapolis as in all other races under the A. A. A. banner, are awarded the drivers in the order of their qualification speed. At Indianapolis the qualification consists of four laps of the two-and-a-half-mile track. There isn't a driver with any claim to speed who won't unwind everything he has to get the pole position in this race. He steps out for all he is worth and if he happens to miss the pole position he may still get the second or third place in the front row.

"The track record for one lap of the track was 100.45 miles an hour, made by Tommy Milton in 1923. When the smell of burnt castor oil had all been wafted off the track at the end of the 1925 qualification period, there were three drivers in the front row who had averaged better than 112 miles an hour, not for one lap,

but for four. Leon Duray got the pole position, with 113.106 miles an hour; I was second with 113.083 miles; Harry Hartz was third, with 112.43. My fastest lap, a new track record, was at an average of 114.285 miles an hour for my first lap.

"The total prize money involved in the Indianapolis race is approximately \$100,000. The first place winner gets \$20,000, and the other nine descend by degrees to \$1,400. Lap prize money totals another \$20,000. There is \$10,000 consolation money for those who do not win a place prize, and accessory makers bring the total to the century mark. If one driver could hold the lead from first to last he might win as much as \$50,000, but no one ever has done so, the winner's prize money usually ranging from \$30,000 to \$36,000.

*(Continued on page 62)*



*Peter De Paolo, famous driver, sharing the wheel with his son Tommy and, above, speeding around the track at Atlantic City*



# THE CAPTURE of GERONIMO

*By Henry W. Daly*

**I**N March of 1885 I was ordered from Fort Apache to Whipple Barracks, at Prescott, to take charge of the pack train at the headquarters of the Department of Arizona. I found the mules run down. The clerks at headquarters had been riding them into Prescott to take in the sights of the town. Not that the sights of Prescott were any great shakes in the view of a young fellow looking for a little excitement. There were saloons aplenty and wide open gambling, but Prescott had the name of a quiet place by the standards of the West of that day and date.

By April the pack train was in condition to take into the field with General George Crook and a small party to the Grand Cataract, a tributary of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, to settle a little Indian trouble between the Ava-Supai and the Moqui tribes. This business was so soon over that the excursion turned into an outing more than anything else, much appreciated by me after a winter of sleeping under a roof for the first time regularly in a good many years.

In May we were at Whipple, with nothing but garrison duty to pass the time. For nearly eighteen months now, the Apaches, the terrors of the Southwest, had trod the white path, that is, had been at peace. A long and bloody road indeed had been traveled to this end, and it had been my fortune to have traveled most of it in person, serving through the Tonto Basin War of 1872-'74, the Mescalero Outbreak of '79 and '80, the Warm Spring campaigns against Victorio and Naná in '80, '81 and '82 and the Sierra Madre Campaign that wound up with the surrender of Natchez in the fall of '83.

I had perforce acquired some knowledge of these Indians, who were subtle, treacherous and cruel. They were, in fact, what the uninformed think nearly all Indians to have been. There was just about one thing an Apache wouldn't do and that was shoot a man in the back. I have seen that curious point of honor demonstrated more than once, and one time I myself figured too close for entire comfort in a test of it. Out of the tail of my eye I saw Geronimo, mad and drunk, coming up behind me with a pack of braves armed to the teeth. He just wanted to kill a white man to relieve his feelings. He halted a few paces in my rear and used every artifice by way of grunts and clattering of arms to make me turn my head. Once facing him my life would not have been worth a copper cent, but from my understanding of the Apache character I knew that with my back toward him my life was safe. This performance caught the fancy of Geronimo, as he later told me.

My professional acquaintance with Geronimo was made during the Sierra Madre Campaign against Natchez, head chief of the Chirichuas, the most blood-thirsty of the Apache clans. This campaign took place in northern Mexico, where by special arrangement we were permitted to pursue the Chirichuas. This campaign brought Go-yath-lay, or Geronimo as he was known by the whites, to the fore as a war leader.

Geronimo was then no longer a young man, being forty, I should say, and about medium tall. His frame was well-muscled and like those of most Apaches capable of fabulous endurance.

He could march seventy miles during a night, fight all day and appear no more weary than an ordinary man after an ordinary day's labor. Un-

believable, perhaps, but I have seen him do it.

The countenance of Geronimo was the most arresting I have ever seen on a human being. There was in it a look of unspeakable savagery, or fierceness, and yet the signs of an acute intelligence were also present. Geronimo was of a nervous type, which is, or was, rare among Indians. His countenance was mobile, rather than mask-like. When he was mad he simply looked like the devil, and an intelligent devil at that. This type of a leader was well-calculated to advance himself under Natchez, an able Indian but a loafer when he could find a subordinate capable of assuming his responsibilities.

Three weeks after our return to Whipple the humdrum of post life was interrupted by the startling news that a band of Chirichuas under Natchez with Geronimo as war chieftain, had left their reservation near Fort Apache and were making a trail of blood across Arizona headed for their hangout in the Sierra Madres of Old Mexico. There is, I think, still some mystery as to the cause of this outbreak. My diary, kept during the sixteen months of the campaign that followed, gives a simple and I think the correct explanation of it. The lieutenant in charge of the Chirichua reservation was an excellent young man, but untrained in dealing with Apaches. He won the friendship of Chatto, a rival of Geronimo, which in itself was a good thing, except that the matters were so tactlessly handled that Geronimo became jealous and took the warpath to avenge himself.

An Indian chief was as proud as Lucifer and that always has to be borne in mind. It is an error to assume that because of their ignorance of the ways of civilization they were of a child-like order of intelligence and that their feats in war were due mainly to superior physical endurance. Most Indian leaders I have known or observed were equals mentally of the white leaders with whom they dealt and as often as otherwise they were superior. This statement applies to the old-time Indian in his semi-primitive state. One of life's mysteries to me is the way civilization has blunted the native intelligence of the Indian.

Two expeditions entered Mexico after the hostiles, one on the Chihuahua or eastern slope of the Sierra Madre range and one on the western or Sonora side. I served with the latter under command of Captain Emmet Crawford, the best Indian fighter I have ever known. His force consisted of Troop A of the Sixth Cavalry, numbering forty-five men, ninety-two Indian scouts, with the celebrated Al Sieber as chief of scouts, and three pack trains with two months' supplies. I had charge of one of these trains.

Crossing the border at Black Springs, south of Tombstone, on June 12, a nine days' march, during which the temperature reached 120 degrees in the shade (and no shade, as the saying was), brought us into camp in the foothills of a spur of the Sierra Madres, a hundred miles below the line. To the east toward the Sierra Madres proper, their summits high above the fleecy clouds that hugged the slopes of the foothills—a truly inspiring scene and I find in my diary a glowing description (*Continued on page 42*)



*The Apache chieftain  
Geronimo, who eluded  
pursuing Americans for sixteen months*



# Bursts and Duds

Conducted by Tip Bliss



The Center Falls Women's Auxiliary Culture and Bridge Club had concluded their meeting and rubber, and tea was being served.

"Won't you have a sandwich, dear?" asked Mrs. Biggs, the hostess, of a lady who had taken away the majority of the winnings of the afternoon.

"I'm so sorry, love," answered Mrs. Dobbs, in that bitter-sweet tone that we all know so well, "but I've already had a sandwich—some time ago."

"I beg your pardon," said Mrs. Biggs, a little more bitterly than sweetly. "You had *two* sandwiches. Won't you have another?"

Things run in streaks, as everybody knows, especially bad luck. So it seems that there was a man named Sam Perkins who appeared to be deep in the red ink of jinx. His business had gone to the bad, he had contracted a case of hives, the Internal Revenue Department had just sent him a nasty letter, the electric light company didn't approve of the way in which his meter was operating, in his poker game he had been consistently drawing flushes against full houses, and so on.

One day, after a trip on the road, he returned home to find his house burning merrily. There had not even been time to get the furniture out of the place. As he stared at the conflagration in horror, there sounded a loud "boom", and the garage, with a new two-thousand-dollar car, went up in flames. Brother Perkins sat down and burst into hearty laughter.

"What on earth," asked a neighbor, "have you got to roar about?"

"Ho, ho, ho!" gasped the victim, wiping the tears from his eyes. "Everything's so darned complete!"

Old Mr. Eswell was approaching his one hundredth birthday. For some ten years he had been incapacitated physically, but he was still hanging on and doing nobly, though he was failing perceptibly. At last, so weak had he become that an adoring grandchild sent him to a hospital, with instructions that everything possible known to science be done to preserve the elderly gentleman.

One of the young doctors had been experimenting and had manufactured a special preparation which he guaranteed to restore youth. He tried it out on Gaffer Eswell. After the operation had been performed, the old man woke to find the attendant gently sponging his face with soap and water.

"All right, nursie," he burred. "You can wash my face, but I *won't* go to school today."



The local committee devoted to the furtherance of sweetness, light and progress in Bingville had called on old Doc Smart, aged one hundred and two, in an attempt to learn to what he owed his longevity.

"Fer one thing," he chirped, "I might say that I ain't never smoked or cussed or took a drink in my life."

"Ah!" breathed the zealous citizens, and proceeded to make notes.

Just then a tremendous racket broke forth on the floor above. There was the sound of overturning chairs, of breaking dishes and smashing furniture.

"Ah, gosh!" Smart moaned. "There's grandpop home, an' drunk again!"

This goes back to the Year One, but some people still think it's funny. Try it out on your own phonograph and see.

Sarah Bernhardt was playing in "Camille." You know Camille. Not so good as she might have been. A couple of Brit-ishers were in the audience.

"Splendid artistry," commented one.

"Yes, yes," said the other, "but how different from the home life of our own dear Queen."

He was a stranger in town and he stuttered badly. For some time, slightly embarrassed by his affliction, he refrained from accosting the inhabitants, but at last he had to succumb. Incidentally, he was a large gentleman with forbidding biceps. He tackled a passerby.

"P-p-p-pardon m-m-me," he said, "b-b-b-but how do you g-g-get to the C-c-c-commercial hotel?"

The other eyed his bulging shoulders apprehensively, but finally made reply:

"Out of a c-c-c-city of t-t-two hundred thousand p-p-people you have to p-p-pick on m-m-me."

The village ne'er-do-well, the only man in town who didn't give a hoot what the community thought about him, was recovering in bed on a Monday morning when his wife announced that the preacher had arrived for a call. The reprobate rose and dressed as hastily as he could and descended the stairs. The Rev. Mr. Jones greeted him with a benevolent smile.

"Brother Gaspar," he said, "I was delighted to see you in church yesterday after your long lapse in attendance."

The backslider groaned in sheer relief.

"So that's where I was, was it?" he asked.



A Scotchman was walking beside a lake when he heard cries of "Help! Help!" from a man struggling in the water. Rushing to the edge of the water he saw that the man could not long keep afloat.

"What's your name?" he called out to the unfortunate.

"Jock MacPherson," the other called back.

"And where d' ye work?"

"At Ferguson's iron works."

"Aw richt."

A few minutes later he arrived at the iron works.

"Ye had a man named MacPherson worked here," he told the foreman. "I want his job. He's drooned."

"Ye're too late. We jist hired the man that pushed him in."

The American was a guest at supper of a family in rural England. The principal dish was a delicious ham. The son of the family soon finished his portion, and said to his mother, "Please pass the 'am."

"Don't say 'am," his father cut in. "Say 'am."

The mother turned smilingly to the American. "They both think they're saying 'am," she said.

"I suppose you know," said the Englishman who was showing his American friend about London, "that the sun never sets on British soil."

"How can it," said the Yankee, peering through the mists at Nelson's monument, "when it never rises?"

"Will you have a drink?" asked Sandy, noted for his thrift, of his guest, Angus MacLean.

"Yuss," said Angus, who tossed it off and set the glass down thoughtfully. "That whusky," he observed, "is just right."

There was a note in his tone that struck Sandy as somewhat peculiar. "Just right?" he said. "What do you mean?"

"Well, if it were any better you wouldn't give it to me and if it were any worse I couldna drink it."

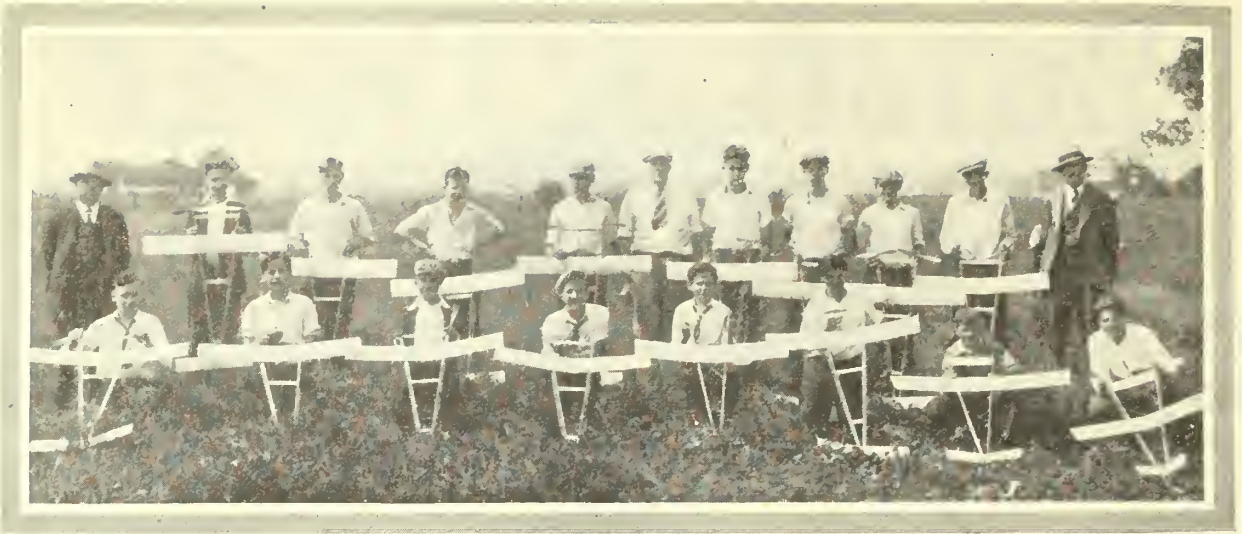


A gentleman from Florida and one from Alaska were bragging about the respective merits of their home surroundings. They had drawn even on the climate, the skyline, the beautiful women and all the rest of it. At last the Floridan ventured in desperation:

"You just ought to see our mosquitoes! Big as your thumb-nail."

"Yeah?" inquired the Alaskan. "Well, you know the difference between a Florida and an Alaska mosquito? An Alaska mosquito has got a white spot between its eyes as big as your fists."





*Contestants and officials in Kenosha's model airplane contest, one of the myriad activities for boys which this progressive Wisconsin town's Legionnaires are carrying on*

# BOY TOWN, WISCONSIN

By Philip Von Blon

**H**UCKLEBERRY Finn and Tom Sawyer, if they were to step out of Mark Twain's golden age of American boyhood into present-day America, would be as comfortable as a Marathon runner wearing a ball and chain. Huck and Tom lived in an age whose customs and traditions are being forgotten, an age in which boys grew up wild like colts and were not harness-broken until Nature had accomplished the metamorphosis from boyhood to manhood. Huck and Tom roamed in independence through forests and swamps and voyaged adventurously on lonely waters. When they found themselves within the simple precincts of their native village, they conducted themselves generally in a way which, in this changed age, would land them in the juvenile courts. Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer knew nothing of automobiles, the movies, airplanes, radio sets and a hundred and one other commonplace things which complicate the growing-up process in the boys of today.

Sometime after this present century began, a revolution in the living and working habits of the United States set in, and it has continued uninterrupted for a quarter of a century. It was inevitable that in such a highly-developed civilization, regulation should become more and more evident, that new restrictions should appear. No place now for the Huck Finns or the Tom Sawyers. The day of the traffic policeman had arrived.

It was inevitable also that here and there, the new age should begin to show signs of stress. It is hard to tell just when and where it was first noticed that things weren't going right with boys growing up under the new conditions. Perhaps the phenomenon was noticed everywhere about the same time. Boys began drifting into courts in larger numbers and at earlier ages than ever before, and increasingly for

offenses that proved they weren't the normal sort of boys of Mark Twain's day. Playing pirate is one

thing; holding up a filling station at the age of fifteen is another. One city after another, and then the whole country began asking the same question: "What shall we do to prevent boys falling victims to their high-pressure environment and how shall we give them a chance to utilize their normal energies wholesomely?" For, although times had changed, the nature of boys had not.

The city of Kenosha was asking itself this question just after the World War when hundreds of Kenosha young men who had recently put away their uniforms were looking about for ways to best help their community. This Wisconsin city, midway between Chicago and Milwaukee, with 46,000 persons in 1920, was growing fast. Industry had marked it as a favored spot. Huge factories for the making of automobiles, metal beds, woolen underwear and other indispensables were attracting to Kenosha not

only native-born workers but also thousands who had come from overseas. The rapid growth of the city, the tendency of the new workers from abroad to live in separate cities-within-a-city, the inadequacy of old public facilities for the new needs, all contributed to the flock of problems which faced Kenosha—problems that always seemed to hook up in some way with the

problem of Kenosha boys. It was realization of this fact that inspired Kenosha Post of The American Legion early in its career to use its main energies to help the boys of its city. It didn't make the mistake of trying to play a lone hand in its enterprises. Sensibly, it placed itself in partnership with the large number of other older organizations in its community which were already equipped for the huge task.

Almost ten years have passed since Kenosha Post began intensively its work for boys, a work so well performed that the city has become known in the Legion as a laboratory for the development (Continued on page 36)



*Sergeant Paul Rohde of Kenosha police department with portable stop-go sign which he used in traffic safety talks in the schools*



# THEN AND NOW

*A Spruce Hound Yells: "Timber!"—When Royalty Called on the Bucks—Is Doughboy Ball an A. of O. Invention?—Outfit Reunions in Boston and Elsewhere*

**H**ERE we have a memory-teaser for some of the sharks who could decipher the innumerable abbreviations and initial letters of outfits as used in the war-time days: What was the S. P. D., B. A. P., and where did it do its stuff during the war?

While some 27,000 soldiers will know those initials by heart, according to Legionnaire Roy L. Martin of Doyon, North Dakota, we rush to the aid of the remaining four million and tell them that the letters stood for the Spruce Production Division, Bureau of Aircraft Production. And we admit that we had to refer to a number of books in our library before we found the answer.

This is what caused us to do the research—a letter received from Martin:

"Your request for new members for the Then and Now Gang has at last aroused my feeble mind and arm to action. There is one outfit which has not yet come under the wire—the S. P. D., B. A. P.

"I have been waiting for some of our literary ex-members, of which there were many, to yell T-I-M-B-E-R and start the rush, but they all seem to have lost their ability or nerve. Hey, you Spruce Hounds—sick, lame and lazy—all out!

"Here are some facts: I don't know the very beginning of the beginning, but it grew from the Aviation Section, Signal Corps, in a cantonment adjoining the 'Old Post' at Vancouver Barracks, Washington.

"I think the first men there transferred from Kelly Field, Texas, as the only means of escape from the sun and sand. At least, one man told me that he and 499 others landed there in November, 1917, from the South with only summer clothes, and their future parade ground virtually a lake.

"When I and some five hundred others arrived from Camp Lewis, Washington, May 30, 1918, the first thing we heard in the way of greetings, after our six-hour train ride and one and a half mile hike in O. D. wool, overcoats and blanket rolls, was 'Where did you get all the clothes?' We were then part of the Spruce Production Division, Aviation Section, Signal Corps, or S. P. D., A. S. S. C.

"About June 1, 1918, the 'Spruce Division,' or S. P. D., B. A. P., came into being and took over the Old Post as headquarters, though Brigadier General Brice P. Disque, the division C. O., had offices in Portland, Oregon, twelve miles away."

**T**HREE weeks passed," continues Martin's letter, "and the cantonment grew from a few small buildings to a tent town of about 18,000 population. Another three weeks and nearly all of these men, and those who had gone before, were scattered over Washington and Oregon in saw mills, logging camps and in railroad construction gangs building tracks into undeveloped timber.

"I was in the railroad end of it—way out on the Olympic peninsula in the northwest corner of the United States. This railroad job started at Whiskey Creek on the Milwaukee Railroad (I think it was), three miles west of Joyce, Washington,

and proceeded up the Lyre River Canyon to beautiful Lake Crescent, along its northern shore, then over the summit and down the Sol Duc River to Lake Pleasant and to the edge of the largest tract of spruce timber in the world.

"This route was surveyed and the contract let in June, 1918, and the forty miles of main line completed November 30th. In addition thirty miles of 'loop' line and one of the largest saw mills in the world were nearly ready for work at the time of the Armistice. On this 'World's Record' job of heavy railroad construction, an average of 3,000 soldiers were employed and about the same number of civilians up until November 11th.

"As for myself, I tried to enlist and was rejected because of somewhat weak eyes, but was called by the Draft Board in May and after several transfers found myself in July, 1918, as 1st sergeant of the 41st Spruce Squadron, in Joyce, Washington. I held the job until demobilization, January 17, 1919. Now for a challenge: Was there any other outfit of 100 men or more in existence six months, that had no charge sheets to turn in with their records?

"I just found an official statement reporting that the cut-up plant, or saw mill, at Vancouver Barracks, during its operation from February 8, 1918, to November 22, 1918, cut 153,657,317 feet of lumber, all spruce. Of this total, 94,959,459 feet were suitable for airplane construction and 52,108,677 feet stored for commercial use. There was a cut-up loss of 10.20 percent."

The picture we reproduce on this page shows men of the 41st Spruce Squadron felling a tree on the right of way of "Government Railroad No. 1," west of the Sol Duc (or Soleduke) River. Martin explains that the tree shown is not a very large one! He says that he saw the largest spruce tree in Washington, which measured 63 feet 4 inches around, six feet above the ground!



*"Timber," reports Roy L. Martin, Doyon, North Dakota, was the battle-cry of the Spruce Hounds in the Pacific Northwest. 27,000 men were in the S. P. D., B. A. P. The mysterious initials are deciphered by Martin on this page*

**W**AS the game which Adjutant Francis J. Nathans of William D. Oxley Post, Tacony, Pennsylvania, tells of in a letter to the Company Clerk an invention of the American troops in the Occupied Area or was it generally known and played throughout the A. E. F. We'll have to leave the decision to you after you read his report:

"Here is a new line from a new member of the Gang. How many of the Gang played 'Doughboy Ball' while in the A. E. F. or the Army of Occupation?

"This game was far from being ping pong. Imagine, if you can, a field the size of a present-day football field, five baskets (facing outward instead of upward) on each side of the field, ten balls in action at once and fifty players on each side and you have a fair idea of Doughboy Ball. Three minutes constituted an inning and the balls in baskets at the end of each inning determined the score of the inning. Nine innings were played.

"I was a member of the team which won the Army of Occupation championship—representing the 20th Company of the Fifth Regiment of Marines. We won out in our division, the Second,



## ❧ THEN and NOW ❧

in six games and then played an outfit of the Sixth Field Artillery, First Division, and won our final game for the championship from the team of the 38th Infantry Regiment, Third Division.

"Upon our return from Andernach on the Rhine, where this game was played, to our billets at Waldbreitbach, we found a happy little bulletin from G. H. Q. stating that due to the uncertainty of the Germans signing the peace terms (this was in June, 1919) the Doughboy Ball champions would not go to France to compete in the finals in the Interallied Games. To say the gang was wild is stating it mildly. To this day, many of us who were on the 20th Company's team are wondering who won the championship of the A. E. F. and if the finals were played at the Interallied Games."

We can report now that Doughboy Ball did not appear on the schedule of events at the Interallied Games.

**W**HATEVER complaints — justified or unjustified — the doughboys in the A. E. F. may have had against the Y. M. C. A., there is no question at all regarding the one hundred percent approval of the Leave Areas conducted by the Y for the soldiers. Memories of happy days spent in Chamonix, Monte Carlo, Nice, Biarritz, Annecy, Aix-les-Bains and others of the thirty-nine towns in the twenty-six Leave Areas, remain with the six hundred thousand men who were fortunate enough to visit them.

Through the continued interest of Franklin S. Edmonds of Philadelphia in the veterans and their organization, the Legion, we reproduce on this page a photograph taken in Aix-les-Bains, when royalty called on the doughboys. Mr. Edmonds was head of the Legal and Soldiers Leave Departments of the Y. M. C. A., A. E. F., and tells this story of the picture:

"When the Savoie Leave Area was opened in February, 1918, one of the Americans at Aix-les-Bains was Loie Fuller, the famous dancer. She became very much interested in the work of the Leave Area, and from February, 1918, until June, 1919, she had three of her pupils stationed in the area to assist in entertainment.

"Miss Fuller was well acquainted with Queen Marie of Roumania and, while the diplomats were arranging the Treaty of Versailles, suggested to Queen Marie that she make an informal visit to the Savoie Leave Area to see what provision was made

for the American soldiers while on leave. On the morning of April 12, 1919, Queen Marie, with her sister, Princess Beatrix of Spain; her daughter, Marie, who is now Queen of Jugo-Slavia; her lady-in-waiting, Miss Kennedy, and her military escort, General Billief of the Roumanian General Staff, arrived by special train.

"The party was taken direct to the Grand Cercle, where there was a reception by the enlisted men. Later, the royal party passed into the gardens where the regular athletic program was being conducted. The enclosed photograph was taken at this time and shows a doughboy explaining the game of baseball to the Roumanian Queen.

"In the afternoon, a series of receptions culminated in a dance in the Grand Cercle. Colonel Reber invited the Princess Marie to dance with him. At that time, because of the small number of women in the area and the large number of men on leave, it was necessary to arrange a system of 'cutting in' every two or three minutes of dancing, at the sound of a whistle.

"When the whistle blew a doughboy touched Colonel Reber on the shoulder and took the Princess away from him. It is probable that she danced with at least thirty or forty doughboys during the afternoon.

"Here are the questions: Who was the doughboy who explained baseball to Queen Marie? Who was the doughboy who cut in on Colonel Reber and had the first doughboy dance with the Princess? It might be hard to find these men as at the time there were 4,800 doughboys in Aix-les-Bains!"

And the Company Clerk would like to add: How many of the men who met the Queen in Aix-les-Bains renewed acquaintance on her fairly-recent tour of America?

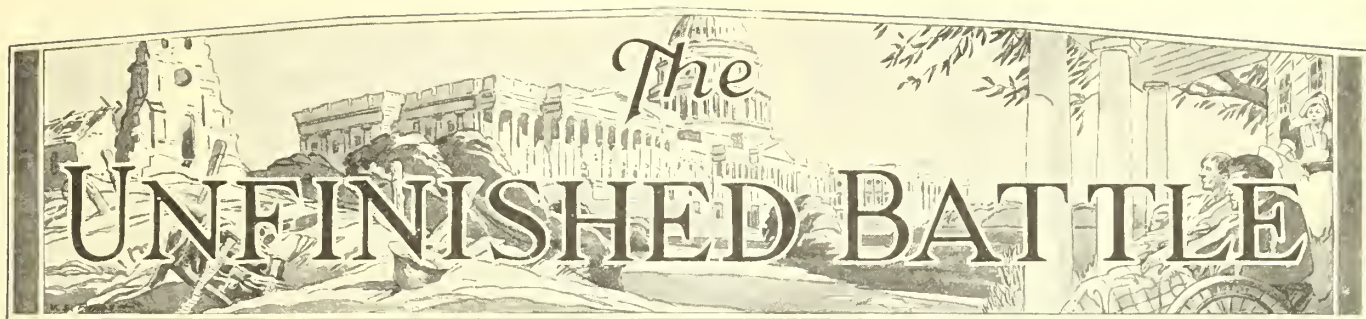
**L**A SOCIETE des Soldats de Verneuil, composed of men who served with Base Spare Parts 1, 2 and 3, M. T. C. 327, has lined up with the other thirty or more veterans' organizations which will hold reunions in conjunction with the Legion national convention in Boston, October 6th to 9th. All former members are requested to report at once by letter to Sandy Somers, 498 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Following is a list of the other outfits which will hold reunions in Boston during the Legion convention, October 6th to 9th, together with the names and addresses (Continued on page 63)



*Who was the doughboy shown in the above picture explaining the American national game to Queen Marie of Roumania when she visited the American Leave Area at Aix-les-Bains, April 12, 1919? Seated from the left, we have Mrs. Helen B. Wrenn of New York, in charge of women Leave Area workers; Princess Marie of Roumania, now Queen of Jugo-Slavia; Queen Marie of Roumania, grandmother of the present King Mihai I; Princess Beatrix, Infanta of Spain, sister of Queen Marie; Colonel Samuel Reber, Military Commander of the Area; Miss Kennedy, lady-in-waiting to the Queen. Standing at the left: John B. Howarth, Y. M. C. A. Divisional Secretary, and C. N. Boag, Hut Manager at Aix-les-Bains*





**A**S THIS issue of the Monthly goes to press, the Senate is considering an extraordinary bill for the amendment of the World War Veterans Act which was passed by the House of Representatives on April 24th in one of the most remarkable sessions ever witnessed in the lower branch of Congress. In the final period of consideration of a series of bills submitted for the amendment of the World War Veterans Act, the House adopted forty-seven amendments and passed by a vote of 324 to 49 a measure which its opponents estimated would add eventually \$500,000,000 a year to the \$196,000,000 now paid out annually for World War compensation for disability and death.

This extraordinary measure, loaded down with far-reaching amendments, proposed by individual representatives, goes much farther than the Johnson Bill, H. R. 10381, approved by the House Committee on World War Veterans' Legislation.

The Johnson Bill had been approved by the Veterans' Committee after exhaustive study and extended hearings on the entire situation relative to the World War Disabled. The American Legion at its Louisville Convention last fall gave serious consideration to the situation confronting the disabled and recommended legislation which, in its estimation, would solve the most pressing needs of the disabled. These recommendations were incorporated in the Johnson Bill and the Legion therefore urged the enactment of this legislation and was confident that the Bill, if passed by the House and the Senate, would be signed by the President. The Legion's position was that the enactment of relief legislation at the present session of Congress was imperative, and that the addition of amendments calling for greatly increased expenditures might bring about a presidential veto and probably defeat the enactment of any legislation for the disabled at the present session of Congress.

**I**N THE final consideration of the House amendments, four separate bills involving dates for presumptive service connection of disabilities were considered. One was the original Johnson Bill, which would have established a 1925 presumptive date and cost \$76,000,000. A second was the Rankin Bill, with 1930 presumptive date and estimated cost of \$44,000,000. The American Legion Bill, with 1925 presumptive date, called for annual cost of \$12,500,000. The fourth bill, H. R. 7825, would have increased the cost of the Johnson Bill \$31,000,000 yearly.

The measure adopted went much further than the Rankin Bill. The Rankin Bill would have extended to January 1, 1930, presumptive service connection only for certain diseases. The measure adopted embodies an amendment proposed by Representative Connery which would establish presumptive service connection for any and all disabilities developed before January 1, 1930. A provision, sponsored by Representative Cochran, would prevent the Veterans Bureau from submitting any evidence to rebut the presumption of service connection. Another amendment provides that where service connection has existed for five years, it may not be broken. In other words, a man who has drawn compensation for five years would continue to draw it for life. Still another amendment prevents denial of compensation because of misconduct.

**R**EPRESENTATIVE Royal C. Johnson, chairman of the House Committee on World War Veterans' Legislation, fought until the last to prevent passage of the bill in its final form. He disclaimed utterly responsibility for the measure, embodying twelve amendments that had been adopted after being proposed from the floor in the

final session. Mr. Johnson sought to have the bill sent back to his committee, but lost by a vote of 230 to 145. He announced that if the bill were recommitted he would offer a substitute measure that would make reasonable provisions for disabled men unable to prove conclusively service origin of their disabilities, a bill which had been given much study.

**T**HE National Legislative Committee of The American Legion has distributed a special bulletin, dated April 26th, giving a full description of the bill passed by the house and telling of the events leading up to its adoption. The bulletin comments:

"Scores of Representatives voted for the most liberalizing amendments in the belief that they are not only necessary and just, but that the country can afford to pay for them. Others, more calculating, who think more of Government money than they do of veterans' sacrifices and needs, gaily assisted these friends of veterans in piling amendment on amendment."

**F**RANK T. HINES, director of the Veterans Bureau, reported to the House during the consideration of the amendments to the World War Veterans Act that to date the Government has spent on behalf of World War veterans \$5,058,681,000. Direct benefits for the veteran and his dependents included these: Death and disability compensation, \$1,572,758,344; vocational training, \$644,984,110; medical and hospital services, including hospital construction, \$412,251,688; Government term insurance (minus premium receipts) \$861,581,000; adjusted compensation, \$111,700,200; allowances (during service), \$282,083,742.

**O**N THE day before the passage of the bill for the amendment of the World War Veterans Act, Congress adopted a resolution for the appointment of a joint sub-committee of the Senate and House "to investigate the pay, allowances, pensions, compensations, emoluments, and retired pay of all persons who served in the military and naval forces of the United States in any war, except those in the Regular establishment."

**F**OR nine years The American Legion has been asking Congress to concentrate its attention upon the necessity for a new system of national defense—a system that would take the profit out of war and insure equal service by all in any future emergency, so far as these ends are possible of attainment. On April 1st the House of Representatives passed the Snell Resolution, which embodied the terms of the Reed-Wainwright Resolution which was endorsed by the Legion's Louisville convention. This action marked the first important Legion victory in its battle for the enactment of a Universal Draft Act. The resolution adopted by the House was forwarded to the Senate with every likelihood that the Senate would also approve it at this session. The Senate approving the resolution, a commission will be appointed to study the proposed Universal Draft Act and make a report to the President not later than the first Monday in January, 1931.

The commission, under the terms of the resolution, would "consider amending the Constitution to provide that private property may be taken by Congress for public use without profit during war and methods of equalizing the burdens and to remove the profits of war, together with a study of policies to be pursued in event of war, so as to empower the President immediately to mobilize all the resources of the country."

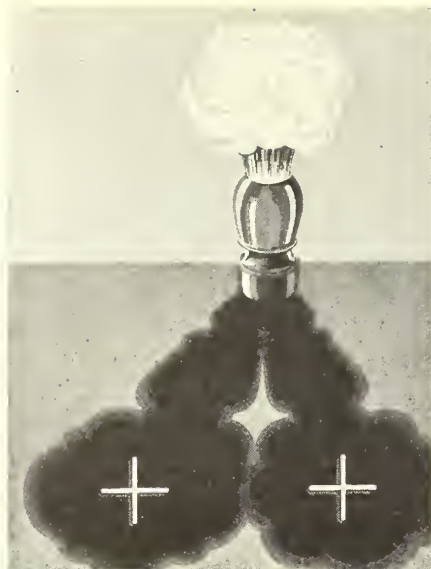
The commission would be composed of four members of the House, four members of the Senate, the Secretaries of War, Navy, Agriculture, Commerce and Labor and the Attorney General.

**S**EE your Post Service Officer for detailed information on any of the subjects relating to rights or benefits covered in this department. If he cannot answer your question, your Department Service Officer can. Write to your Department Service Officer or to the Regional Office of the Veterans Bureau in your State on matters connected with uncomplicated claims or routine activities. If unable to obtain service locally or in your State, address communications to National Rehabilitation Committee, The American Legion, 710 Bond Building, Washington, D. C.



## Boytown, Wisconsin

(Continued from page 32)



### JIM HENRY'S GUARANTEE: 2 MORE good shaves per blade

No matter what model of what razor you use, I guarantee you 2 more shaves (of course, I mean *good* ones) from every blade! Money back if I'm wrong. Check me up. Take a new razor, and count up the shaves. Better shaves? Why they'd have to be. When Mennen gives you 2 more per blade, they *must* be better.

Remember, too, that Mennen alone gives you two kinds of shaving cream...Menthol-iced and WithoutMenthol. Both give that clean, comfortable Mennen shave. Both build up a fine, quick lather in any water. Mennen WithoutMenthol is smooth and bland. Menthol-iced lather has a triple-cool tingle all its own. Both creams are typically Mennen... that's the main point... and my guarantee covers them both. Take your choice.

And if you don't want to buy a tube of Mennen, shoot in the coupon and I'll send you a free trial tube.

*Jim Henry*  
Mennen Salesman

*Mennen Talcum for Men removes face shine and doesn't show... absorbs facial oils that come out during the day. Great after a bath, too.*

## MENNEN SHAVING CREAMS



MENTHOL-ICED WITHOUT MENTHOL

THE MENNEN CO., Dept. B-4, NEWARK, N. J.  
Jim Henry: I've got a new blade all ready. Send me a free trial tube and I'll take the count.

Name.....

Address..... City.....

☐ Send me Mennen Menthol-Iced  
☐ Send me Mennen without Menthol

of successful Legion activities for boys. Last year, the record of the post in this work was so notable that it won for the Wisconsin Department the Milton J. Foreman national trophy, awarded annually to the department most successfully carrying out a program for boys and girls. Kenosha Post, incidentally, has become the pattern for all other Wisconsin posts in their own work for boys and girls. It has been so recognized since the early year when it won a Wisconsin boys' work trophy offered by Past National Vice Commander Claudius G. Pendill. It had won additional recognition by capturing in successive years a similar award, the Cooper Brothers' Trophy.

In presenting the report which won the Foreman Trophy for 1928-29, the Wisconsin Department's Boys' Work Chairman, Vilas H. Whaley of Racine, declared: "The boys' work activities of Kenosha Post are so outstanding that we do not believe it can be equaled by any post anywhere else in the world."

It is doubtful if this claim would be disputed by anybody who studied Mr. Whaley's full report, a bound volume of several hundred pages, filled with charts, photographs, newspaper clippings and other exhibits giving the full story of Kenosha Post's wonderfully-varied program. Nor would it be questioned by anyone sitting in while Kenosha Post's leaders of boys' activities were in session about the huge table of the Board of Directors' room of the city's leading bank, studying the record of accomplishment and drawing up battle orders for the summer just ahead.

The visitor might see and hear such Legionnaires as Dr. Thomas Dobbins, chief surgeon of the Nash Motor Car Company, commander of a field hospital during the war. He might see also Ray V. Sowers, Secretary of the Kenosha Y. M. C. A., Wisconsin Department Chairman of Boys' Work for 1930. Then there is John Girman, a real estate operator, director of the work of Sea Scouts. Howard A. Gately is the Kenosha County Boy Scout Executive. Lawrence J. Melbusch, a police sergeant, is a scoutmaster and mainstay of a dozen specialized activities. G. S. Cooper, former Post Commander, handles the public relations aspects and has been director of many of his post and department boys' activities. He likes best to lead groups of Kenosha scouts on their annual educational tours of the State. Bruce Eastman, assistant cashier of the First National Bank, is the genius behind the boys' band of fifty pieces, of which Delbert Duell, a worker for the Simmons Bed Company, is director and leader. Karl Zander, a civil engineer, supervises the permanent Boy Scout camp and the overnight Scout hikes. Chester Isermann, a radio salesman, is another Scout executive, as are Jack Ferriss, Standard Oil gas station manager; Bert Thompson, taxicab operator, and Frank Harwell, editor of the *Ke-Na-Sha Club News*.

These men, representative members of

Kenosha Post, explain why Kenosha Post has been able to do what it has done. They are the sort of men found behind every Legion activity in any aggressive post. Knowing them, one understands why the Department of Wisconsin has authorized the holding of a School of Boys' Work in the First Wisconsin District, of which Kenosha is a part, so that other posts may learn and follow in Kenosha's footsteps. Later the schools are to be held in other districts, and Wisconsin believes the system will be adopted by other States.

Kenosha Post's activities which won for it the Foreman Trophy included four outstanding features: (1) The juvenile crime survey, the thrift survey and leisure time survey, all conducted as a preliminary to the plotting of the post's general program for boys' work; (2) The child safety program; (3) The neighborhood playground campaign, designed to make vacant lots in all neighborhoods available as playspots; (4) The location of fourteen Boy Scout troops directed by the post.

The juvenile crime survey was based on the fact that since the city's growth to its present population of 60,000, juvenile crime had become centralized in certain sections. One-third of the city's population is foreign born and many of the juvenile misdemeanors were believed due to the inability of foreign-born parents to maintain family discipline as their children acquired knowledge and habits representing a departure from the viewpoint of their fathers and mothers. Charts were made indicating the residence of every boy arrested during the preceding year. It was found that crime was most prevalent where play and recreation facilities were lacking or unfavorable. The charts also gave the index to a large number of boyish gangs responsible for much of the wrongdoing and indicated the necessity of winning the confidence of gang leaders as a basis for later efforts. It was found that twenty percent of women in industry were married, a fact which accentuated the loosening of parental ties.

The leisure time survey showed Kenosha boys were most partial to athletics, and then favored parties and dances, club doings and musical activities. Boys were asked to tell their favorite reading material, so that steps could be taken to provide wholesome books and magazines. Boys expressed the opinion that the most prevalent boys' handicaps were, in order, cigarettes, girls and petting parties, stealing, gangs, hangouts, gambling and drinking. Most of them agreed that good influences included athletics, clubs such as the Y. M. C. A., gymnasiums, swimming pools and libraries. The savings survey revealed that in 1928-29 the average boy saved \$30.

The leisure time and savings surveys called attention to the possibilities for effective Legion work through the 4-H clubs, composed of boys of the rural sections. It was shown that 52 percent of



Wisconsin's farm income is from milk, and the post was able to prepare a comprehensive plan for stimulating interest of boys in modern farming methods.

The post's safety program was carried on in co-operation with the Safety Council, which included a representative from each city ward. Railroads, public utility corporations, industries, service clubs, churches and newspapers took part in the series of campaigns. Kenosha claims the credit for originating years ago the system of boy traffic officers for children going to and returning from school. As a novelty in the post's safety campaign, a police officer, with the post's help, carried from school to school a portable stop-go sign which he used in giving demonstrations and instruction in the school rooms. Literature was prepared for the school children and automobile drivers.

As a part of the safety program, a chapter of the Red Cross was organized to provide instruction in swimming and life saving methods. As an adjunct to this, school children were enlisted in an organization called the Porpoise Club, with four degrees, conferred according to proficiency in the methods taught.

Fire prevention was made an important phase of the safety program. Children were given instruction and asked to carry fire prevention literature to their homes. Common causes of fires were explained by speakers for the Legion. A regulation fire-alarm box was carried from school to school so that children might learn by actual trial how to turn in a fire alarm. In the observance of All-Kenosha Safety Week, Past National Commander Howard P. Savage of Chicago gave an address at a public meeting.

In its campaign for the establishment of neighborhood playspots for children, particularly children of pre-school age, Kenosha Post pioneered in an activity which it believes ought to be followed generally by Legion posts. It was found that vacant lots could generally be obtained without cost, and the post installed inexpensive playground equipment in many of the lots obtained. To interest older boys, nets for golf practice were also erected on several lots. Many of the vacant lots obtained by the post were converted into ice-skating rinks in winter, in line with the post's custom of promoting all outdoor winter sports as evidenced by its ice frolics and sled derbies held in the city parks. While it carried on its neighborhood playground campaign, the post also did what it could to induce the city to add to the number of its city playgrounds and install new equipment in these. It was particularly successful in its efforts to extend the facilities of the city's fine beaches along Lake Michigan.

A list of the activities of Kenosha Post in co-operation with the Boy Scouts would be too lengthy for this story. One-third of the members of the city's Boy Scout Council are Legionnaires and volunteer workers in practically all the troops of the city which have 700 members. Giving educational trips to Chicago and recreation overnight stays at the Boy Scout camp and the pro- (Continued on page 38)



TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. & FOREIGN COUNTRIES.  
There is only one  
B. V. D. Union Suit  
It is identified by  
this red woven label.

COPYRIGHT 1930  
THE B. V. D. COMPANY, INC.  
NEW YORK

## There is no substitute for COMFORT

There is a movement among men to dress more comfortably, more sensibly, more neatly. In underwear this means a garment that does not hug or bind the body at any point—a garment that is light in weight—COOL! Such a garment is the B. V. D. Union Suit. It is famous for fit—permits free movement of the body and perfect body ventilation—made in many sizes to provide for any build.

• • • • •

Other B. V. D. Products—Coat Shirts and Drawers of B. V. D. nain-sook, Pull-over Shirts and attractive Shorts, Knit Union Suits, Swimming Suits and Sweaters.

The three letters B. V. D. on the label of a garment identify it as a product of The B. V. D. Co., Inc.—it will pay you to look for them.

THE B. V. D. COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.

# B.V.D.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE

# union suit





## Check Fatigue at its Source

To maintain the speed and power you enjoy in a first fast set, check fatigue at its source. Adopt the rule of all athletes. Wear a supporter and fortify the vital... and least rugged... zone of your body against exhausting strains.

*Pal* will serve as this unseen partner, anticipating and making safe every stroke you attempt. Protect the delicate cords and structures left unguarded by nature and you conserve the energy the game demands.

Armored ribs of live rubber knit into *Pal's* exclusive texture give super-support yet conform to every motion without binding or chafing. Porous, cool, non-absorbent... soft as new after washing. Priced from \$1.00 up, *Pal* outwears two or three ordinary supporters.

*Bike* is the finest one-piece, all-elastic supporter made. Ingenious design doubles its strength and service. Easy to wash and wear. Easy to buy, too, at 50 cents and up. At all druggists and sporting goods dealers.

# Pal

## and BIKE

**BAUER & BLACK**

DIVISION OF THE KENDALL COMPANY  
Chicago • New York • Toronto



## Boytozen, Wisconsin

(Continued from page 37)

motion of field days were among the many Scout activities. The Kenoshans endeavored in dealing with individual troops not to operate a program that would be too extensive. Instead, activities were made highly selective, emphasis being placed on a few well done rather than many incompletely accomplished.

In a report at a mid-winter conference of the Wisconsin Department, Ray V. Sowers, State Chairman of Boys' Work, outlined suitable activities for each month in the year. For June he recommended the following list from which any post could select a few activities adapted to the needs of the boys of its territory: C. M. T. C. enrollment, golf, city-wide overnight Scout hike at close of school, preliminary swimming and diving contest, scheduling of games for the playground ball leagues, junior and senior life-saving meet, organization of life-saving corps, a boating and canoe life-saving campaign, trips through industrial plants, announcement of a Legion sponsored long cruise by Sea Scouts.

For May, Mr. Sowers' recommendations were these: model yacht sailing contest, flight for model airplanes and display of handicraft, city-wide clean-up campaign, organization of junior baseball teams, announcement of schedule of

swimming events for the summer, junior high school track meet for county, grammar school roller skating derby, grammar school kite-flying contest, horseshoe-pitching contest, top-spinning contest, marble shooting contest, start of Red Cross life saving instruction, all-city "Lads-and-Dads" Scout council fire, C. M. T. C. enrollment, week-end camps for Scouts, Memorial Day exercises, enrollment for summer camps and junior garden clubs.

Kenosha Post has evidence that its years of effort to help boys grow up normally is producing continuous good results. As one big gain, the post has seen disappear the old evil influence of boyhood gangs, which, not so many years ago, flourished in a defiant independence that too often led to wrongdoing. The boys of Kenosha now are bound to their town by a feeling of common interest. The Legion-sponsored Scout troops, the many Legion activities which provide an outlet to boyish energy, early give to each boy an understanding of his duties and responsibilities, teach him to work with others and automatically develops in the boy gifted by nature his capacity for leadership. Kenosha Post is proud of its share in making the better citizens of tomorrow.

## Super-Babel

(Continued from page 11)

harbor improvements." In other words, another case of indirection, but not necessarily any perversion of the facts whatsoever. If, however, Blankus were to write himself, under pay of the banker, he would not only have hard work to tell the truth without any bias—but the reading public would smell something.

The work done on our distinguished men, professors and college presidents abroad is often done with a brush so fine as to put American skill in publicity and propaganda to shame. University degrees are given. Decorations are bestowed. The press kisses the visitor's hand. The old story about material gifts bestowed so lavishly upon American financiers and fact-finders in the Orient no longer holds good.

Many foreign countries, however, still invite tours by editors, professors and even scientists; they entertain them, try to give them truthful but pleasant pictures. Their guides report their reactions, conversations, praise or criticism to the secret service. But there is great tenderness everywhere now about allowing it to appear that this propaganda is in the nature of subsidy or undue influence. I know one man who complained to me that he had come back to the United States and spoken ceaselessly about the good will and the wonders of a certain country.

"But I got no decoration," this great democrat said with a sigh!

I happen to know why he had not; he had overdone the praise. If he were to be given a decoration someone would say that all he had said was bought and paid for with a bauble.

All my foreign experience as an ambassador and as a constant spectator of the adjuncts of diplomacy leads me to believe that no American, even a private citizen, should be allowed to accept foreign decorations. With these out of the way about all that would be left would be supper with the Queen, a degree of Doctor of Laws and a banquet of diplomats, cabinet ministers and reporters with waxed moustaches at the Grand Hotel.

Those who have seen propaganda develop since the War in various countries which tasted its blood in those frightful—and often hypocritical—years know that we are far behind, innocent and agog among nations. In a later article I will explain some of the developments of what is known as foreign propaganda. I point to it now merely to indicate that the War showed every kind of propagandist—political and international—banker, commercial and communistic and even those moral-makers who pretend to be emissaries of Heaven, though holding no valid credentials from that Sovereignty, how to play the game straight and crooked.

What the War did not do to bring about this Super-Babel, modern science and invention did do. We are now printing



enough daily papers to put one and a fraction into the hands of every man, woman and child in America every day. The magazines have multiplied like rabbits and color processes have made us "furniture conscious" or "bathroom conscious" so that we think in pink and pale green angularity. We are told by the Association of Artichokers that artichoke juice has been recommended by George the Fifth's Court veterinary as a cure for flat foot, and that taking snuff will make a hockey player or long distance swimmer out of any unhealthy boy.

But the printed or written word barely scratches the ground whether it appears on paper, cardboard, electric sign, smoke-writing, sign board, street car or the back of the dining car menu. The visible word a few years ago was almost the sole means of propaganda, it was only the beginning of a variety of vehicles which now carry propaganda estimated to be more than seventy-five per cent of all our food of news and thought, good or bad.

Of course oratory and lectures in politics and in special causes have played their part throughout the world's long story. In our own past history, however, they were mostly confined to political candidacy, to evangelism, to shaking down audiences for foreign missions and for the sale of snake oil from the back of a wagon.

I can remember hearing Tom Reed when he was Speaker of the House hold forth in the early hot fall in Maine. I was only twelve, I believe, but a faint suspicion grew as I listened that political oratory was not to be swallowed whole and that the flies which settled on my young moist brow and upon Tom Reed's were a good deal of a nuisance which might be avoided by having Tom Reed write a letter to my father. The sense of suspicion and of nuisance as to political and theological oratory has spread a good deal since then. The noise raised by "leadership" in those days was more disconcerting than the silence and the mouse-from-the-mountain of modern "research" and "scientific truth scientifically arrived at," and the mystic "fact-finding" passion of this later generation.

The Armenian massacre was capitalized at church meetings then. Healthy young victims of the Terrible Turk were exhibited by gray bearded gentlemen after the church strawberry festival. I recalled, when I was representing the United States years later at the Conference of Lausanne, the remark of an old lady who had said, "If there isn't another massacre pretty soon we won't be able to raise much"—a Christian thought which is not yet dead whenever we are "intergnashionally minded."

On the back of the wagon in front of two Indian braves and a squaw, a gentleman in a frock coat who wiped tobacco juice from heavy lips with a red handkerchief used to bawl out, "Lay-dies an' gent-men! When you are asleep in your bed these friendly Indians are roaming the mountains, fields, valleys, glens and glades, gathering herb, bark, roots, blossoms, sprouts and shoots from which are distilled this soothing, salving, saving remedy for aches, (*Continued on page 40*)

# STOP $\frac{1}{4}$ LB. OF TAR per YEAR



**PROVE *this* Yourself!**

G. W. J. Blume, Assistant State Chemist of the State of Virginia, finds the Drinkless Tobacco Yello holder stops  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. of tar per year from entering your mouth and throat, if you smoke only one pack of cigarettes a day. A great University proves this scientific holder stops 66.5% of all the tar contained in cigarette smoke. 750,000 men and women say it makes their smoke taste better.

*Prove it yourself!* Smoke one package of cigarettes today—using a "Tobacco Yello" holder—then open the holder and see the "Tobacco Yello" (tar) on the attachment. If it does not collect the bitter, sticky tar, we will refund your money.

## Drinkless TOBACCO YELLO HOLDER

**\$1**

Send Now for  
**FREE BOOKLET**  
—Written by  
a Physician.

You think it's nicotine—that yellow stain that goes into your mouth and throat—it is not. It's tar. Read what the best recognized medical and chemistry authorities say about tobacco smoke and your health. Write for this booklet today—it's free.

KAUFMANN BROS. & BONDY, Inc., Dept. A L6, 120 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C., Est. 1851



# Send for this *free* booklet



**S**IR WALTER RALEIGH had a hunch that pipe-lovers would welcome some practical hints on how to take care of a pipe. It was a good hunch. Thousands of pipe smokers have sent for this free booklet.

It tells you how to break in a new pipe—how to make a good pipe smoke smoother and sweeter—the proper way to clean a pipe—and many worth-while hints on pipe hygiene.

If you haven't sent for this booklet, write for a copy today and find out what pipe makers and pipe-lovers suggest doing to keep your pipe sweet and mellow. Just write to the Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. 64

Tune in on "The Raleigh Revue" every Friday, 10:00 to 11:00 p. m. (New York Time) over the WEAF coast-to-coast network of N. B. C.

## SIR WALTER RALEIGH

*It's 15c and it's Milder*



## Super-Babel

(Continued from page 39)

pains, fever, chills and ills—of all mankind."

Which compares favorably I would say with most modern poetry, and certainly with much advertising copy!

But the gems of publicity by the spoken word reached only a few; today the radio between 7:30 and 8 makes a whole nation think like Dave Lawrence or follow the inspirations of a Ramsay MacDonald when he is inclined to make some of our pacifists feel that he, rather than they, is to be relied upon to protect our interests. Even the lecture bureau has now to emphasize the unhappy or happy fact that personality should not only be heard but seen.

What then of television? The propagandist in favor of taking down the bars to immigration may not only expose to the country his resounding idea but the fact that he has lost a stud on his way from the college or the parsonage.

Consider the celebration of the anniversary of the Edison lamp. Here almost all the old elements and the new channels to reach public opinion can be found in one grab bag. The United States Government prints a stamp upon which, not the face of an incomparable Edison—the inventor—appears, but something which looks astonishingly like the light by which I am now writing. The President of the United States journeys to the manor of the greatest industrial king. There has been advertising, publicity, endless press agency, news articles, magazine articles. And now—that new stronghold of publicity—the gorgeous banquet! The Mike—whose face has launched a thousand slips—as well as these fine testimonials to "our Thomas Edison" now carries the voices of the scarce-great to the ears of the legions of the small. The motion picture, the talkie twirl and twitter their little blue recording for the millions and posterity. The telephones, the telegraph buzz and tick. Presses start. Magazines close their forms! A parade in and a parade out. The night falls. A guest retired to his bed chamber pastes on a postcard to his wife a two cent stamp with an electric lamp upon its face, and another shining upon his. He looks toward his bed. He yawns! He turns a switch. Snap!

Such are the new facilities for the Super-Babel. They are with us. We cannot, if we would, turn back the page. But we need not be astonished if we meet on some desert strand a stranger to whom we may begin this inquiry, "What do you think of—?" And before we have a chance to finish he says to us, "Just as you do. You know *that*."

To believe that Governments domestic and foreign, businesses good and bad, products worthy and worthless, "causes" sound and insane—particularly the latter—will not use these infinite new channels of propaganda is to live in a fool's paradise. It is to be crying "peace, peace" when the postman is ringing the doorbell, the waste basket is yawning, the morning's newspaper is on the chair; Tommy

has the radio going for "The Function of the Church in Politics," an electric light sign is flashing in the living room window, and somewhere a Senator is looking under a host's chair to see what is there to talk about when he speaks in the Second Session. And there is no peace! No matter how much "education!" We have arrived at the day when the mere facility of thought-distribution is so great that we must stop every moment to see whether we have to put quotation marks around "education" or leave them off.

I do not mean by this to create a pessimistic attitude toward propaganda; I do mean that when nearly three-fourths of all the matter which reaches our eyes and ears is propaganda we need all our wits to distinguish between that which is true and that which is false, that which is wise and wholesome and that which is destructive, degenerative, and is a part of a new chicanery.

We do not damn the new improved plumbing; we are amazed by it. But the mere fact that it sets fountains a-playing in every room in our mental house is no reason for us to forget the purity of the water supply. The average man is intelligent enough to ask, when offered a salad whether the leaves are lettuce or poison ivy; no reason exists to give less care to the canned thought which is provided for our minds.

For the canneries are becoming larger and larger. The War and the new facilities to produce national, group, party, personal thought together have brought us to an age where mass-thought or wholesaling opinion is worth an organization, an investment, and the development of a strategic, psychological art of which the world never dreamed before. Of course it has experienced vast sweeps of publicity and propaganda in isolated cases. Mohammed was no end of a publicity man; Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was an unparalleled propaganda. But the modern machinery is new and the commercialization of it is new. It is often said that some great prophet was the world's topnotch advertiser. Quite so! But he initiated his own subject matter, aimed directly, not indirectly, and no one ever found such a man, with a mahogany-lined office, haggling with a client, in a checked suit, over fees!

Today it is no necessary reflection upon any who want their story told that they pay to have it told in fifty-seven different ways to a hundred and twenty million people.

Nor that they, being unskilled, go to those who are wily in the canneries of thought and shrewd in the use of the delivery system. Of this skill we will treat in another article.

Nor is it a necessary reflection upon those who want their story told that they organize to do it.

For instance, a statesman or a princess from a foreign land comes to America upon what is always called a "mission of good will." There is no harm in employing



a super advance agent such as one of our American artists in the publicity bureau business. Of course interest in the pilgrimage is necessary to fill the auditoriums, to scatter by every means possible the message the stranger has to deliver, to produce the maximum of hospitality. To accomplish all this an organization is created. Folks like to see their names on the stationery and appear in silk hats when the steamer docks. And if the committee is distinguished enough, if each member is what is called a leader in his or her community, then the organizers of the committee will be almost certain that the statesman or the princess will talk to packed halls, have top-hole luncheons and banquets from coast-to-coast which in turn will mean everywhere a "big press" front page, headliners. For what purpose? Why the purpose disclosed is to create international good will. And if that is the purpose, what is the criticism?

It is only when the purpose is some other than the one candidly announced that criticism may be directed at the propaganda. We only become cynical when we learn that the real purpose of the princess is to raise a loan in the United States. Those particular bankers feel that the American people are dazzled by royalty and that the loan they arrange can be better sold after the princess' parade has just passed by. And if the statesman—the genial foreign general, or the sad faced statesman Lord Somebody, or a happy, hearty ex-Premier really are here because it is the eve of a debt settlement, or the eve of a Navy parley, of course the whole thing is sour cream. It is oblique—siy perhaps and fools the mass for a little while—a little crooked maybe? Whoever heard of Senator Borah going to France on a speaking tour to advise France on her foreign policy, or Senator Hiram Johnson speaking to the great cities of England, Scotland and Wales on the British attitude toward the League of Nations? My guess is that they would be put on a steamer. Especially if they had gone heralded as speakers of "good will." The disclosure of real purpose decides often enough the worth or the rottenness of this tremendous machine of propaganda.

When organizations using this machine—buying this machine—to create mass thought disclose who pays the bills and the real purpose of the campaign and the real color of their organization, no one raises objection. But if I create even a so-called church organization, if I and my group represent nothing much more than a self-perpetuating, well-advertised, high-sounding publicity bureau: if I claim to represent the views of all the church-goers in the United States, and if I raise my money on this claim and pay salaries to myself and associates of this publicity office, then when I speak over the radio in favor of conscientious objection in war, of racial equality, of hands off in Mexico, Nicaragua or China, of recognition of the Soviet, of the Youth Movement—I should tell the truth.

Most of the commercial organizations do tell the truth. It pays. The last decade has seen a tremendous growth in associations which wish (Continued on page 42)



THE INCREASING USE OF THE TELEPHONE REQUIRES THE EXPENDITURE OF HUNDREDS OF MILLIONS ANNUALLY FOR EXTENSIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS

## It keeps faith with your needs

*An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company*

You have found a constantly growing use for the telephone. You have learned its value in business. You have found it helpful in keeping contact with family and friends. Its increasing use has given the telephone its humanly important place in modern life and requires the expenditure of hundreds of millions annually for extensions and improvements.

In 1929 the Bell System's additions, betterments and replacements, with new manufacturing facilities, meant an expenditure of 633 million dollars. During 1930 this total will be more than 700 millions.

Definite improvements in your service result from a program of this size and kind. They start with the average time required to put in your telephone—which in five years has been cut nearly in half. They range through the other

branches of your service, even to calls for distant points—so that all but a very few of them are now completed while you remain at the telephone.

In order to give the most effective, as well as the most economical service, the operation of the Bell System is carried on by 24 Associated Companies, each attuned to the part of the country it serves.

The Bell Laboratories are constantly engaged in telephone research. The Western Electric Company is manufacturing the precision equipment needed by the System. The staff of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company is developing better methods for the use of the operating companies.

It is the aim of the Bell System continually to furnish a better telephone service for the nation.



# Popular

Learn saxophone, cornet, trombone—any band instrument. Be popular. It's easy. Learn quicker and gain greater musical success on a Conn. Endorsed by Sousa and the world's greatest artists. Easiest to play in perfect tune. Many exclusive features. Yet they cost no more.

**Write for Free Book**  
Free Trial—Easy Payments on any Conn. Write for special offer and free book. Mention instrument.

**C. G. CONN, Ltd.**  
603 Conn Bldg. Elkhart, Ind.

**CONN**  
WORLD'S LARGEST BAND INSTRUMENTS

**Joseph Falk**, Allston, Mass., earned \$9,000.00 playing a Conn saxophone while in college. Appeared in 8 countries; plays 22 instruments; nearly all Conns.

## NEW DISCOVERY

# MAGICAL DEVICE GRINDS NEW BLADES INSTANTLY!

Denmark sends to America's men the shaving discovery they have awaited! Here is a device which mysteriously brings old blades back to life—and even makes new blades 178" keener! All done by a sensational method of grinding a CONCAVE EDGE, which is the whole secret of the BELLO HOLLOW GRINDER.

**AGENTS WANTED!**  
Quick! Grab this chance to make some real money. Introduce BELLO in your neighborhood. No investment or experience. We trust you—furnish everything. Get facts. Write AT ONCE to

**BELLO CORPORATION**  
Gardner Trust Bldg., Gardner, Massachusetts





FOR the N. R. A. and American Legion Outdoor Small Bore Matches the Winchester Model 52 is unquestionably your best target rifle. It loads as conveniently—single loading,—as a single shot. And it has speed of fire when that is needed. And what is most important, the shooter can push the cartridge in a straight line, into the chamber, even in the dark.

In accuracy—rifle after rifle—the Winchester 52 is phenomenally uniform. This is general knowledge among expert small bore shots—Legionaires, and others, the country over. The 52 is absolutely the easiest rifle on the market to hold steadily. You can be sure of your best scores because with a Model 52 you can hold your best and pull them *where* you hold.

*Free booklets on request.*

Dept. A. L.  
WINCHESTER  
REPEATING ARMS CO.  
New Haven, Conn.  
U. S. A.

MODEL  
52

**WINCHESTER**  
TRADE MARK

With Winchester Precision Ammunition recently there was made a record score for fifty shots at 100 yards indoors. 500 x 500 with 36 V's. For target shooting you cannot do better than a Model 52 and Precision.

## Super-Babel

(Continued from page 41)

to protect or to develop their industry. There are already more than a hundred of these national associations—hardware manufacturers, credit men, bankers, the Protective Tariff League, shipbuilders, silk association, and so on. In this movement there is not only something new in organization to obtain public opinion but by-products of no mean value.

One executive said to me, "Founded on a desire to let the public know the uses to which our product can be put we joined together for what you call honest propaganda. We were astounded to find that one of the best results we have had is in standardization and the yield from our centralized research bureau, the ability to distribute market reports, maintain offices abroad and adopt arbitration as a means of settling our disputes."

The American mind desiring intelligence must realize that so far as the ma-

terial world is concerned we may call this the "Power-Machine Age."

But insofar as the intangible world is concerned the age is as clearly marked—"Propaganda and Canned Causes."

First, the facilities for propaganda have multiplied in wondrous ways.

Second, the art in the use of these facilities—a beneficent art or a baleful art according to its conduct—is developing at breakneck speed.

Third, the organization for special interests—national, religious, commercial and personal—has begun a wholesale, complex and sometimes devious development which may stop heaven knows where!

We have become the consumers of canned thought. And we should *know* it.

*In a second article Mr. Child will set forth this newly developed art of propaganda.*

## The Capture of Geronimo

(Continued from page 30)

of it. But after our throat-parching march what we all appreciated most was a rivulet that cascaded down the timber-clad crags: its water seemed literally as cold and clear as ice.

Little time was left to admire the beauties of nature, however. The scouts spread out to feel for signs of the hostiles and on June 23d, they had a small fight, capturing twelve squaws and children, two full-grown boys and the aged chief Naná. They were sent back to Arizona under guard and we broke camp and pulled out in the wake of the scouts on a trail that led straight into the Sierras.

A few days later there was another small fight, and we pressed on with all possible speed in the hope of a decisive engagement. With each day's travel the going became more rugged. The dense growth of pine shut out the daylight. Steep descents and steeper ascents were made more difficult by fallen timbers.

It will suffice here to summarize briefly the remainder of the history of this particular expedition, which is only remarkable for its marches, as we did not get Geronimo.

The Indians lured us more deeply into the mountains. Our maps were worthless. The cavalry horses and the men were worn out, and the clothing of all was in tatters. Captain Crawford sent me back to the border for more supplies. By trail this was a journey of four hundred miles. On my return, in August, I found that he had also sent the cavalry troop back, deeming it useless in such country. The hostiles were in the Sierra Madres proper where no military expedition had ever attempted pursuit. Nevertheless, Crawford pursued them with his scout company and two pack trains.

I would not attempt to say how many times I have crossed the mountains by

trail from Canada to Mexico, but this was the most notable feat in that line of my experience. We crossed the Sierra Madres from the Sonora to the Chihuahua side, being, I understand, the first white persons to do so in that region. We made it in fifteen days without losing a man or a mule, though there were narrow squeaks. We got fairly close to Geronimo a few times but that was all.

A party of scouts under Lieutenant Elliott preceded us down the eastern slope. Arriving at the town of Casas Grandes, they told the authorities that they had come over the Sierra Madres. They were told that no one had ever crossed those mountains and were locked up until the arrival of the main body under Captain Crawford confirmed their story.

Geronimo's trail had been lost and the expedition turned north, arriving at Fort Bowie, Arizona, in mid-September.

In my article, "Scouts Good and Bad," published in The American Legion Monthly for August, 1928, I described the expedition, headed by Captain Crawford, which conducted the winter campaign that almost resulted in the capture of Geronimo. Readers will remember that Captain Crawford was shot—perhaps by Dutchy, one of his own scouts—during an engagement with Mexican troops who attacked his Indians under the impression they were Geronimo's own band. Geronimo's braves, warned through treachery, had scattered before the Mexican attack took place.

I rejoined Crawford's command just after this episode. The unconscious captain was sheltered in the one "A" tent. I was alone at his side at two in the morning, the only white man awake.

Presently I heard a low hum of voices and a padding of moccasined feet outside. The ashes of a fire were stirred into a



small blaze. I peered out, and imagine my astonishment when the flickering light revealed the unmistakable countenance of Geronimo, talking and signing to some of our scouts.

He was not alone. I recognized Natchez, Chihuahua, Josanna and one or two others. It was a weird scene. A few yards away, rolled in their blankets, slumbered the few white men of our command. The Indians talked for a long time, one speaking at a time, Indian fashion. Now and then one would stand up, pull his calico blanket closer about him and sit again. From signs and glances in the direction of the "A" tent I learned that among other things Geronimo was inquiring as to the condition of Captain Crawford.

Just before dawn the hostiles departed and when the camp was awake I informed Lieutenant Maus of what had happened. About noon Geronimo and his chiefs reappeared and asked for a conference with the lieutenant. The result was an arrangement for a meeting between Geronimo and General Crook at the Cañon de los Embudos, about twenty-five miles south of the border. Geronimo had become convinced that his position between the Mexican and American forces was untenable and he chose to make his terms with us.

Five days later Crawford breathed his last on the march, and three days after that we laid him to rest in the sun-baked little village graveyard at Nacori, Sonora, while a parcel of goats browsed among the wooden crosses. There was no service, and for the want of a bugle, no taps, but we moistened the earth with our tears and kneeling in the dust repeated in unison the Lord's Prayer.

We moved on up toward the Cañon de los Embudos, and camped not far from the camp of Geronimo to await the coming of General Crook.

Matters were almost at the breaking point when on March 26, 1886, the scouts shouted news of the arrival of General Crook and party. On his saddle mule, Apache, the general rode at the head of the procession with his bushy beard in two braids. The Gray Fox was the name the Apaches had given to General Crook and when they saw him with his beard in braids they knew he meant business. A council ground was selected by representatives of both sides, and the parties of General Crook and Geronimo took their places in a semi-circle.

Squatting on the ground Geronimo began his address. He spoke with fire and eloquence. I have never heard a trained orator make a more moving presentation of a case that rested on such flimsy foundations.

General Crook had listened with impassive countenance and eyes fixed upon the ground.

Amid perfect silence General Crook spoke. He ridiculed the pretensions of Geronimo, which is the surest way to discountenance an Indian. He wound up by saying unconditional surrender was all that he would consider, and if Geronimo did not accept these terms "I will keep after you until the last one of you is killed, if it takes fifty years."

Geronimo was (Continued on page 44)

# Coopers

INCORPORATED



**YOU BREAK-A-HUNDRED GOLFERS!** Relax and break ninety. Ease into one of those new *knitted* athletic union suits by Coopers—thigh-high, sleeveless, never binding, never bunching. Top off with a polo shirt, also by Coopers, also knitted. Nothing like knit-stuff for ease-in-action! Now—*don't press*, and you'll shoot a string of pars. . . . Good shops will show you. Coopers, Incorporated, Kenosha, Wisconsin.

**UNDERWEAR  
HOSIERY**

**POLO SHIRTS  
PAJAMAS**

## "FEET HURT TERRIBLY"

*But in 10 minutes pain had gone*

**Costs nothing if it fails**

*Burning, aching, tired feeling in the feet and legs—cramps in toes, foot calluses, pains in toes, instep, ball or heel—dull ache in the ankle, calf or knee—shooting pains from back of toes, spreading of the feet—all can now be quickly ended.*

SCIENCE says 94% of all foot pains result from displaced bones pressing against sensitive nerves and blood vessels. Weakened muscles permit these bone displacements. Now a way is discovered to hold the bones in position and strengthen the muscles. Pains stop in 10 minutes when these amazing bands, Jung Arch Braces, are worn. Stand, walk, or dance for hours—you just don't get tired. Just slips on—results are almost immediate. One of the secrets is in the tension and stretch. It is highly elastic, amazingly light and thin, yet strong and durable. Worn with any kind of footwear. Nothing stiff to further weaken muscles and cause discomfort. The styles with exceedingly soft sponge rubber lift are urgently ad-

vised for severe cases. Pain stops like magic. Soon bands may be discarded and feet are well to stay. Nearly 2,000,000 now in use. Specialists, amazed at results, urge them widely.

**FREE 10-DAY TRIAL**

Wear a pair ten days; if not delighted, your money returned. Go to druggist, shoe store or chiropodist. If they can't supply you, use coupon below and pay postman. Write for free booklet.

**1** Trouble starts with overstrained, weakened muscles. Tiny bones are displaced. Pain follows.

**2** A super-elastic band assists and strengthens muscles, replaces bones. Pain stops instantly.

**Money back if it fails**

Jung Arch Brace Co., 316 Jung Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio  
Send one pair of braces marked below:  
(Persons over 145 lbs. require long braces)

**FOR SEVERE CASES**

—with cushion lift

☐ BANNER (medium) \$2

☐ VICTOR (long) \$2.50

**FOR MILD CASES**

—without cushion lift

☐ WONDER (medium) \$1

☐ MIRACLE (long) \$1.50

☐ Money enclosed. ☐ Send C. O. D. plus postage.

Shoe Size..... Shoe Width.....

Send Free Booklet

Name .....

Address .....

City..... State.....

**JUNG'S ARCH BRACES**

Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto. Add 25c to above prices





## NATIONAL CONVENTION LEGIONNAIRES!

from the WEST

*make the trip  
by sea*

TO OR FROM

# CALIFORNIA

thru PANAMA  
CANAL....via  
GAY HAVANA

**A**ND what a trip! 5,500 ocean miles—Coast to Coast—in 13 days, on the NEW electric liner, *S. S. California*, 33,000 tons in size. Good times all the way—New York, Havana, Canal Zone, San Diego (Coronado Beach), Los Angeles, San Francisco!

The ideal way to rest up for the Jamboree in Boston, and to recuperate after it's over. Use the few days after the Big Doings for sightseeing in old New England or new New York.

Take the steamer eastbound for the Convention—westbound for California, after the Convention—or enjoy a Round Trip, One Way Water, One Way Rail—8,500 miles—at REDUCED SUMMER RATES. Choose either or both of the sailings below—and don't forget to fetch the family along.

Convention Bound		Homeward Bound	
San Francisco	Sept. 20	New York	Oct. 11
Los Angeles	Sept. 22	Havana	Oct. 14
Canal Zone	Sept. 30	Canal Zone	Oct. 17
Havana	Oct. 3	Los Angeles	Oct. 26
New York	Oct. 6	San Francisco	Oct. 27

For full information apply to No. 1 Broadway, New York; 460 Market St., San Francisco; 715 W. 7th St., Los Angeles; our offices elsewhere, or authorized S. S. or R. R. agents.

**Panama Pacific**  
**Line** ALL NEW  
STEAMERS  
INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

## The Capture of Geronimo

(Continued from page 43)

bitter. An Indian dearly loves to parley for terms. For two days the Indians debated the situation among themselves, roaring drunk on mescal. Finally Geronimo with bad grace and with a mind inflamed by cactus whisky decided to surrender. The terms were stiff, and included two years of exile on the Atlantic seaboard before being allowed to return to Arizona.

When this was accomplished General Crook returned to Fort Bowie, leaving Lieutenant Maus to bring in the prisoners. That night Geronimo got drunk. He was in no shape for the trail next day.

We covered little ground that day, but next morning got an early start with the prospect of reaching the border by nightfall. This hope, however, was promptly disappointed. Geronimo and his people were marching in front of us. In the mid-forenoon they halted and prepared to camp, explaining that they were "tired." Then and there I made up my mind that Geronimo was playing a game and so informed Lieutenant Maus.

The Chirichuas were encamped in two parties—Geronimo on the top of a small mesa and Chihuahua, his subordinate, at the foot of it. We packers made camp about fifty yards from Chihuahua's camp, in such a way as to prevent a surprise or meet an attack. From my experience with Apache tactics, gained in previous campaigns, I did not like the look of things. That night I outlined a plan of resistance to the packers in case of attack.

With our entire camp asleep I got the lead or bell horse of the pack-train, and quietly led him around in the rear of Geronimo's camp and put him to graze. Pack loads are borne by mules, but the file is always led by a horse. A mule will follow a horse, but will not follow another mule. Any stir in Geronimo's camp would send the bell horse trotting back to where I was and I would know that something was up.

Having posted my bell horse, I lay down with rifle and ammunition handy but purposely kept awake. At about three o'clock I thought I heard a faint tinkle of the horse bell. Placing the palm of one hand to the ground and pressing an ear to it I could hear distinctly the bell and the trample of horses' feet. The bell was drawing nearer.

With rifle in hand I aroused Lieutenant Maus.

The bell horse was now coming our way as fast as he could travel.

The packers were awake and one of my men, Willis Brown, came running in from a brief reconnaissance.

"Geronimo's gone!" he shouted.

Geronimo and Natchez with seventeen braves, fourteen squaws and four children had skipped toward the Sierra Madres. Chihuahua with something like eighty people, of all ages, remained.

Lieutenant Faison, with a large part of our force, took Chihuahua into Fort Bowie while Lieutenant Maus led the pursuit of Geronimo. The chase was of short dura-

tion, as it was evident that he had made good his escape into the mountains. It would take another expedition to get him, and so we retraced our steps toward the line, arriving at Fort Bowie on April third.

I shall pass over several painful incidents that happened after our return. Suffice to say that General Nelson A. Miles succeeded Crook in command of the Arizona Department, and with great energy began assembling troops for the capture of Geronimo and his handful of followers.

The intrepid Apache gave the new commander a warm reception. Leaving his squaw camp in charge of one or two bucks, with seventeen fighting men he made two remarkable forays into Arizona. Slipping from mountain range to plain and from plain to range, making unbelievable marches, passing in front of, behind and between pursuing forces, he fought two skirmishes with Regular troops, one with the Tucson Rangers, and after keeping our entire army in that part of the world and a large part of the citizenry on the run for forty days, retired back into Mexico with the loss of but one man, and he a deserter.

On June sixth Geronimo recrossed into Mexico for the last time. The principal force of pursuit consisted of infantry, and what was more helpless than infantry, dismounted cavalry, under command of Captain Henry W. Lawton, Fourth Cavalry. They had with them a few Indian scouts, ably directed by Tom Horn. The wisdom of sending a force of this character into a difficult and unfamiliar country to pursue the bedouins of Geronimo is obscure to me to this day.

In company with Lieutenant Abiel Smith and Billy Long, a dispatch rider, I was ordered to join this command. On July 29th we met up with it in camp about a hundred miles, as a bird flies, below the border, and fifteen miles south of the lonely hamlet of Nacori where we had buried Captain Crawford. The force was in a sorry condition.

Captain Lawton immediately summoned me to his tent, where he spread his maps on a blanket. Explaining what had taken place in my absence, he asked the opinion of Tom Horn and myself as to where the hostiles might be.

As it developed, we were both wrong—not that that made any great difference. With the command at his disposal, pursuit of Geronimo in force would have been futile no matter where he was.

On my arrival at Lawton's camp I was suffering greatly from sciatica, due to sleeping in wet clothing and blankets. The pain was so intense that Dr. Leonard Wood gave me a dose of morphine and said I would have to return to Arizona as campaigning would aggravate the trouble. I started back that day, Captain Lawton jokingly telling me to inform General Miles not to send him any more soldiers as one might as well try to hunt Geronimo with a brass band.

On my return march I met a troop of



the Fourth Cavalry under, if I am not mistaken in the name of the officer, Lieutenant James Parker. I directed him to Captain Lawton's camp. I was feeling so badly that I did not recognize Lieutenant Charles B. Gatewood, Sixth Cavalry, who was with the party. Had I done so I would have entertained higher expectations for the success of the expedition than then filled my mind. The death of Captain Crawford left Gatewood the best versed officer of our army in the subtleties of Apache diplomacy. His selection to join Lawton meant a radical change in the Miles policy of all force and no parley with the hostiles.

Shortly after Gatewood reached Lawton a report was received at the camp of Geronimo's presence in the vicinity of Fronteras, seventy miles to the northward. With his chief of scouts contending that Geronimo could be found south of the camp, with me contending for the east, and now with this report from the north, Captain Lawton was in a quandary such as had been responsible for the indecision of more than one pursuer of the slippery Apache.

Taking Tom Horn and six Indian scouts Gatewood set out for Fronteras. After long marches and a series of skillful maneuvers which included the outwitting of Mexican officials, Lieutenant Gatewood finally achieved a meeting with Natchez and Geronimo. He said that General Miles's terms were unconditional surrender and exile in Florida. Geronimo said he would fight to the last rather than accept, but Natchez was not so belligerent. Gatewood had made effective use of the

fact that the mother and daughter of Natchez were already in Florida.

This fact resulted in a second parley at which Geronimo capitulated, one of the stipulations being that Gatewood should march, eat and sleep with the hostiles until they reached Arizona. He did this, and twice forestalled attempts by men of Troop B, Sixth Cavalry, to kill Geronimo in revenge for a defeat the year before. These circumstances and others caused strained relations between Gatewood and Captain Lawton.

On August 31, 1886, Lawton's command and the hostiles reached Skeleton Cañon, in Arizona. On the evening of September third General Miles and escort arrived and went into camp. Geronimo mounted his horse and presented himself at the tent of the American commander. A lengthy conference took place, and on the following day Natchez, as the titular head of the Chirichua Apaches, formally surrendered his band, which, if I remember rightly, numbered twenty-seven persons of both sexes, including three paposes.

Thus ended the last of the Apache campaigns, sixteen months in duration, and requiring the entire military forces of Arizona, New Mexico and western Texas to overcome a foe which never numbered as many as eighty fighting men. In a plentiful distribution of honors among the victors it is a matter of regret to record that Lieutenant Charles B. Gatewood received no recognition, though it must be that there are men now living who will agree with me that no one did more than he to bring Geronimo in.

## Livingston Brothers

(Continued from page 23)

of correspondence, so Rupert decided that further questioning would not be tactful.

Rupert discovered at dinner that there was a brigade of field artillery of the National Guard in the camp, together with a large detachment of casual troops who were being trained as replacements for units already in the field.

He went out, after dinner, to see what the camp and neighboring town looked like. It was not attractive. The camp itself was composed of stone barrack buildings, running away up the hill like flights of stairs.

The town consisted of cafes, there being about one house to every ten of these drink dispensers.

"I'll be glad not to spend too much time here!" decided Rupert. He went back to the casino and wrote a letter to John, giving his address, and suggesting that if John could get leave, he, Rupert, would see what he could do to arrange a meeting in Paris.

The following morning he was summoned before the commanding officer.

"Glad to meet you, Captain," said the camp commander, as Rupert presented himself. "Sit down, Livingston. Hmm. You any relation to a family by that name that lives in Vermont?"

"That's where I come from," smiled Rupert.

"That your mother that runs that horse farm?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, well. Have a cigar. You know I've bought horses from her for a number of years. Breeds nice ones. Those Morgans are a fine race, you know. If she's your mother I knew your father in the Islands. He was a splendid officer, a splendid officer. If you're half as good, you'll be a good man! Well, what brings you here? Sick?"

"No, sir, a court martial."

"Hah?" barked the commanding officer, spinning about in his chair. "Been tried, have you?"

"No, sir. I was kept behind as a witness, and then the son of a gun pleaded guilty. So I lost my outfit. They went overseas ahead of me."

"Hmm. Well now what do you intend to do?"

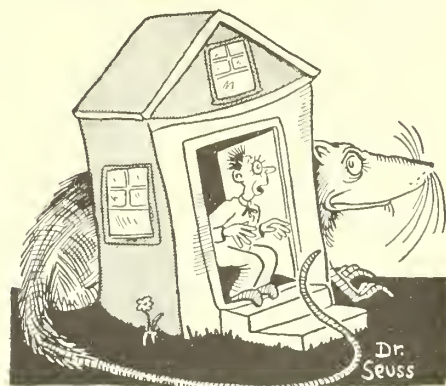
"Why," smiled Rupert, "I don't imagine I'll have much to say about it. I had hoped I could rejoin my regiment."

"They're at the front," said the other, glancing at Rupert's order.

"Well, all the better."

"All the better? Do you know anything about a seventy-five? Ever see one in your life? Know what *sondage* means? Can you figure correction co-efficients from it? Do you (Continued on page 46)

## \$500 REWARD



## for ADAM RAT

and other rodents, predatory animals, injurious birds and harmful reptiles that prey upon domestic stock and wild game, consume crops and food-stuff, and spread disease. There are both monthly and grand rewards—nearly 100 cash prizes. For full information on the Crosman Rogues' Gallery and the valuable rewards for the capture of these outlaws, see your Crosman dealer or write the manufacturers of the

## CROSMAN SILENT .22

The Most Amazing Gun Ever Invented for Small Game and Target Shooting—

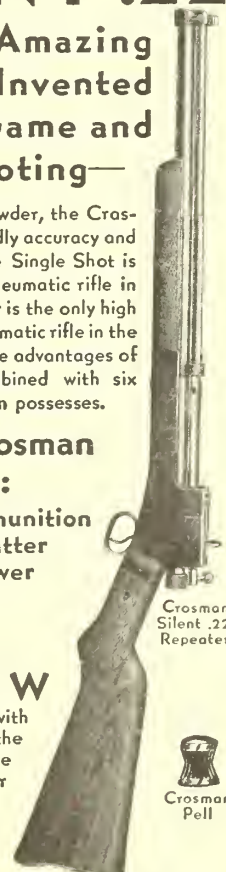
Although it uses no powder, the Crosman Silent .22 has deadly accuracy and tremendous power. The Single Shot is the highest powered pneumatic rifle in the world...the Repeater is the only high powered repeating pneumatic rifle in the world! They have all the advantages of .22 powder guns combined with six features that no firearm possesses.

### Exclusive Crosman Features are:

1. Low Cost Ammunition
2. No Bullet Splatter
3. Adjustable Power
4. No Cleaning
5. Noiseless
6. No Recoil

### ACT NOW

Combine "good sport with good riddance." Enter the Crosman contest. See your Crosman dealer or write us at once for full information and FREE book on "Target and Game Shooting."



Crosman Silent .22 Repeater



CROSMAN ARMS COMPANY  
415 St. Paul St., Rochester, N.Y.

CROSMAN RIFLES  
SILENT .22  
"POWER WITHOUT POWDER"



# Livingston Brothers

(Continued from page 45)



**a**  
**PLAYING**  
**DRUM CORPS**  
*six weeks from*  
**NOW!**

Send the coupon today and in six weeks your Post can have a drum corps ready for public appearance! A snappy outfit to head up all Post activities and put new pep in Post programs — to lead you in convention parades!



## LUDWIG

will show you how to organize in easily carried out instructions.

Complete playing manual with every outfit, **FREE**. With Ludwig drums it's easy to develop a fine roll, quickly — the tone is brilliant, snappy.

**Get this Book**

**FREE:** Shows every step in organizing a successful drum corps. Send now.

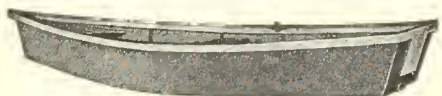
## LUDWIG & LUDWIG

623 Ludwig Bldg., 1611-27 N. Lincoln St.  
CHICAGO, ILL.

Please tell us how we can have a drum corps.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## Airrow Motor Boats



Built for Outboard Motors. Designed for safety and speed. Priced \$38. to \$80. Write for free catalog.  
AIR-FED MFG. CO., 455 S. 7th St., Quincy, Ill.



## UNIFORMS

WRITE FOR CATALOG No. 50.

**ALUMINUM HELMETS**  
POLISHED OR ANY COLOR

**GEORGE EVANS & Co.**  
132 N. FIFTH ST. - AL. DEPT. - PHILADELPHIA

## GOV'T. POSITIONS

**\$35 TO \$75 WEEKLY**

**WOMEN** ( ) Railway Mail Clerk ( ) Meat Inspector  
( ) P. O. Clerk ( ) Special Agent  
( ) Post-office Laborer ( ) Customs Inspector  
( ) File Clerk ( ) Steno-Typist  
( ) Matron ( ) Immigrant Insp.  
( ) General Clerk ( ) City Mail Carrier  
( ) Chauffeur-Carrier ( ) Border Patrol  
( ) Skilled Laborer ( ) Typist  
( ) Watchman ( ) Seamstress  
( ) Postmaster ( ) Steno-Secretary  
( ) RFD Carrier ( ) Auditor

Instruction Bureau, 110, St. Louis, Mo.

Send me particulars about qualifying for positions marked "X", salaries, locations, opportunities, etc.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

know what a geodetic point is? Lambert North? *Gisement, ligne de repérage*, 'O. C. P. general' mean anything to you?"

"No, sir," gasped Rupert.

"You'd be a hell of a lot of use to a battery at the front then. There are too many officers up there now heaving steel into their own infantry!"

"Well, sir," sighed Rupert, "what would you suggest?"

"I have a job for you," said the commanding officer impressively, leaning over and shaking a pencil at Rupert. "a job that I've been trying to find a man for for a long time. A real important job. And you're just the man for it!"

"And what is it, sir?"

"Remount officer. We had two troops of cavalry here, but they've gone to Gievres to lay a sewer system. So we've got to look after our own horses."

"Remount officer?" gasped Rupert. "Why, I know, but that doesn't instruct me in the use of a seventy-five or any of these other things I know nothing about. A remount officer has enough on his hands keeping his horses in shape without doing anything else. I know. I've run a horse farm long enough to know what the duties of a remount officer are like."

"That's just the reason I'm giving you the job!" smiled the other.

"But I'll never get to the front!" protested Rupert.

"That's not the question!" said the commanding officer coldly. "Listen. I've had twenty-six years' service in the field artillery. Don't you think I'd rather be at the front than a glorified child's nurse to a bunch of goddamned militia and drafted replacements? Do you think it's pleasant being buried here in this backdoor of the world? Suppose everyone went to the front; suppose every man in uniform was in the front line; then what? How would troops get from Havre or Bordeaux to the front? Walk all the way? Who'd show 'em the road? Who'd feed 'em after they got there?"

"But—"

"That's all!"

"Yes, sir."

Rupert saluted and went out. How well that interview had begun! This officer had known his father and mother, and had bought horses that probably Rupert had trained. Another string-puller! Another friend to help him to the front!

Instead—ah, it was not all in getting overseas. He was here, this was France, yet he was a long way from the front.

"We'll grit our teeth and bear it," he advised himself, "and meantime we'll study nights and in spare time and read up on this thing, so that if we ever get a chance to go to the front we won't lose it because of lack of knowledge of a seventy-five! Courage! The war isn't over yet. Everyone will get his turn."

This thought encouraged him throughout the weeks that followed. He read the communiques religiously. The Americans were fighting along the Vesle, but progress

was slow. The British claimed huge advances on the Somme, but the lines on the map did not seem to advance very far. The French front was stationary. The war would go over into another summer, no doubt of that.

Meanwhile Rupert doctored horses during the day and read books about the seventy-fives at night. He received at the end of the first week a tumultuous letter from John, that he, John, was expecting to get ten days' leave that was due him, and where the hell was La Courtine? If Rupe might advance—as a loan of course—the railroad fare, John would come down and visit him.

The railroad fare went off by the next mail, but John did not get his leave. Then, the division being ordered back to the lines, all hope of leave went glimmering. To Rupert's astonishment, John returned the money for the railroad fare.

"Keep it for me," John wrote, "I can't spend it at the front, and if anything should happen, the first thing they'd grab would be those francs."

The "flu" made its appearance in the camp. A few cases at first, among a draft of replacements that had come up from La Rochelle. Then men in the batteries began to go down with it, one or two a day, then, suddenly, by squads. The camp awoke to find itself stricken with the plague.

They gave up drill, they turned whole barracks into hospitals, they did no guard duty, nothing but care for the sick. The Saint Mihiel offensive came to an end with the American arms covered with glory and the salient as flat as a pancake.

Rupert, up to his neck in work, continuing to be remount officer, but acting as camp adjutant as well, noted this in passing. The few officers not stricken began to talk of the end of the war.

The Argonne offensive began. "One more poke in the jaw like that and Fritz is done," they said. It was the consensus of opinion that the next offensive would be in Lorraine, a drive on Strasbourg, and so on into Bavaria.

The ice began to form about Rupert's heart. It was not that the end of the war might be near, but for another reason. He had not heard from John for six weeks.

Ah, where was he? Had he been wounded he would have had a letter by now from him in hospital. His mother, in her last letter, had simply asked him if he had heard from John lately. That was enough. She had had no letters either, but would not voice the fear that was in her heart.

Rupert dreamed of his father, a thing he had not done since he had been a child. Where was John? Why was John dead, a gallant soldier, and he, Rupert, alive? Rupert had tried to tell what he had done, and had choked and stammered.

What were the salient points of his service? He had found a poor ignorant recruit asleep on post, and had allowed a mess sergeant to get away with the battery mess fund. Other than that he had done nothing except cash his pay voucher.



He had hoped that some day he would have his chance, that some day he would command a battery in action, but even that hope had crumbled now.

In the Argonne, the American troops surged forward irresistibly. The French, the British, the Belgians, all were engaged in victorious offensives. The Flanders coast was evacuated. Bulgaria collapsed. Allied newspapers began to prophecy the abdication of the kaiser.

Rupert dreamed again, that he crossed a field, and in the center of the field he found a cross made of white wood. He bent to read it and saw a name, "John Livingston, Sgt. Hq. Det., Croix de Guerre."

This thing so startled him that he arose and dressed, and went over to headquarters where he checked property returns until daybreak. He was still there disheveled, unshaven, when the commanding officer came in.

"The O. D. says you've been here all night," said the commanding officer, pausing by Rupert's desk. "What's the grand idea?"

"The work must be done, sir," said Rupert dully.

"Huh!" responded the other, and went into his office. Five minutes later he sent word for Rupert to come in.

"Livingston," began the commander, "I've got a telegram that we're receiving a replacement draft of six hundred men. That'll fill up the militia a little. Another draft like that and maybe they'll be up to strength again. Everything all set for that bunch that's going up? Well, never mind if it isn't. What I wanted to say was this. There are twenty-five officers coming in with this new draft. What they'll be like I don't know. But I'm going to get a new adjutant out of the lot, and a new remount officer. Go out and make yourself out a month's leave for Vichy or Aix-les-Bains. Go enjoy yourself."

"Thank you, sir," said Rupert.

He went back to his desk and reached for a typewriter. "From, To, Subject," he muttered, rubbing his bristly chin. "What the hell will I do with a leave? I don't want a leave. I'd go off my conk completely."

He wrote out the application, however, and tossed it into the basket for the colonel's signature. He wandered past the sergeant major's desk. There was a pile of service records there, probably those of the men going up to the front on the morrow. Yes, that was what they were.

Rupert looked at the records idly. Queer names. "Brickbottom," "Wiznosky," "Toperson." "Enlisted or inducted in service, June 4, 1918, Aug. 2, 1918, April 25, 1918, July 10, 1917."

"Gideon Blaney, 2553456, pvt. Inducted June 4, 1918, Camp Zachary Taylor, Ky. Born Sept. 4, 1894. Paratyphoid Prophylaxis—" The rest was hidden by a strip of paper attached by clips, on which was scrawled the letters, "A. W. O. L."

Private Gideon Blaney, then, had gone over the hill, weary of the army in general and La Courtine in particular. Perhaps the sudden announcement of his impending departure for the front had had something to do with it. Was his name on the order? Yes, it was. He must have gone recently, then.

"Yeh," muttered Rupert, "that's what he went for. He didn't want to go up. There was a man that didn't believe the war would be over tomorrow! I wish they'd order me to the front—"

He stopped.

There was no one in the office but the personnel clerk, the French liaison officer, and the orderly sorting mail. If this man Gideon Blaney was A. W. O. L., then no one would answer "Here" when his name was called the next morning. To prevent this, his service record had been sent over from his battery orderly room with A. W. O. L. marked on it, so that his name would be crossed off the order. But if the A. W. O. L. were taken off—Rupert took it off with a swift jerk, then looked to see if he had been observed. No. Was he not acting adjutant, and did he not go to that desk ten times in a morning? He smiled to himself. What was this he was doing? He hardly knew himself. Was he going up to the front in this man's place? What would it mean if he got caught?

"Nothing!" he answered himself. "I've got a leave, what the hell difference does it make where I spend it?"

It did, though. There were certain leave areas, and an officer was not allowed out of them. He was risking his commission if he were caught—he took his cap and went out. Was he a fool?

He would be caught instantly. Was he not known to every officer in the camp?

What officer was taking that detail up? A certain Plug Mahone. He was a lieutenant of Military Police, a former corporal at the recruit barracks on Governors Island. "And he wouldn't spot me? Not much!" He was, however, hardly what one might call intimate with Rupert.

Rupert had breakfast, which he ate slowly and thoughtfully. He packed a bag, leaving out, however, his toilet articles. He rolled up his bedding roll and sent it and the bag to storage with the quartermaster. He went back to headquarters, got his leave, and applied for transportation to Aix-les-Bains.

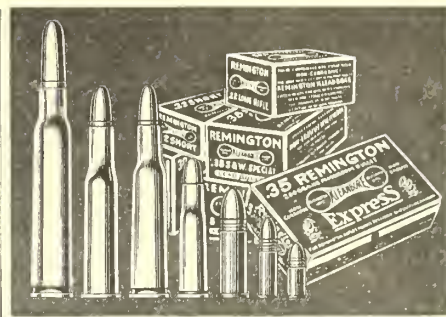
Just before recall blew he presented himself at the salvage warehouse and informed the sergeant in charge that he wanted to inspect the condition of the property. When mess call blew the sergeant was only too glad to depart, on promise of the adjutant to lock up and give the key to the sergeant of the guard. This he did, but when he went to his own dinner, there was a complete outfit for an enlisted man—uniform, hobnails, rifle, pack-carrier and blankets in a room in a nearby stable, a room to which Rupert, as remount officer, still had the key.

"You're a dam' fool," he kept telling himself. "You're heading right straight for a general court!"

Yet on the other hand his heart was lighter than it had been at any time since his old regiment had gone overseas. He was going to the front! At last! To the front! Not as he had hoped, at the head of his battery, but he was going just the same.

He knew the route and the schedule. Chateauroux, Noisy-le-Sec, Courtrai. Three days. Let the war last four days more and he would be satisfied.

In the after- (Continued on page 48)



## HEAD-WORK SAVES ARM-WORK

ANY rifle deserves good care—must have it to remain accurate. It's easier for you to exercise care in selecting ammunition than to exercise your arm with a cleaning rod.

Remington Kleanbore Cartridges prevent rust, corrosion, pitting and leading in the barrel. They shoot more accurately and they will preserve your rifle's accuracy for years.

Kleanbore Cartridges are made in all the popular sizes—rim fire and center fire. Their protection is particularly needed in high-power rifles. More Kleanbore .22's are sold than all other makes combined.

REMINGTON ARMS CO., Inc.

Originators of Kleanbore Ammunition

25 Broadway

New York

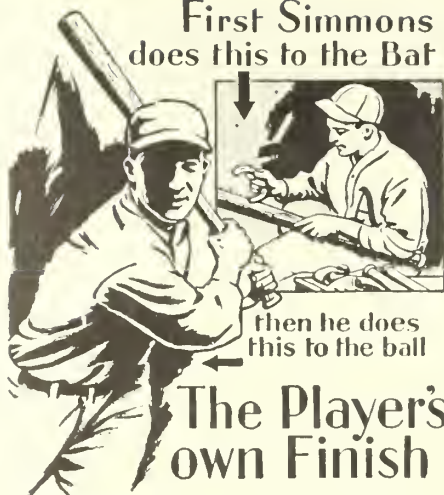
© 1930 R. A. Co.

3360F





First Simmons  
does this to the Bat



then he does  
this to the ball

The Player's  
own Finish

- AUTOGRAPH MODELS  
NOW BONE-RUBBED

One reason Simmons of the World Champion Athletics is a great batter is that he is always doing everything he can to improve his batting. For instance, in the upper illustration, you see him honing his bat.

**MORE PUNCH PER HIT.** Honing, preferably with a dry meat bone, closes the pores of the bat, hardens its surface, prevents splintering and increases its driving power. Now all Autograph Model Louisville Sluggers are bone rubbed by hand at the factory. All Simmons need do is say to us, "Send me one of my model", and he will get it, bone-rubbed finish and all. And that's all you have to say to your dealer to get Simmons' bat, Ruth's bat, Hornsby's bat and the models used by most other great sluggers, bone-rubbed finished and with the players' signatures burned in the barrels. Send the coupon today for our new free book "Famous Sluggers of 1929", containing latest records, pictures and instructions for batting. Hillerich & Bradsky Co., Incorporated, Mfrs., Louisville, Ky.



**LOUISVILLE  
SLUGGER Bats**

New Book Free—Mail Coupon

Hillerich & Bradsky Co., 428 Finzer St., Louisville, Ky.  
Send me, without charge, copy of your new book, *Famous Sluggers of 1929*, with Instructions for Batting.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

**Electrical Engineering**  
Training for men of ambition and limited time. Concise, comprehensive course in Theoretical and Practical Electrical Engineering including Mathematics and Mechanical Drawing. Students construct motors, install wiring, test electrical machinery. A thorough course designed to be completed in one college year.  
**THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS'** successful experience assures you maximum training in minimum time.  
Send for free catalog

**BLISS  
ELECTRICAL SCHOOL**  
416 Takoma Ave., Washington, D. C.

**ORGANIZE  
a Drum Corps**

**"ROLL-OFF"**  
THIS FREE BOOK SHOWS YOU HOW  
WRITE now for your Free copy of "The Roll-Off." Interesting 42 page book. Tells everything you want to know about organizing and equipping a drum corps for your Post. Now is the time to get started. Be ready for conventions and celebrations.  
Hundreds of Posts say a drum corps is a wonderful year-around stimulus—to boost attendance, get new members and increase public interest. Get the facts. Write today. No obligation.  
**Leedy Manufacturing Co.**  
601 Leedy Bldg. Barth Ave. and Palmer St., Indianapolis, Ind.

**Leedy**

## Livingston Brothers

(Continued from page 47)

noon he wrote to his mother, tipped the French soldier that swept out his room, and went down to the stables to sleep. He dreamed again of John, as he had known he would, but this time John was alive, and laughing.

Rupert sat upright on the bunk in a cold sweat. First call was blowing. Had the detachment gone? No, they did not go until eight o'clock. Across the yard he

heard the slam of a door. A stable sergeant lived there. Had it been that he had called to some companion, "I'll see you tomorrow?" Or had it been John? Was John waiting for him?

"If that was you in that dream, John," he said aloud, "don't be impatient. I'll hurry to get to you just as quick as I can."

Then he bent to put on his hobnails.

(To be continued)

## The Backfire

(Continued from page 9)

pistol and more than a hundred rounds of rifle ammunition.

THE day following his resolution to kill Tuan Garvey, Datto Tindig journeyed several miles from his cota and in a wide field set up a target at a range of perhaps five hundred yards. He knew nothing of sight adjustment, but fortunately the rifle, although a sporting model, had a point blank range of approximately three hundred yards and by taking a slightly ragged sight Datto Tindig got three hits out of ten shots. Immensely pleased with himself he returned home.

Before dawn the next morning he was in the jungle in rear of the Scout's camp, which lay in a clearing along the lake shore. When daylight came he selected a mango tree some ninety feet tall and towering more than thirty feet above the level of the surrounding jungle. Climbing to its thick top he gazed across the jungle and discovered that it afforded him a perfect view of the Scouts' encampment. The company was at reveille and Tuan Garvey's tall figure stood in front of the line, his right side toward Datto Tindig.

"By Allah, the Compassionate and the Merciful," Datto Tindig breathed joyously, "he is delivered into my hands. The distance is perfect."

However, although the distance might be perfect, Datto Tindig's marksmanship was not, nor was he sufficient of an egoist not to realize this. He knew he must be prepared to waste several cartridges before a lucky shot accomplished his purpose, and unless he could shoot at Garvey while the latter stood in the company street and the bullet threw up a little cloud of dirt or dust when it missed him, he would have no gauge for the adjustment of his fire.

He descended the tree and with his sarong cut several lengths of bamboo, which he carried into the top of the tree and there, with strips of green bamboo bark tied them into a platform upon which he could lie prone. Next he made a sort of crutch upon which to rest his rifle.

Datto Tindig was now ready for business, but—he did not choose to do business at this stand. Instead, he descended, cut more bamboo and was particular not to cover up the evidence of his operations. This new cutting of bamboo he car-

ried to another high mango tree some two hundred yards east of his first station and in its thick top prepared himself another platform and rifle rest. The view of the camp from this second station was fully as good as from the first—so Datto Tindig returned to the first tree and waited there until he saw Tuan Garvey come out of his headquarters and stand talking with one of his lieutenants. Thereupon the Moro fired and marked a little spurt of dirt short and to the left. His two enemies immediately stepped back from each other until perhaps twenty feet separated them, but they did not discontinue their discussion. Datto Tindig fired again and saw a little column of water thrown up a hundred yards out in the lake. The lieutenant still stood his ground but Garvey started walking very slowly back to his tent. Datto Tindig fired thrice before the captain disappeared from sight behind the tent; one of his bullets landed in the lake, one kicked up dirt in line with Garvey but a little beyond him and one shot appeared to have been lost. Thereafter in quick succession, Datto Tindig fired five times at the tent, descended from his aerial station and departed at a swift jog trot for home, for a wily Moro was Datto Taguian Tindig. He knew a skirmish line would be between him and home if he delayed his departure unnecessarily.

The value of his discretion was evidenced when, two hours after his arrival home, Tuan Garvey appeared before his cota with two platoons of Scouts. The American had, years before, mastered the not very difficult Moro language; now he hammered with the butt of his pistol at the tall bamboo gate and in a ringing voice cried:

"Ho, Datto Taguian Tindig within! Give orders that this portal be opened, that I may enter and have speech with my brother."

Datto Tindig came forth, hurriedly and obsequiously. Instantly Tuan Garvey stretched out a great arm and a vice-like grip closed cruelly over the Moro's shoulder. "One of your people, O my brother, has been shooting into my camp. He has injured no one, for he is, of a truth, a most inferior marksman; but he is a nuisance and I tolerate no nuisance. Moreover, as my brother knows, it is forbidden to your people to bear firearms.



Harken unto me, O my brother. At sunset tomorrow you will deliver to me the rifle and the man who employs it shooting into my camp. This is an order."

"Alas, it is an order I may not obey," Datto Tindig wailed. "I have faithfully kept the law and so have my people. We have no rifle. Seek in the cota of Datto Silogan, Tuan. That son of a swine it is who has done this thing, hoping to cast suspicion upon me and my people."

Tuan Garvey released his grip and the datto thoughtfully rubbed the numb shoulder. Garvey pondered. "It may be as you say, my brother. I will investigate. But my order still stands."

"And will Datto Silogan receive the same order?"

"Aye, he shall. And if my order be not obeyed, then shall there be war between us, Datto Tindig. Then shall I come to this cota with all my men and swarm over it as rats swarm over a rice stack; then shall I slay and slay until the record of my slaying will be told to frighten children an hundred years hence."

"I swear to you, Tuan, by the Beard of The Prophet—"

"I have spoken," Garvey interrupted curtly. "Platoon, tenshun! Right by squads, column right! March!"

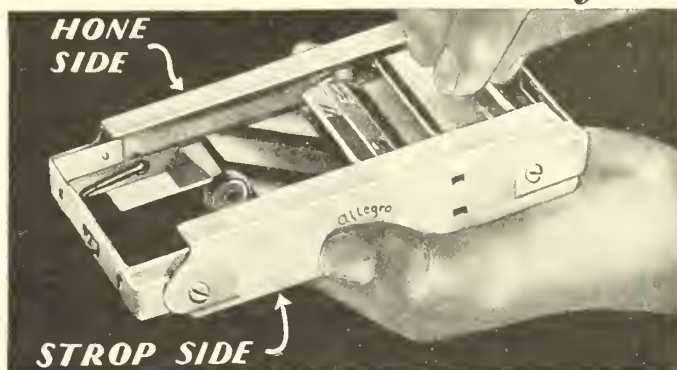
Deaf to the protests of Datto Tindig he swung away at the head of his little brown eager soldiers. "Fool!" the Moro muttered. "He should have taken me with him, as an earnest that the rifle would be surrendered. Well, if by sunset tomorrow I have not accomplished my purpose I shall have to obey him, for of a truth this Tuan Garvey is not one to be trifled with. Allah is kind. I still have time to slay him."

**F**IRST Sergeant Plaucencio Felipe Federico Roderico De La Cruz, upon the recommendation of his company commander, Captain Garvey, had been reduced to private at Zamboanga two months previous. De La Cruz had made the mistake of arguing with a private and employing a short curved dagger to clinch his points. The possession of private weapons is forbidden in the Scouts and Constabulary and, since the injuries inflicted upon the private were trifling, Garvey, in order to avoid future reprisals and a military funeral, had had the latter transferred to a company in Leyte and then had "busted" his first sergeant to private.

Now, there is a malevolent sense of humor in all people of Malay blood, and, because Plaucencio De La Cruz had been "hard-boiled" while he wore the diamond, he was received back into the ranks with many a jibe and snicker. He discovered, with somewhat of a shock, that he was not popular. Rear-rank men, on the march, trod on his heels; front rank men backed up on his toes; those he had "ridden" in the days of his power retaliated slyly now, and Tuan Garvey was the cause of it all. At last thus reasoned ex-first sergeant De La Cruz.

De La Cruz was a Spanish mestizo in whom the Spanish blood predominated. He was almost white, with regular features, tall and almost as heavy as two average Tagalogs. A product of the public schools estab- (Continued on page 50)

## Will You Accept This REMARKABLE RAZOR SHARPENER FREE for 100 days



### TWO AUTOMATIC MACHINES { HONE } IN ONE **ALLEGRO** Sharpens All Popular Type Blades

It's no longer necessary to hoe and scrape your face when you shave. Use the ALLEGRO. The super automatic action of the two machines, which hone and strop the cutting edges on the diagonal, keeps the blade new, crisp and keen. ALLEGRO is the only sharpener equipped with a genuine hone and strop that provides for two distinct operations. Both are essential to the perfect shave, as any barber will tell you. But this scientifically perfected instrument (invented by a family of famous Swiss cutlers) hones and strops with still greater precision.

**Saves Money**—Even a new blade is not as good as an old blade that has been treated on ALLEGRO. You can use the same blade over and over again. Enthusiastic users write that they have gotten 300, 400 and more slick shaves from a single blade! Consider how much you will save in a year added to the great convenience. ALLEGRO is simple as A-B-C to operate... open construction, no bother. Packed in a handsome maroon leatherette case. (Complete for \$4.85).

#### Unconditionally Guaranteed

Use ALLEGRO 100 days without obligation at our expense. If you're not entirely satisfied, send it back. We will return your money in full without a question. But you must try ALLEGRO to be really convinced of its wonderful merit. Send four dollars and eighty-five cents (\$4.85) as a trial order deposit.

**Agents**—Write at once for details of attractive money-making proposition. A great opportunity to earn big profits.

Allegro Co., Dept B 20  
170 Thomas St., Newark, N. J.

Send me an ☐ All Gillette Types  
☐ Durham Duplex  
☐ ALLEGRO ☐ Auto Strop

at \$4.85 each, complete with case.  
100 day trial Money Back Guarantee

☐ Money order, or check enclosed  
☐ Send C.O.D. (Few cents extra)

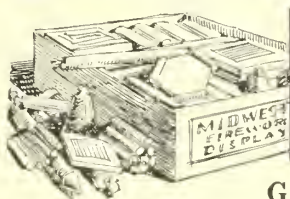
Name .....

Address .....

City & State .....

☐ Mail descriptive literature only.

## This complete \$8 FIREFWORKS Celebration



**\$5.00**  
OTHER ASSORTMENTS \$2.50 to \$50

#### GIVE YOUR FAMILY

A REAL Fourth of July entertainment, supervised by parents. New 112 piece "Exhibition Lawn Display" provides complete celebration unequalled for variety, brightness, beauty—nationally famous quality.

Consists of 6 pieces each of 6, 8 and 10 ball Candles (18 in all), 2 each No. 5 Red, Green and Gold Fire Cones, 2 Chameleon Bombardments, 2 Aerial Sharks, 2 Golden Fountains, 2 Floral Bouquets, 2 Golden Rain Showers, 2 Silver X-Rays, 1 Mt. Aetna, 2 Golden Shooting Meteors, 2 Revolving Cascades, 2 Ves Fountains, 2 Silver Torches, 1 Vertical Wheel, 1 Silver Fountain, 1 R. W. & B. Fire Torch, 2 Colored Star Mines, 2 Flower Pots, 2 Catherine Wheels, 2 Plitter Fountains, 50 ten inch Electric Sparklers, 6 twenty-inch Electric Sparklers, liberal supply of Punk, firing instructions.

Shipped express, f.o.b. factory, same day order received. Send today, enclosing money order, bill or certified check. Marine Exhibits, Children's Assortments, Lawn Displays—\$2.50 to \$50—illustrated in our free catalog. Write for it. **MIDWEST DISPLAY FIREWORKS CO.**, 20 South 5th St., Tippecanoe City, Ohio.

## Learn Aviation

in this National System of  
U. S. Gov't Approved  
Aviation  
Schools



Learn to fly trimotor transport planes. Learn welding, rigging, the business side of aviation. Highest type training offered in all aeronautical subjects. Our national employment service and close connection with American Airways, Inc., the world's largest air transportation system helps you get a job when you finish training. For full particulars clip the coupon below, fill in and mail.

**UNIVERSAL AVIATION SCHOOLS**

Division

The American Airways, Inc.

1065-74 Boatmen's Bank Bldg., St. Louis

Tell me what training I need to become a—

Pilot..... Mechanic.....  
Welder..... Office Executive.....

Name..... Age.....

Address.....

City..... State.....







## TO HASTY EATERS who repent at leisure

PEPTO-BISMOL will end your digestive discomforts quickly.

It brings amazingly swift relief from indigestion, heartburn, acid or sour stomach, and it checks fermentation and the formation of harmful acids.

Pepto-Bismol is safe—prescribed by doctors for 25 years. Even children love its agreeable flavor.

Pepto-Bismol is sold with a flat promise of money back if it disappoints you. Buy it in the 3-cornered bottle at your druggist's. Only 50c. Take it and enjoy serene after-eating hours.

# Pepto-Bismol

RELIEVES INDIGESTION QUICKLY

MAKERS OF **Norwich** UNGUENTINE

Hiking, Exploring, Prospecting, Boating,  
Hunting, Fishing, Camping, Canoeing

Sleeps 2		Weights 3 3/4 lbs.
Rolls 4" by 16"		No Poles
4 1/2 ft. Tall		6 ft. Wide
8 ft. Long		4 Windows

**SNAKE—BUG—WATERPROOF**  
At Your Dealers, or Send Stamps for Catalog  
**COMPAC TENT CORP. INDIANAPOLIS INDIANA**  
1192 W. 28th St.

**AMERICAN LEGION**  
**UNIFORMS**  
Massachusetts Specifications  
Prices and Measure Blanks  
on Request  
**R. W. ROBERTSON**  
62 Summer Street Boston, Mass.  
MEMBER OF AMERICAN LEGION

**Any PHOTO ENLARGED**  
Size 16x20 inches  
Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group picture. Safe return of your own original photo guaranteed.  
**98c**  
**SEND NO MONEY** Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement size 16x20, guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 98c plus postage or send \$1.00 with order and we pay postage.  
**Special Free Offer** With each enlargement we will send FREE a hand-tinted miniature reproduction of photo sent. Take advantage now of this amazing offer—send your photo today.  
**UNITED PORTRAIT COMPANY**  
900 West Lake Street, Dept. G-330, Chicago, Ill.



## The Backfire

(Continued from page 49)

lished in the Philippines following their annexation by the United States, he spoke English and Spanish and half a dozen native dialects, with a fair smattering of Chinese. He was inordinately proud of his education and it was his ambition to secure, ultimately, a commission either in the Constabulary or the Philippine Scouts. And now Captain Garvey had spoiled it all!

So De La Cruz suffered, and as he suffered there gradually welled up in him a wholly unreasonable, murderous rage against his captain. The very soul of the man cried out for vengeance.

For days now, De La Cruz had pondered ways and means of killing his captain. In the brush with the two dattos he had hoped to find an opportunity to accomplish this, for many an officer has been murdered in action and his demise attributed to the enemy. But Tuan Garvey always walked behind the skirmish line and, with his devil's devising, had assigned De La Cruz to the first platoon, where he was under the watchful eye of one of the colored lieutenants, a particularly astute and hard-boiled product of the Regular Army, who, in the event of the captain becoming a casualty, would take command of the company. De La Cruz had a suspicion that the captain had instructed the lieutenant to keep a watchful eye on him.

On the morning Datto Tindig opened his bombardment De La Cruz had an inspiration. Upon the return of the two platoons from their visit to Datto Tindig's cota he sought and secured the first sergeant's permission to speak with Garvey and forthwith presented himself at the latter's tent.

"Well, De La Cruz, what's on your mind?" Garvey queried in the easy affable manner that concealed the underlying iron of the man.

"Sir," De La Cruz replied in his precise clipped English, "I noticed that a Moro was shooting at the captain this morning."

"Somebody has certainly been shooting at me, De La Cruz, and it seems reasonable to suspect a Moro." He pointed to two holes high up in the rear wall of his tent.

"I would like the company commander's permission to go out and get that Moro."

"That is very kind and thoughtful of you, Private De La Cruz. It will, probably, be a difficult task, but you may try. I will tell your platoon commander that you are excused from all formations for that purpose."

De La Cruz smiled for the first time in a month, thanked the captain and withdrew. Garvey gazed after him and around the grim mouth a gentle little smile was playing. "I never knew one of his breed to be so forgiving, so touchingly loyal," he soliloquized. "Perhaps he thinks I may make him a corporal if he brings in that Moro. Perhaps he has an idea—"

His cogitations were interrupted by the advent of the colored lieutenant in com-

mand of the first platoon. "Ah saw one of those bullets strike a tree, suh," he announced. "Saw the sap fly, suh. Ah noticed the bullet didn't come through, so ah dug it out. Here it is, suh."

"Thanks, Radford." Garvey took the battered bullet and examined it. "I thought so when I heard him shooting. Sporting rifle—soft-nosed bullet. It hasn't quite the spiteful bark of any army weapon and a Moro was using it, of course. His marksmanship was very erratic. However, I anticipate an improvement. De La Cruz is excused from duty to lay for that bushwhacker. The fellow's a marvelous tracker. He ought to bring the Moro in."

When the lieutenant departed Garvey moved his cot from the right to the left-hand side of his tent and his field desk from the left to the right-hand side. Then he stood in front of his tent and watched Private De La Cruz emerge from his quarters with his Springfield rifle over his shoulder and a Moro kris, scabbarded, at his hip. Twenty yards in back of De La Cruz the jungle wall rose; he slipped into it and was gone.

"Pretty good soldier sense," Garvey decided. "He's gone out on a flank, to circle around in rear of the Moro's position. But he's too late. The Moro's gone. Fired ten shots and then decamped before we could send out men to look for him. Hope De La Cruz doesn't pick up his trail and follow it too far. He might not come back!"

**L**ONG before Garvey had reached his camp with the two platoons, Datto Tindig, circling swiftly around the column and traveling by jungle paths known only to him and his people, had returned to the tree where his rifle and ammunition lay wrapped in the sarong. In view of Tuan Garvey's ultimatum to surrender the rifle or take the bitter consequences of refusal, he knew it behooved him to return to his task and, if possible, complete it that day. If unsuccessful he still had until sunset of the day following; if still unsuccessful at that hour he planned to send his imbecile son in with the rifle. He reflected that he might as well get rid of the boy that way as any other.

He waited awhile, thinking deeply. As a result of his cogitations he decided presently that it might not be a bad idea to fire his next shots from his Number Two station, so he slipped down from Number One and repaired to the other.

From his eerie he looked down into the camp of the Scouts. Presently he saw the column return, swing up into the heart of the camp and form company front. Garvey stood before them; evidently he was giving them some instructions. So Datto Tindig fired at him twice and missed him twice, although he had the pleasure of seeing one of the Scouts in ranks collapse; ergo he knew he had not lived that day in vain. He hoped he had killed the man. However, he discovered he had no time to exult or to indulge in further target practice that day, for suddenly the Scouts



broke ranks and, fanning out into a skirmish line, ran toward the jungle.

Datto Tindig chuckled. He had a three-hundred-yard start of them and he knew the jungle paths. He paused long enough to wrap his rifle and ammunition in the sarong, then dropped swiftly to the ground; as his feet touched terra firma he felt a kris slide between his shoulder blades. He grunted, whirled and with a dying effort drew his own kris. He had a brief vision of a large mestizo Scout pecking at him with a rifle, parrying his blows, smiling at him as they grew feebler. Then the rifle descended on his sinful head and the soul of Datto Tindig was knocking at the mother-of-pearl gates of the Moslem Paradise.

Private De La Cruz did not linger to exult over his victory. Up the mango tree he climbed swiftly and at the top he found that which he sought—the sporting rifle and cartridges of the deceased. Quickly he filled the magazine and peered out over the jungle, just in time to see Captain Garvey strolling thoughtfully toward his quarters. He waited until the captain entered, then sighted carefully on the rear wall of the tent. Ten times he cracked away, then carefully rolled the rifle up in Datto Tindig's old sarong, descended the tree and stood waiting and listening. Presently he heard his comrades scurrying through the jungle at a little distance, so he called to them . . .

When they rallied round him he spurred Datto Tindig's corpse with his army brogan. "Take this carrion to the captain," he ordered. He strode back to the camp and went straight for Captain Garvey's tent. He found Garvey stretched on his cot reading an old magazine, and at the sight De La Cruz started visibly. For the thousandth part of a second surprise and disappointment showed in his somber eyes; then he saluted.

"Private De La Cruz has the honor to report that a few minutes ago, in the jungle yonder, he came across the Datto Taguan Tindig acting suspiciously. The datto refused to halt, so I killed him. The men are bringing in his body."

"Good work, De La Cruz, good work. Did you locate his nest?"

"No, sir."

"You have the rifle, of course?"

"Alas, no, sir. He had hidden it somewhere. I heard him shooting and hurried to the spot, but when I found him he was armed only with this kris," and De La Cruz exhibited the weapon.

"That is too bad," Garvey grieved. "I'll never feel safe until I have that rifle. Well, it will be dark in half an hour so we may not search for it tonight, but tomorrow I shall turn two platoons out and comb every bush until we find it. I shall not forget your efficiency in this matter, Private De La Cruz. Thank you."

He had a habit of dismissing men with a curt nod. Private De La Cruz paused only long enough to observe the five bullet holes through the rear wall of the tent and the splintered back of a camp chair. Had the captain been sitting in that chair he would have been riddled! The mestizo's heart was hot with rage and disappointment as he saluted meticulously and withdrew.

(Continued on page 52)

## Aeroplane Drafting Room Blue Print



**I Train You In Your Own HOME**

# FREE!

Learn to be an aeroplane designer. I will train you RIGHT IN YOUR OWN HOME. Here's your opportunity to get into the big money earning branch of Aviation—Designing aeroplanes. Copy the aeroplane picture shown here and mail to me with coupon below. If I think you show talent for this work and really want to train for a big pay position in aviation, I will mail you direct from my drafting room an aeroplane blueprint in three views with all main parts named and explained.

**GET INTO AVIATION**  
through the Front Door—the Drafting Room

## LEARN AERO-DRAFTING

If you want to fit yourself for a start toward making big money in AVIATION—get into the creative end of this rapidly growing industry. There are good aeroplane designers today who get \$12,000 a year—think of it—\$1,000 a month. Let me train you in Aero-Drafting—and put you in line for a position like this—Remember, you don't need flying or mechanical experience to become an Aero-Draftsman.

### Former Factory Helper Raises Income to \$7,000 a Year

A. H. Bernier of Detroit, Michigan—one of my students had a factory job at \$12.00 a week when he enrolled with me. After taking my course he was picked from 65 men and made assistant Chief Draftsman.

### My Training the Front Door To a Place in AVIATION

No matter what you are doing now—if you can read, write and understand plain simple English and want to get into Aero-Drafting, mail coupon today. Let me show you what I can do for you. See how I train you—at home—by my easy practical method—Learn about my employment service that is free to my students. Copy sketch and mail today!



Engineer Dobe

### Mail This Coupon If You Earn Less Than \$70 a Week

Get my free books giving all the facts about Aero-Drafting and my training. Read my money back agreement which says you must be satisfied or your training costs you nothing. Make the start to big pay today. Mail sketch. Get Free Blue Print.

**Engineer Dobe, Div. A-405**  
1951 Lawrence Ave. Chicago, Ill.

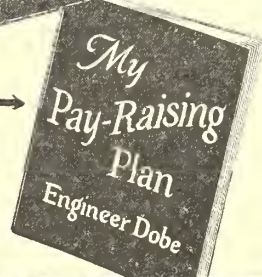
**Aero Drafting Experts In Big Demand**



THESE PAY-MAKING TOOLS FOR YOU!

### FREE → Pay-Raising Plan

Write today for this book which has started hundreds of men—many with but little education and no experience on the road to success. Learn about the drafting instruments I furnish my students without extra charge. And all the other features of my training. Write today.



### FREE Blue Print Coupon

**ENGINEER DOBE, Div. A-405**

1951 Lawrence Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I want to get into Aviation through the Drafting Room. Here's my copy of Aeroplane sketch. Send me the blue print and your free books "Successful Draftsmanship" and "My Pay-Raising Plan," all Free to me.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Town \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## Eight Famous Editors Now Teach Secrets of Writing

FREE Book, "Writing for the Billion Word Market," tells how 8 famous editors, who are successful authors, train you to write stories for best-paying magazines. Most sensible way to learn. Get book today, and free writing test.

Popular Fiction Institute, Dept. 56, 79 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

## A Card Case Any MASON Would Be Proud To Own



Protects your lodge cards, \$1 auto license, passes, etc. under isinglass windows.

ready to be seen at a glance. A genuine leather, 5-window sturdy card case, extra pocket—snap button—gold corners, for only \$1. Stamped with Masonic Emblem in heavy gold FREE—same price without emblem. Name and other stamping 35c a line extra. Larger cases, 9 windows \$1.50. 13 windows \$2. Send for catalogue.

☐ Masonic Books, Monitors, Jewelry.  
☐ Lodge Supplies. [Check Choice]

**REDDING MASONIC SUPPLY CO.**  
200 Fifth Ave., Dept. L. C., New York

## PATENTS

Time counts in applying for patents. Don't risk delay in protecting your ideas. Send sketch or model for instructions or write for FREE book, "How to Obtain a Patent," and "Record of Invention" form. No charge for information on how to proceed. Communications strictly confidential. Prompt, careful, efficient service. Clarence A. O'Brien, Registered Patent Attorney, 2173 Security Savings and Commercial Bank Building, (directly across street from Patent Office) Washington, D. C.

## No More Razor Blades to Buy!

KEEN, cool shaves—and the end of razor blade expense. That's what this startling device offers shavers. Up to 365 shaves from one blade a common report. Unlike ordinary stropers. Fits any blade including new Gillette. 11-second action, entirely automatic. Write for details and free razor offer. **J. W. Diephouse, Dept. G-414, 4330 Couzens Ave., St. Louis, Mo.**

**AGENTS** wonderful money-maker full or spare time. Loughren made \$5,300 in one year. Hundreds cleaning up Big Money! Get liberal selling outfit offer.







AFRAID TO WEAR A DARK SUIT?

## Can dandruff be checked?

Why tolerate dandruff? It can be checked. Your own doctor will tell you that pine tar and cleanliness will keep your scalp dandruff-free. This treatment, endorsed for 60 years, combines both remedies.

Wet your hair. Massage the rich, tonic lather of Packer's Tar Soap well into the scalp. Rinse. Again lather, massage and rinse—finally in cold water to close the pores.

In severe cases, do this every other day until scalp clears. In milder cases, every 4 or 5 days. Then keep up regular weekly Packer shampoos, to prevent recurrence. You can't reasonably expect now-and-then care to keep your scalp clean of dandruff—and it won't.

Send 10¢ for sample cake

and book "The Care of the Hair". Address Packer's, Dept. 25-F, 101 W. 31st St., New York.

## PACKER'S Tar Soap



## UNIFORMS OF DISTINCTION

For Legion Bands, Drum Corps, Etc.

Write for our new Legion Catalogue Samples and Prices

### CRADDOCK COMPANY

*Fine Uniforms*  
Craddock Building,  
Kansas City, Missouri  
America's Most Progressive  
Uniform House

## LAW STUDY AT HOME

Become a lawyer. Legally trained men win high positions and big success in business and public life. Be independent. Greater opportunities now than ever before. Big corporations are headed by men with legal training. Earn \$5,000 to \$10,000 Annually. We guide you step by step. You can train at home during spare time. Degree of LL.B. conferred. LaSalle students found among practicing attorneys of every state. We furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 64-page "Law Guide" and "Evidence" books FREE. Send for them NOW. LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 9361-L Chicago. The World's Largest Business Training Institution

## New Life in Your Post With a DRUM CORPS

Slingerland Pinnacle of Perfection Drums lead the way the world over and the cost is less. It is easy to organize a Drum Corps. Gets you to the Conventions and Celebrations with the Buddies. Frank Fancher, world's champion rudimental drummer, plays and endorses Slingerland Drums. Send for beautiful illustrated Drum catalogue showing finest complete guaranteed Drum Corps equipment.



Frank Fancher

### SLINGERLAND

DRUM & BANJO CO. Chicago, Ill.

## The Backfire

(Continued from page 51)

In the morning Garvey turned out two platoons to search for the rifle. The other two platoons (being a cautious man) he kept in camp. He saw to it that Private De La Cruz turned out with the first platoon. And when the men had disappeared into the bosque the captain examined the tree out of which his lieutenant had cut the bullet the previous day. It had lodged just under the bark. Garvey drove a steel ramrod through the tiny hole, nailed a slim bamboo stick to the tree trunk, parallel with the cleaning rod and sighted along this bamboo stick into the heart of the thick top of a towering mango tree.

He was no mean judge of distance. "Better than four hundred yards," he decided. "No wonder old Tindig missed me. It would have been a sheer accident if he had hit me at that range. But for an expert rifleman that range is duck soup. Evidently he has a pal who can shoot. He spaced eight shots at six-inch intervals through my tent and at the height of my body when sitting down. Had I been sitting at my field desk in the old position it occupied, he would have gotten me. Also, had I been seated on my cot he would have gotten me, because he put two bullets through it."

With his pocket compass he took the bearing of the tall mango tree and walked out to it. At its base he found the faint imprint of bare feet; six feet up the trunk there was a smudge of dirt, left there, undoubtedly, by Datto Tindig's muddy toes as he climbed. Garvey glanced around him, saw that none of his men were in the vicinity, and climbed the tree. He found the little bamboo platform and the rifle rest, but no rifle.

He returned to the camp and sat down to ponder the situation. "The shot that missed me and wounded Corporal Mendoza didn't come from that tree I just examined," he decided. "It came from farther east. Tindig must have had two nests . . . yes, he would be likely to have two, so he could diffuse his rifle fire and make it all the more difficult to locate him. Or perhaps he tried one and it didn't suit him; his view may have been better from the other nest. Now, where can that other nest be? Tuan Garvey, you're an ass. It is in the immediate vicinity of the spot where De La Cruz killed Tindig, of course. I remember there wasn't more than a three-minute interval between Tindig's wild shooting and the marvelously accurate shooting of the other man, who is, I strongly suspect, Private De La Cruz!"

He visualized the exact position in which he had had the two platoons lined up the afternoon previous, and his own position in front of them. "Yes," he decided, "that shot came from the left rear—Number Two position. Had it come from No. One it would not have hit Mendoza. I imagine I shall have to seek another tall, commanding mango tree."

He went to the first sergeant's tent. "Find me one of the men who can lead

me to the spot where Datto Tindig was killed," he commanded.

The man reported almost immediately and, under instructions from Garvey, led the captain to the spot where Datto Tindig's indiscretion had led him to an unexpected finish. "That will be all," Garvey told the man. "Return to your quarters."

He found himself standing under a giant mango tree. "Ah, the poor De La Cruz!" he sighed. "That fifty per cent of Malay blood in him has been his undoing. He was too anxious. He should have permitted Tindig to escape! What happened here all men may read. After prowling in the bush for hours, De La Cruz suddenly heard Tindig cut loose almost over his head. So he hid and waited until Tindig came down out of the tree; then he killed him silently. Why? To get the rifle? He could have secured the rifle and turned Tindig loose. But he didn't. He knew Tindig was gunning for me, that the old wolf wasn't interested in anybody else until he had me out of the way so I suppose De La Cruz had a furtive hope Tindig might succeed if he let him alone. But when he heard the company running across the clearing he realized that here was a chance to make himself solid with me again, so he killed Tindig—silently. Still if he hadn't been up to some skullduggery he would have shot Tindig. He's an infantryman and the primal weapon of an infantryman is the rifle. It is instinct with him to use it first. But De La Cruz remembered that if he shot Tindig I would hear the report of his rifle, and recognize the fact that somebody had fired a Springfield. De La Cruz couldn't have showed me a soiled rifle barrel and Datto Tindig's corpse and not have me ask him the reason for those additional ten shots with the sporting rifle after I had heard the report of the Springfield! Now, why did he kill so silently? The answer is obvious. Immediately after killing Tindig he climbed this tree, with Tindig's rifle or else he found Tindig's rifle up in the tree. At any rate immediately he opened up on me! If he had killed me Tindig would have been to blame! Nobody would ever have suspected De La Cruz! Straight from this spot he ran to my tent to report—and I marked the amazement and chagrin in his eyes when he found me unruffled and unhurt—when he discovered I had shifted my accustomed base! To save his soul he couldn't keep his glance from wandering to those holes in the rear wall of my tent. He saw them, yet he said nothing. Guilty conscience! Too stunned with amazement and disappointment to think clearly and quickly . . . Well, guess I might as well investigate this big mango tree."

He climbed to the thick top, found the bamboo platform, the crutch for the rifle rest, the rifle and ammunition wrapped in Datto Tindig's old sarong and on the floor of the bamboo platform, eight empty cartridge cases. He recalled that twelve shots had been fired. Datto Tindig had



evidently fired the first two, one of which had missed him and the other of which had gone through Corporal Mendoza's thigh. Thereafter De La Cruz had put ten shots through the tent.

Garvey wrapped the rifle and ammunition up exactly as he had found it, replaced the empty cartridge cases on the platform, descended the tree and searched in the grass and litter at its roots until he found the other four empty cartridge cases. He did not disturb them.

He followed an exact compass course back to his camp, turned, sighted along the compass course he had pursued and decided he could not be in error in selecting the top of the mango tree where Datto Tindig had left his rifle and ammunition.

At noon the two platoons came in from their search and messed. After mess Private De La Cruz called at Garvey's tent, bringing with him a three-months-old pig.

"It is one of a litter of wild pigs I ran across in the jungle today, sir. I shot it a very little bit through the hind quarters and brought it in, knowing it would be useful at the funeral of Datto Tindig."

Garvey laughed. "Good head, De La Cruz. Fine work. We'll put old Datto Tindig on a bull cart this afternoon, and with the third and fourth platoons for escort, we'll go to his cota and summon all his people to his funeral. And at the grave I'll cut this little pig's throat and let the blood drip down on Tindig's corpse. Then we will bury the pig with him, and thereafter, since pig is unclean, Datto Tindig's soul will be lost for all eternity."

"It is the only way, sir," De La Cruz agreed humbly. "It will be a lesson to his people, who will perhaps hereafter behave. They will be fearful of a similar fate. Death is nothing to these dogs of Moros, but to be buried with a pig—ah, sir, that is horrible."

Garvey dismissed him with one of his bird-like nods and stretched out on his cot. "Bringing the pig to me was his excuse; he decided he had to view again the rearrangement of my furniture. He should have reported to the first sergeant or to his platoon commander with his accursed pig . . . Well, he'll think I'm due for a siesta for the next hour and before we start the hike for Tindig's cota."

He cut a small slit in the west wall of his tent and was thus enabled to glean a wide view of his camp; presently he saw Private De La Cruz shoulder his rifle and slip off into the jungle.

Immediately Tuan Garvey left his tent, taking his field glasses with him. He crossed over to the supply sergeant's tent, selected a Springfield rifle from the spares there, saw that it was clean, and slipped a clip of cartridges into the magazine. Next he equipped it with a telescopic sight which he used when hunting. Outside the supply tent a quantity of canned goods, cased, was piled, so Garvey rearranged some of these cases so he could lie on his belly, with a clear view, through an aperture between the cases, of the thick-topped mango tree where Datto Tindig's rifle and ammunition lay wrapped in an old sarong. Carefully he set his optometric centers and focused on the mango tree . . . presently, between

the bright green leaves he saw a faint glimpse of yellow, a slight movement of the branches not due to wind, since there was no wind and an instantaneous flash, as from a tiny heliograph.

"That flash of yellow is Private De La Cruz in his Chino khaki uniform," he soliloquized. "I remember he is wearing a brand new one that hasn't been faded. The slight movement was made by his rifle barrel when he thrust it into the rest, and the flash of light is the sun shining on the nickel-bright end of the barrel. The idiot! He should have the light behind him! They don't think! They don't think!"

He set his field glasses aside, thrust his rifle through the aperture and sighted carefully at the mango top. Through the telescopic sight he had almost as clear vision as with the field glasses.

Suddenly the crash of a rifle sounded from the jungle. Instantly Garvey snugged his sling a little closer around his shoulder, drew in a deep breath and let it half out as he took up the slack of his trigger, the while his bronzed cheek cuddled the dull stock. Meanwhile another shot had sounded from the jungle. Then Garvey pulled away—slowly and methodically, five times—and from the jungle came no more the sound of rifle shots.

The colored first lieutenant, Radford, came running over to the company commander. "Good Lawd, Cap'n, suh," he cried, "what you-all shootin' at? I cawn't see nothin' mahself."

Tuan Garvey smiled his little cryptic smile. "Radford," he said pleasantly, "run over to my tent and see if there aren't two new bullet holes through the rear wall which might be just high enough to clear the top of my cot and yet riddle a man who might be lying on it. Report!"

When Radford returned his pleasant brown face was serious. "You're suttinly a good guesser, cap'n. Two shots, suh—an' one of 'em went thru yo' piller, suh. I calls that shootin'. This here ol' Datto Tindig must have a couple er expert riflemen in his little ahmy."

Garvey laid the rifle across the top of the canned goods cases and sighted it on the center of the mango top. "Sight along this rifle, Radford," he commanded. "See that tall mango? Think you can locate it in the jungle? The compass bearing from my tent is northeast—exactly, and the distance is five hundred and two paces. Take four men and go over there, climb up into that tree and report back to me what you find there. Take a stretcher with you—for luck."

When Lieutenant Radford returned with his detail he brought with him the riddled corpse of Private Plaurancio Felipe Federico Roderico De La Cruz. "Found his Springfield on the ground, suh, leanin' agin the trunk o' the tree," he reported. "On a bamboo platform in the tree top, suh, I found this here yaller native all spraddled out on top of this here spo'tin' rifle."

Tuan Garvey was still smiling a little, but it was a sad and twisted little smile now. "I knew he'd do it, Radford," he complained. "I saw hell in his eyes the night I told him I was going to bust him back to private. (Continued on page 54)

## Soldier and Famous Author Tells Today How He Won Success



Winner of D. S. O. and Military Cross and Author of "The W Plan," Explains How Books He Read While in the Trenches Changed Course of His Life

A THIRD winter of dugout life. Legionnaires know what that meant. Long, nerve-racking, monotonous days of nothing to do but WAIT! Lieut.-Colonel G. S. Hutchison desperately looked for something to keep him up—take his thoughts from bursting shells and whining bullets.

From fellow-officers—from men under his command he heard about Pelmanism. Privates and Colonels, poilus and tommies—thousands of men at the front were studying Pelmanism. Soon Lieut.-Colonel Hutchison was a Pelmanist, too—deep in the most profitable and resultful of all studies—the study of HIMSELF! Then—but let him tell the rest in his own words as received in a recent letter:

"Following the excitement, tragedy, victory and disillusionment of the Somme and finding myself committed for a third winter to the stagnation of dugout life, I undertook a course in Pelmanism. Pelmanism came to the rescue then and in the years of the adjustment period afterwards it proved to be invaluable. It has come, and to tens of thousands others will come again to save us from becoming one-track merchants, dull operatives, routine workers, men and women without imagination, with the spark of genius extinguished, hope obliterated and the joy of living gone. By means of this system master minds are made. I have a recommendation to make as one who once traveled on a single track and since then has not been unsuccessful, and this is to urge every man and woman to make Pelmanism the FOUNDATION STONE OF SUCCESS."

Happy, successful, author of a book which has been called "the greatest spy story of the war," Lieut.-Colonel Hutchison ("Graham Seton" is his pen name) is but one of the 750,000 men and women who have found that the BIG difference—the ONLY DIFFERENCE between whether you are a success or failure is entirely a matter of just HOW YOU USE YOUR BRAINS! All of us have the same mental equipment but most of us—according to eminent scientists—USE ONLY 10% OF OUR BRAINS!

Do you want to know how to DOUBLE your brain-power—how to banish forgetfulness, indecision, self-consciousness, mind-wandering and timidity—how to WIN SUCCESS AND HAPPINESS? Send today—NOW—for a copy of our FREE Book, "Scientific Mind Training." In it you will find details about Pelmanism—the world's only practical, scientific time-tested method of mind-training. Endorsed by Lieut.-General Sir Baden-Powell, Prince Charles of Sweden, Frank P. Walsh and hundreds of Legionnaires—Pelmanism develops your powers of concentration, improves your memory, strengthens your will power, creates self-confidence and an impressive personality.

Give yourself a chance to "Make Good"—the opportunity to really FIND YOURSELF! Be fair to yourself and those who are near and dear to you—do what thousands of other Legionnaires have done—MAIL THE COUPON TODAY—NOW! It means happiness—success!

### THE PELMAN INSTITUTE OF AMERICA

Suite G-120, 71 West 45th St., New York City

The Pelman Institute of America,  
Suite G-120, 71 West 45th St., N. Y. C.

Please send me without obligation your FREE book, "Scientific Mind Training." No salesman is to call on me.

Name

Address

City

State



## DIAMONDS WATCHES

### CASH or CREDIT



**No. 941**  
\$50  
\$1.25 A Week

Our Diamonds are all blue white and of great brilliancy. Exquisitely mounted in newest style rings of solid 18-k white gold or solid platinum.

**How to Order** State article desired—name of employer—kind of work you do—how long in position—age—married—where live—how long there. **EVERYTHING IS CONFIDENTIAL.** Send first payment. Our goods sent for your **FREE** Examination on request.

**CREDIT TERMS:**  
One-tenth down; balance weekly, semi-monthly or monthly at your convenience. Order Now!

**Wear While You Pay**

**Elite Wedding Ring.** solid platinum, only \$19.50. In solid 18-K white gold, \$5.00, or with 3 diamonds, \$18.75

**BULOVA**  
No. 948—“Liberty”—Bulova Wrist Watch, set with 6 sapphires, 15 jewels. Dust-proof case, \$37.50.  
\$3.75 Down \$3.75 a Mo.

**No. 911**—“Lone Eagle”—Man’s Bulova strap watch, 15 jewels, metal band. Dust-proof case, \$37.50.  
\$3.75 Down \$3.75 a Month

We Sell Standard Railroad Watches on Credit at Cash Prices

**SEND FOR FREE CATALOG**  
Over 2,000 illustrations. Catalog explains everything.

**LOFTIS**  
BROS. & CO. 1558  
108 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.  
Stores in Leading Cities

## SAVE MONEY—PAY ONLY \$13.95

for this **DUR-A-BILT DELIVERED**

### UMBRELLA TENT

FULLY EQUIPPED



Made of durable weatherproof Khaki Tent Fabric; complete with awning, screened window and door, sod cloth, metal frame, stakes, jointed poles and carrying bag. 7x7 ft. only \$13.95, delivered. Same tent 9' x 9' 1/2' and other models at lowest prices. Satisfaction guaranteed.

**SEND NO MONEY**—Just name and address. Pay only price of Tent on delivery. We prepay Express.

**WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG**  
Factory Prices save you Money.

**LE ROY TENT COMPANY**  
3653 Gravois Ave. St. Louis, Mo.

## PATENTS

As one of the oldest patent firms in America we give inventors at lowest consistent charge, a service noted for results, evidenced by many well known Patents of extraordinary value. *Book, Patent-Sense, free.*

**Lacey & Lacey, 643 F St., Wash., D. C.**  
Estab. 1869  
Numerous Legionnaire References

## WE MATCH PANTS

**To Any Suit!**  
Double the life of your coat and vest with correctly matched pants. **100,000 patterns.** Every pair hand tailored to your measure; no “readymades.” Our match sent **FREE** for your O. K. before pants are made. Fit guaranteed. Send piece of cloth or vest today.

**SUPERIOR MATCH PANTS COMPANY**  
115 So. Dearborn Street, Dept. 268 Chicago



“Old Towns” are modeled after Indian birch-barks. They quickly answer every dip of the blade. Graceful, strong and durable.

Free catalog gives complete information on paddling, sailing and square-stern canoes; also out-board boats, including big, fast, all-wood family boats; dinghies; rowboats; and speedy step-planes. Write today. Old Town Canoe Co., 156 Main St., Old Town, Maine.

## “Old Town Canoes”

## The Backfire

(Continued from page 53)

I've seen hell in his eyes ever since. Remember, I told you to watch him when we were in action. I might have been spared this if the C. O. had listened to my request and transferred the poor devil to Samar. Instead he spoofed me about my suspicions—absurd suspicions, he called them. I told him the man was half Spanish, with all the vanity, jealousy and hate possibilities of his race—with all their ego and false pride. But the C. O. knew it all! Now if this poor devil had been a full-blooded Tagalog he would have been reasonably good-natured . . . well, form up the second and third platoons and put Datto Tindig on the bull-cart. We'll take him home to his wives and let them bury him—with or without a pig. As for Private De La Cruz, have the old guard fatigue dig a grave in some convenient spot where the ground isn't too hard, and tuck him away. I'll have to write out a

report on the dirty business and take some depositions for headquarters.”

He turned the Springfield rifle back to the supply sergeant and cautioned the latter to see that it was cleaned thoroughly. “I wish you spoke Moro better than you do, Radford,” he complained to the colored lieutenant. “I'd detail you to go home with Datto Tindig and explain the situation to his people . . . I'm tired. Well, you remain here and see to it that old Datto Silogan doesn't jump you while I'm gone. Damnation! I've been in these infernal islands since July of '08 and I'm about fed up. A man has to do too much thinking to keep his fool head on his shoulders. Some day I'll get old and tired and my head won't work like it used to—and then I'll lay down the white man's burden in the approved white man style.”

Radford nodded. Colored though he was, he, too, knew something of the white man's burden.

## Saint Botolph's Other Town

(Continued from page 17)

mented by a solid appropriation from Congress and the ancient vessel, in which again Paul Revere fittings have a place, has been refurnished as a shrine of the early days of our Navy. From the Custom House tower also, Old North and Old South churches, Faneuil Hall, the decorative Old State House and the magnificent present State House on Beacon Hill which Holmes called the Hub of the Solar System may be viewed if you don't care to walk to these places. All during convention week there will be opportunity to make up parties of congenial friends, parties large or small, which may in the course of an hour or so traverse afoot the main points of interest in old Boston. Eben Putnam, National Historian of the Legion, is in general charge of this department of the entertainment program, and the various civic and industrial agencies and the newspapers will provide for every convention guest the material for a proper understanding of what is to be seen. The boys of Boston, who were not backward about letting General Gage know that they ought to be allowed their sledding have their counterpart in the boys of the north side of the city who have the history of the Paul Revere house and the Old North Church and other places duly catalogued in their brains and bursting with the desire to communicate it all to strangers.

Of course the visitors won't want to miss going through the Massachusetts State House, with its golden dome, set atop Beacon Hill. This noble pile, designed by the famous architect Bulfinch, is a vast museum of memories and the pat phrase “ringing corridors of time” may well be applied to the staircases and hallways which bring the story of the State in war and peace graphically by pic-

ture and statue and displays of historical objects from the very beginnings of Plymouth and the Massachusetts Bay Company down to the present. The Bulfinch portion is comparatively small, for the building was enlarged during the latter half of the last century and the wings were added in this. The famous wooden codfish, “as a memorial of the importance of the Cod Fishery of this Commonwealth” is suspended in the House of Representatives.

The State House looks out over Boston Common, whose nearly fifty acres have been public property almost since the beginning of the town. The Common has been jealously guarded against encroachment of streets. Here demure colonial maidens sometimes sat with their spinning wheels, here the British soldiery marched in formations in the days preceding the march on Lexington and Concord, and here during the Civil War the volunteer soldiers drilled before going off to war. No vehicles of any sort are allowed on the Common, and there are no keep-off-the-grass signs to hamper the pedestrian who wishes to forsake the winding paths. At its highest point, opposite the State House, is the beautiful Shaw Memorial by St. Gaudens, one of the most effective monuments in America, recalling the services of the first colonel of negro troops in the Civil War, as well as of his men. The Boston Public Garden, separated by a single street from the Common, in season is aflame with flowers.

And so it goes. Merely to enumerate Boston's places of historic significance would be too much, but here are some of the highlights that should not be missed. Old North Church, from whose belfry tower the lanterns were hung which told



Paul Revere that the British troops were coming to the attack "by sea." Faneuil Hall, the "Cradle of Liberty," whose ground floor still serves as a market, and whose meeting hall above rocked to the enthusiasm of Revolutionary audiences as well as those of every generation since. On the top floor is the interesting armory of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery, the oldest military company in the western world. King's Chapel and Burying Ground, the building of the first Episcopal church in New England, where General Gage and Sir William Howe worshipped prior to the British evacuation. The Old State House, before which occurred the Boston Massacre of 1770 and within whose walls councils of rebellion were taken a few years later. The Old Granary Burying Ground on Tremont Street, where many of the early governors of the colony lie, as well as personages of the Revolution. Old South Church, which the British used as a riding school up to the time when the cannon of the Americans planted on Dorchester Heights at last forced them to abandon the town on March 17, 1776. That evacuation, you may be certain, was cheering news to the rebels in New York and Philadelphia, and it was again Paul Revere that brought them the message. On horseback, of course. Boston was to remain free of British troops for the remainder of the war, and in the darkest days of the struggle it must have been heartening to the Continental army to reflect on this, with the other two big towns in the hands of the enemy.

If you are interested in American antiques, Boston and New England as a whole were made for you. Just to get in the spirit of the past, visit the Harrison Gray Otis House on Cambridge Street, where the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities maintains its headquarters and a fine museum of furniture, pottery, glass, paintings, articles of costume and other material that links the olden, golden days with the present. This society maintains a number of houses in other cities and towns, all patterned on the Boston headquarters.

When these places are enumerated the story is not a tenth told, but we must hurry on. Plymouth is worth a trip, as is Salem, with its memories of the witches and of Hawthorne. Besides Harvard

University and Massachusetts Institute of Technology you may see in Cambridge the site of the elm under which Washington took command of the American Army, as well as the homes of Longfellow and Lowell and so many other personages. In Quincy are the birthplaces and homes of John Adams and John Quincy Adams. So with other towns, too numerous to mention. The committees of various sorts connected with the convention will have the data assembled in compact form for you.

New England's colleges and universities are justly famous. There is Harvard, the oldest and richest, at Cambridge just across the Charles River from Boston, well worth a trip even if your visit must be so brief as to allow only a view of the noted Yard and the Soldiers Field with its stadium, the first of any American university. The libraries and museums of the university are a delight to the scholar and a source of wonder to the casual visitor. There is the world-renowned Massachusetts Institute of Technology, which came into being in Boston just after the close of the Civil War, and which has been in the last few years moved over to Cambridge.

In New Haven, Connecticut, four hours by train from the convention city, is Yale University, founded in 1701. Is it necessary to say anything more about Yale?

To call the roll of colleges in New England would be quite too much. Their name and fame has gone out through all nations. As you travel to the convention in sunshine of early October you may want to drop off and see a football game at one of these colleges. Long before October the committee will have all the information you may require for such informal turnings-in on the way. It is possible also that during the convention a game will be staged between teams of a New England and a Middle West college!

Just another thought and I have finished. Boston loves its past, stands reverently saluting it. But it's alert, modern, on its toes for progress. It thinks in terms of its airport, its up-to-date hotels and business houses, stores and industrial plants. It's a town worth seeing. Absorbing its flavor is a matter that takes at least a few days. You'll enjoy it, thoroughly.

## Big Moments

(Continued from page 13)

At the time I was ward-master of Ward 13.

He was young. A severe mustard gas case. Burned terribly. His name, Jimmie Callahan. I overheard the captain tell Miss Farley, "I doubt if he will last the night. Opiates seem useless. Still—" he shook his head. "If he passes this crisis, he has a fighting chance to make it."

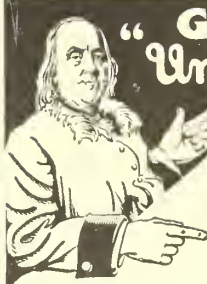
My job was to keep his bandages soaked with Carrel-Dakin solution. It seems it's all they can do.

He had been delirious for hours. The pain must have been awful. He kept roll-

ing and tossing. I noticed his lips moving. I leaned closer to listen. His voice was plenty raspy and hoarse. "Mother, where are you! It hurts so! It's so dark! Mother, I can't stand—" His voice faded into a meaningless jumble.

It was driving me crazy. I found the nurse and told her about Jimmie asking for his mother.

She knelt at his head, and started to talk. It sounded as if she were praying. "Jimmie boy, mother's back. I'll never leave you again. There, there, now be quiet—" Softly. (Continued on page 56)



**"GET ON  
Uncle Sam's  
PAYROLL"**

**Steady Life  
JOBS  
Men  
18 to 50.**

**\$1260 to \$3400  
A YEAR**

**PICK YOUR JOB**

**Ex-Service Men Get  
Preference**

These are steady positions. Strikes, poor business conditions, or politics will not affect them. Government employees get their pay for twelve full months every year.

**\$1,900 to \$2,700 A YEAR**

Railway Postal Clerks get \$1,900 the first year, being paid on the first and fifteenth of each month, \$79.17 each pay day. Their pay is quickly increased, the maximum being \$2,700 a year. \$112.50 each pay day.



**Travel On  
"Uncle Sam's  
Pay Roll"**

Railway Postal Clerks, like all Government employees, have a yearly vacation of 15 working days (about 18 days). On runs, they usually work 3 days and have 3 days off duty or in the same proportion. During this off duty and vacation their pay continues just as though they were working. They travel on a pass when on business and see the country. When they grow old, they are retired with a pension.

**CITY MAIL CARRIERS, POST OFFICE CLERKS**

Clerks and Carriers now commence at \$1,700 a year and automatically increase \$100 a year to \$2,100 and \$2,300. They also have 15 days' paid vacation. City residence is unnecessary.

**IMMIGRATION INSPECTOR—CUSTOMS INSPECTOR**

Salary \$2,100 to commence. Work connected with Immigration and Customs examination for incoming passengers from foreign countries.

**IS YOUR JOB STEADY?**

Compare these conditions with your present or your prospective condition, perhaps changing positions frequently, no chance in sight for PERMANENT employment; frequently out of a position and the year's average salary very low. DO YOU GET \$1,900 EVERY YEAR? HAVE YOU ANY ASSURANCE THAT A FEW YEARS FROM NOW YOU WILL GET \$2,100 TO \$2,700 A YEAR?



**YOU CAN GET THEM**

Experience is usually unnecessary and political influence is not permitted. Let us show you how.

**GET FREE LIST OF  
POSITIONS**

Fill out the following coupon. Tear it off and mail it today—now, at once.

This investment of two cents for a postage stamp may result in your getting a Government Job.

**FRANKLIN INSTITUTE,  
Dept. K184, Rochester, N. Y.**

Rush me entirely free of charge (1) a full description of the position checked below; (2) Free Copy of 32-page book, "How to Get a Steady U. S. Government Job"; (3) A list of the U. S. Government Jobs now obtainable; (4) Tell me all about preference given to ex service men.

☐ Railway Postal Clerk ..... (\$1,900-\$2,700)  
☐ Post Office Clerk ..... (\$1,700-\$2,300)  
☐ City Mail Carrier ..... (\$1,700-\$2,100)  
☐ Rural Mail Carrier ..... (\$2,100-\$3,300)  
☐ Government Clerk—File Clerk ..... (\$1,260-\$2,500)  
☐ Immigrant Inspector ..... (\$2,100 up)  
☐ Inspector of Customs ..... (\$2,100 up)

Name .....

Address .....

Use This Coupon Before You Mislay It.



# "BATTER UP!"

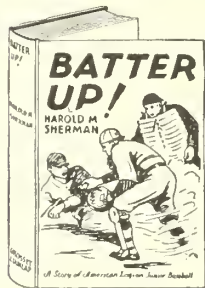
A thrilling story based  
on American Legion  
Junior Baseball

75c

Read this smashing sport story of a typical Legion Post team, in which Harold M. Sherman captures the spirit and thrills of American Legion Junior Baseball.

*Dan Sowers*

Dan Sowers, Director of the National Americanism Commission, who has contributed a foreword to the book, writes: "Batter Up" is to me a tremendously thrilling reproduction in fiction form of The American Legion's great Junior Baseball Program. It gives me great pleasure in commending it to juniors and adults alike."



To Post Athletic Officers and Scoutmasters: Tell the boys about this great story. They'll enjoy it for its thrilling plot and it will foster in them the spirit of democracy and fair play—the foundation of Americanism. Incidentally, "Batter Up!" will make a splendid prize for boys' contests of all kinds.

If your dealer can't supply you, send 75c plus 10c postage for your copy of "Batter Up!"

Address: Junior Baseball Book Service,  
Freeport, New York

You can be quickly cured, if you

## STAMMER

Send 10 cents coin or stamps for 288-page cloth bound book on "Stammering, Its Cause and Cure." It tells how I cured myself after stammering and stuttering 20 years.

**BENJAMIN N. BOGUE,**

1080 Bogue Bldg., Indianapolis

**NEW DEVICE MAKES CAR WASHING EASY!**

WORKS BY WATER PRESSURE

Cars become spotlessly CLEAN in a jiffy! Gy-ro washes cars QUICKLY without chance soap or spray. Amazing Offer to Agents: Big profits. Send name and address today for details. COSTS NOTHING.

**GY-RO BRUSH CO.**  
Dept. F-32, Ampere, N. J.

**AGENTS MAKE 100%**

EVERY AUTOIST WANTS ONE!

**REDUCE Your Waistline!**

**LITTLE CORPORAL** is the reducing belt of service and satisfaction.

Makes you look and feel fine. Relieves tired, aching backs and is surprisingly comfortable.

**Reduces the Fat . . . Increases Your "Snap"**

Satisfy yourself as to the truly amazing benefits which THE LITTLE CORPORAL brings.

SEND TODAY FOR SPECIAL 2 WEEKS TRIAL OFFER AND FREE LITERATURE

**THE LITTLE CORPORAL CO.**  
Dept. V6, 1215 W. Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

# Big Moments

(Continued from page 55)

slowly, endlessly she talked. Finally with a deep sigh, Jimmie fell asleep.

Miss Farley arose, wiped her eyes and smiled at me. He slept. The crisis had passed. Jimmie's living now.—DR. CHARLES W. MCQUARRIE, *Gardens, Calif.*

## AS THEY PASSED THE STATUE

\$25 Prize

I LAY on my back dreaming, day dreams. Christmas morning, 1918. Looking up at the rafters in Napoleon Barracks at Brest. The quarters for the enlisted men of Camp Hospital 33.

I heard the huge door downstairs slam, then the thump of hob-nails on the stairs. And into the room the office orderly rushed with a cry. "Want twenty men to go back to the States right away." Not a man in the room moved. Just a stall for a detail. As my name was on a list for a detail, I went to investigate. My name headed those twenty men.

That afternoon we boarded the *Nieuw Amsterdam*. And on the 27th some 280 convalescent men came aboard, the line headed by four blind boys.

It fell to me to care for one Corporal Ed. Roberts, Co. A., 16th Infantry. He was the first American blinded in the war and was a prisoner from February 8, 1918, to November 30, 1918.

After ten stormy days we drew into New York harbor. The sun greeted us.

With him holding my arm, the boys on the rail gave way. The sound of the welcoming band came to our ears. The setting sun was full in our faces as he asked me if we were passing the Statue of Liberty.

The one thought came to me when he asked that question. Was he thinking of the day he sailed for France? With a tear in my eyes I gazed into his face. He was smiling.—"LARRY" PAPER, *Avalon, Calif.*

## THE UNFINISHED LETTER

\$10 Prize

IT WAS the morning of October 10, 1918. We had been in the Argonne since September 26th. The Fourth Division was seeing plenty of action. I was in the Signal Battalion and stationed on top of a hill with blinker equipment. Four of us were there watching and waiting. There was a high fog above and the shells were coming over from an early morning German barrage. To the left of the blinker station about 75 feet away four soldiers were sitting down under the crest of a little knoll. One was writing a letter and I remarked to my buddies, "Look at that fellow writing a letter and he will be going over the top in a few minutes." I had no more than said it when a shell landed on top of the four fellows. We at the blinker heard the whine of the shell and were flat on the ground. We waited about three minutes so we wouldn't get the second shell they sometimes sent over, and rushed over to the soldiers. They were all blown to bits.

I looked around and picked up a letter, unharmed, that one of the soldiers had started to his wife. Blood was on the letter. There were two pictures of a baby nearby, and several letters that the soldier had received from his wife telling about the little baby that had been born after daddy went overseas.

The letter the soldier started to his wife read like this:

"Somewhere in France, Oct. 10th, 1918. "Dear Wife and Baby:

"This leaves me well. I am under the sound of guns and have been for many days. I only wish I could tell you what I have seen and—"

More was never written. I gathered the letters and pictures up and didn't mail them to his wife until I returned to the States. She was so happy to receive them and asked me lots of questions. She said she thanked God she had the baby to live for.—L. O. GUNN, *San Pedro, Calif.*

## TOO LATE

\$10 Prize

THE comedies and tragedies of the big fight were not confined to the A. E. F. My big moment came at the base hospital, Camp Dix, at 2 a. m. of an October morning in '18.

As night orderly in Ward 36 I played my part in the "Battle of the Flu."

We had a patient, Charley Fox, from the 34th, who had just gone west after a gallant battle of his own.

Charley was laid on a stretcher to take his journey to the morgue and as my buddy and myself journeyed along the corridor, we heard the soft strains of "Yankee Doodle" whistled from a neighboring ward. Coming out into the square with the stretcher, we met an old couple who had evidently lost their way.

The old lady informed us they had come all the way from Texas to see their boy, who was sick. She wanted to know the way to Ward 36. As I volunteered to show them, I noticed the old gentleman gazing at our burden and then hastily glancing away.

Some time later, returning to our ward, we met the old couple wearily making their way out.

"Nurse," I asked as we entered the ward office, "who was the boy that old couple were looking for?"

With tears in her eyes the war-hardened nurse replied: "Charley Fox."—WILLIAM V. COSTELLO, *Bondsville, Mass.*

## ONLY AN M. P.

\$10 Prize

I WAS in the 151st Railroad Artillery. I was in a little town after the war standing at the railroad station when one of the divisions was going through on trains. The train with this division stopped for about five minutes. There was one lone M. P. at the station and the soldiers on the train were shouting at him, "Who



won the war?" He finally took his overcoat off and he displayed one wound stripe and three service stripes, a D. S. C. and Croix de Guerre. They stopped shouting then.—FRED BRANNING, *Washington, D. C.*

#### THE DOCTOR PASSED HIM

\$10 Prize

WHEN I was about 14 years of age, I had the misfortune to lose my right eye whilst fooling with gunpowder. Notwithstanding this handicap, I joined the New York National Guard as a bugler. At that time the physical examination was not very strict for a musician, so I squeezed in.

After I was in for some time I transferred to the ranks as a private without further examination. We were mobilized for the Mexican Border and I went through several physical examinations without being discovered, as I had taken the precaution to learn the eyesight chart off by heart, although not too perfect.

During the World War the examinations became stricter, but still I managed to squeeze through undiscovered until one day at Camp Wadsworth, when my regiment was having its final examination for overseas, I passed everything fine and saw my slip being marked "F. D. O." and was passing on, when the Medical Officer gave me a close look and said "What's the matter with your right eye?" Of course, I had to tell.

The Medical Officer was a good scout and evidently thought that inasmuch as I had gotten so far on my journey to France it would be a shame to stop me there, so he wrote on my examination paper a full description of my disability to protect himself, and passed me for "Full Duty Overseas." This was my big moment.—WILLIAM O. DORAN, *Buffalo, N. Y.*

#### WHEN THE MATCH FLARED

\$10 Prize

THE Armistice had just been signed and on our first trip into occupied territory, our sixty-man convoy had stopped at the little town of Alf on the Moselle River between Trier and Coblenz. The people seemed hospitable enough, so I found a private home in which to spend the night, and then went out in search of my pal, from whom I had become separated.

The "Main Street" of Alf parallels the river and the houses on the off side jut back into the steep vineyard-clad hillside. To me at 10 p. m., it appeared very gloomy and the aged stone houses crowding the narrow, cobbled roadway loomed ominously grim and deserted. At first I saw no one, and then I noticed a man beckoning me mysteriously. I went toward him and discovered that he was a German. I was puzzled. I knew but few words of German and still less of the attitude of the people toward their conquerors. Was this man planning to satisfy his personal enmity by murdering me?

I followed, however, and my mysterious guide led me to an alley and down

this to a house built into the hill. Opening a door, he bade me precede him. I hesitated. Before me was pitch-black darkness.

Whether my guide originally had intended to ask a favor of me or had an exaggerated sense of hospitality, I do not know, for he left me soon. Following me inside the door, he struck a match and I saw that we were in a wine-cellar. Then, inserting a rubber tube into the bung of a barrel, he offered me the other end with the words, "Trinken sie!" Whereupon, I drank—and how!—F. D. McHUGH, *New York City.*

#### SO VOTED

\$10 Prize

TWENTY-ONE days on a couple of lousy old transports from San Francisco to Hakodate, Japan, was one thing; shore leave for three thousand men en route to exile in Siberia was quite another.

Fourteen percent rice beer and other things soon served to render all ranks equal. Some two hours after American occupation of Nipponese soil, I found myself with a captain of infantry, a lieutenant a la M. C., and a corporal (I rated a sergeant's chevrons), all of us wondering what brand we would try next.

The captain hit upon a brilliant idea—we would have tea in a Japanese tea house. "K. O.!" shouted the lieutenant. "Forward, the lit brigade!"

Five minutes of reconnoitering brought us to our objective. A pretty little kimono admitted us into a dark hallway where, by sundry signs and giggles, she made it known we were to remove our shoes.

In the tea room were half a dozen more silks who threatened to pass out with convulsions as we seated ourselves in a solemn circle on the floor.

Three weeks on transports of the *Logan* and *Sheridan* types had not proved conducive to approved sanitation and faultless wardrobes. Toes protruded from the ends of socks like derricks on Signal Hill. We were all in the same fix. "The toes have it!" said the lieutenant, saluting.

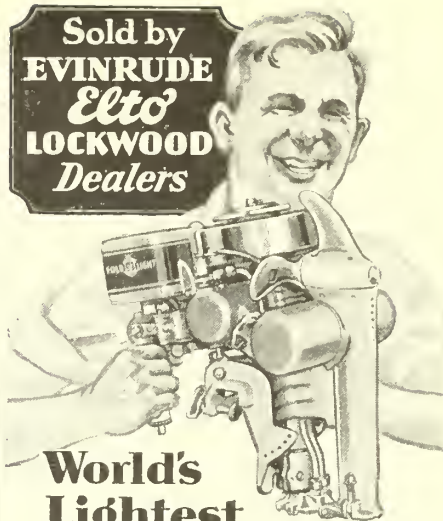
"The hell they do!" came back the corporal. "Take a sniff and you'll let the nose have it!"—D. C. EVANS, *Dufur, Ore.*

#### HE WANTED TO KNOW

\$10 Prize

THE war was over. The First Division returned from France and paraded in New York with General Pershing at the head. From there we went on to Washington for another parade. We de-trained during the night in a pouring rain and through some slip-up no provision had been made to billet all the men, which made it necessary for us to stand out in the streets and wait until they had been made. The sun came out bright and clear the next morning, when a buddy and I walked down town to take in the sights. Buying a morning paper I saw by the headlines that a storm had broken loose about our war heroes, etc., standing for hours in a pouring rain all through the carelessness of their officers. As we stood in front of our Capitol in admiration, a (Continued on page 58)

Sold by  
**EVINRUDE  
Elto  
LOCKWOOD  
Dealers**



## World's Lightest Twin Outboard!

HERE'S the boat motor that all outdoor America is talking about. As "stowable" and compact as a traveling bag — it *f-o-l-d-s*, as shown, to only 11½ x 13¾ x 17 inches. Weighs only 29 pounds — world's lightest twin cylinder outboard. Powerful, too — its 2¾ horse power giving efficient speeds on family and fishing boats and yacht tenders. Gallon of fuel lasts 2½ hours.

## FOLD-LIGHT

Folding steering handle forms comfortable carrying handle. Twin cylinders for smooth performance, with an individual silencer for each. Self steering. First to minimize vibration by cushioning power head in rubber. Gas tank in front, thus easier to fill. Automatic circulation of oil to main bearings.

Write for Catalog.

Outboard Motors Corporation  
Ole Evinrude, President  
5511-27th Street Milwaukee, Wis.

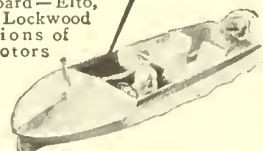
## Run on Battery 20 Minutes

Powerful 12-volt starting, used exclusively by Evinrude, Elto and Lockwood, will spin a large outboard motor 800 revolutions per minute for at least 20 minutes without draining the battery — four times as long as the conventional 6-volt system employed on automobiles.

## ELECTRIC Starting

**EVINRUDE  
Elto  
LOCKWOOD  
Outboard Motors**

JUST touch a switch to start and stop. Battery is recharged automatically. Have spot and running lights — all the handling convenience of costly runabouts at a saving of hundreds of dollars. Write today for catalog on your favorite outboard — Elto, Evinrude or Lockwood — all divisions of Outboard Motors Corporation.



OUTBOARD MOTORS CORPORATION  
Ole Evinrude, President  
5511-27th Street Milwaukee, Wis.



# Big Moments

(Continued from page 57)

gentleman came up to us and questioned us as to the truth of the statements made by the newspapers, to which we agreed in very strong terms. He told us he wanted to investigate this affair himself, and then telling us he was Secretary of War Baker, he thanked us and while we in astonishment stood he gave an about face and walked off. That, I would say, was my biggest moment.—HUGO H. MEYERS, *Fargo, N. D.*

## HOME

\$10 Prize

IT WAS a sunny Saturday afternoon in June, 1919, about 5 o'clock when I jumped off the trolley car and looked down our street and saw my home with Old Glory extending the length of the porch, and several small flags waving over it. I had been discharged that day at Camp Dix, and as I walked up the street with the children running in front of me looking at my uniform, I would not have traded my corporal's chevrons for Black Jack's stars.

As I neared my home, the neighbors coming out on the porches with their "Hello! Eddie" and "How are you, Mac!", I thought of the Jerry "77" shell at Montfaucon that proved a "dud," the dose of gas, the hospital, the cooties and the gold-fish and monkey meat, and I laughed. Why, they all seemed to be trifles now!

Then my big moment came! My mother rushed down the steps, and there we were, in each other's arms and joyously crying, with all the neighbors looking on.

Thrill! Why, buddy, I was home again! —EDWARD MCKEE, *Philadelphia, Pa.*

## ERIN GO BRAGH

\$10 Prize

AFTER having lived for a year alongside the biggest and dirtiest pile of coal in the A. E. F.—in all history, for that matter—forty thousand tons of the ugly stuff in one sprawling heap—having eaten its dust and been steeped in its slush until I was black in the face and my mind was cloudy, I was suddenly transported on leave to a wonderland in the Pyrenees. From Gievres, the mud-hole of France, to that delightful resort in the French Pyrenees, Luchon.

On the outskirts of the village was a small chateau surrounded by a high wall which partly hid from view a flock of nice, friendly mountains. The road led along this wall for some distance, and I was impatient to find an opening. When I did, it took my breath away. Through an open gateway I gazed into a small orchard-garden, flush with new grass, gay with tulips and daffodils, festooned with flowering plum and pear trees, and at the end of a central path—on the farthest wall, standing, it seemed, tip-toe—was a gleaming white statue, golden-crowned

and blue-sashed, "Our Lady of Lourdes."

I soon found myself waiting and breathing hard, after having jangled the bell. The door opened quietly, and a Sister—a nun—in linen so white and with face so clean that I drew back feeling guilty, looked at me in mild surprise.

Then I began. I opened my mouth, and closed it; I fumbled at my camera; it occurred to me I should take off my cap; I did so and dropped it; I stooped, arose, pink as a rose; and then—I began again. I took a deep breath that hurt, I pointed to the camera, I touched my heart, or rather pushed it back: "Voulez-vous, er-permettez-moi, que, que—faire photographie?"

She smiled—she almost laughed—as she answered with a slight Irish brogue: "Now, what is it you wish?"

Breaking ice-floes—cracking log-jams! Oh, what's the use. Yes, she was Irish, and so was I. The Chateau was a hospital. She had arrived from Ireland only a few days before and couldn't speak French.—REV. JOHN P. O'DAY, *North Brookfield, Mass.*

## UNTO THE LEAST OF THESE

\$10 Prize

ON NEW YEAR'S Eve, two years ago, our local Legion Post served a rabbit dinner. Legion members all went hunting with some success.

The night of the feed was a terrible night. Thermometer registered near the zero mark, the wind a howling gale. As mess sergeant I had prepared to serve more than one hundred persons. Only about fifty appeared. At the dinner table I asked if anyone knew of a worthy family or two who could use the remainder of our feed. Found several. The next morning with two members of our Auxiliary, I called on four families of ex-service men who had passed on.

The first was a family of six, mother and five little ones. Never in my two-and-a-half years of active service, here and in France, nor at any time since can I say that I have ever experienced a greater thrill than when I saw those pinched, cold, hungry little faces, peering over the table edge, change to beaming beacons of happiness before my eyes as I unloaded those goodies for them.

All that day and for days and days afterward I kept repeating in my own mind, "Happy New Year." —PAUL D. HALDER, *Xenia, O.*

## NORTH VS. SOUTH

\$10 Prize

WHEN war was declared the 28th Infantry mobilized at McAllen, Texas, to go to France via New York.

In the machine gun company there were two red-headed Irishmen, Kennedy, long and slender and a true Northerner. Durham, low and chunky and a true Southerner.

They were great friends, but a quart of whiskey, the Civil War and the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia spoiled everything.

As the train wound its way through the Blue Ridge Mountains, suddenly Kennedy jumped up, staring out of the window, gazing at a distant mountain. Durham: "What's the matter?" Kennedy: "That's the mountain." Durham: "What mountain?" Kennedy: "The mountain my dad run your dad over during the Civil War." Durham: "That's the mountain, all right, that your dad and mine run over, but you are a liar when you say that my dad was in front."

They went together and fought all over the coach before they could be separated.

From that time on every time they both got drunk, they argued and sometimes fought about whose dad led the chase over the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia.

This incident may not read funny, but it always furnished a good laugh for the men, and if they could get together now, I am sure that nothing would amuse them more than to get Kennedy and Durham about half shot and have them renew their argument about whose dad was behind in the chase over the Blue Ridge Mountains.—M. O. RALEY, *Paragould, Ark.*

## FOR ONE WOUNDED MAN

\$10 Prize

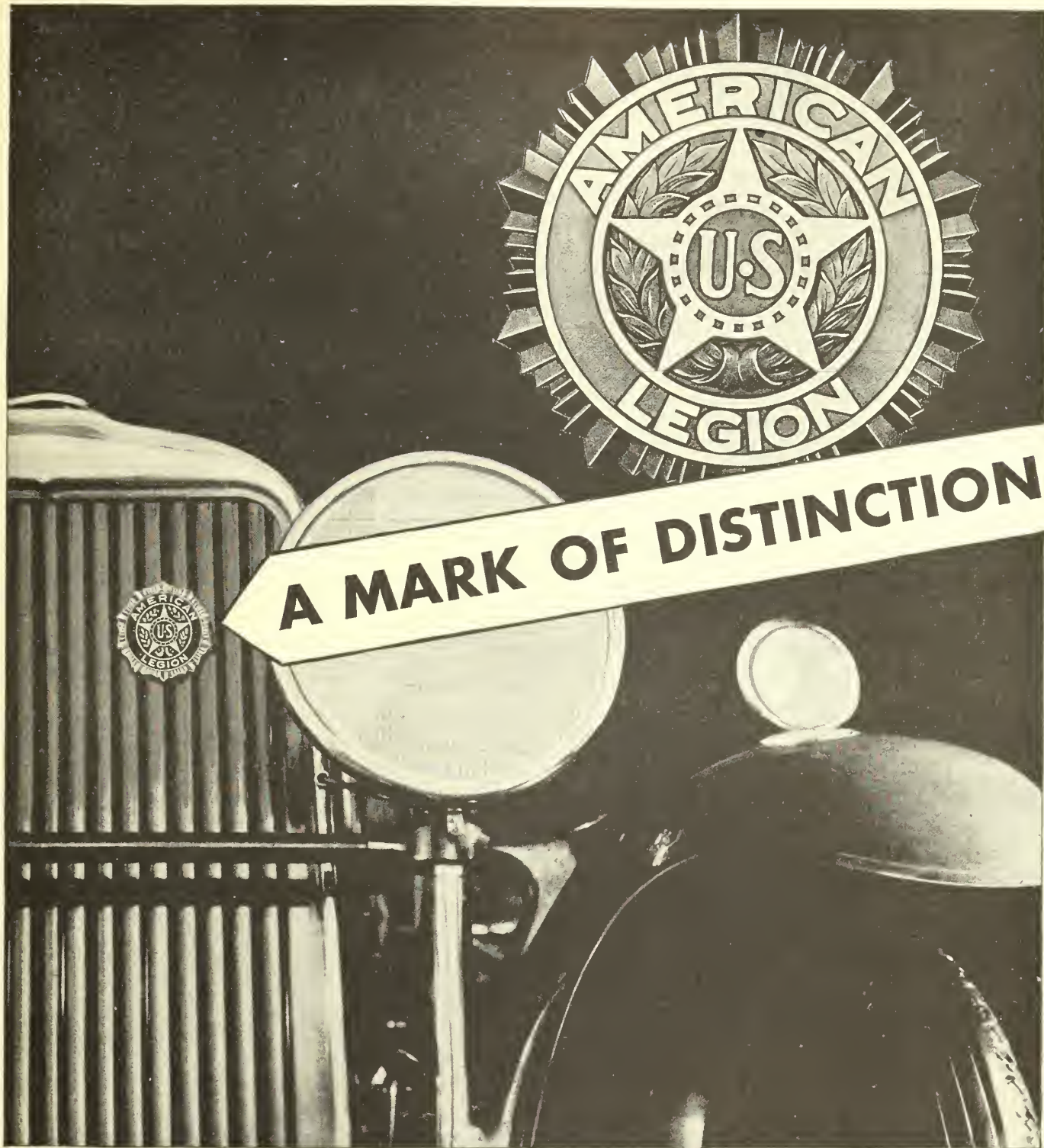
THIS happened on the Champagne Front in October, 1918.

We were lying in the front line, which consisted of a shallow trench about waist high the other side of Blanc Mont Ridge.

They had sent out a reconnoitering party which had got badly shot up. A fellow crawled along the trench asking for stretcher bearers. He said there was a man out front badly wounded and wanted some one to carry him to the first aid station. Braun and I volunteered to go. The trench we were in was being badly raked by machine guns. It was dangerous to stick your head out above the ground. We knew if we crawled through the trench it would take us half an hour or longer.

I asked Braun what we should do. He said, "What's the difference—we only die once. Anyway, we'll throw the stretchers up on the parapet and jump up after them and the Jerries might stop shooting when they see what we are going to do." I said, "Let's go," and away we started. The bullets were flying like bees, but as soon as we jumped out of the trench they ceased as if by magic. We walked on top of the parapet a distance of a quarter of a mile in sight of the enemy. Not a shot was fired. We got the wounded soldier and carried him to the first aid station and returned the same way. Still there were no shots. As soon as we got back in the trench they (Continued on page 60)





Small enough to be inconspicuous, yet large enough to be easily recognized, this attractive American Legion auto emblem will identify you to your fellow Legionnaires wherever you may drive. Tone up the old bus now with an American Legion auto emblem. Put on in a jiffy and only one dollar.

Just pin a dollar bill to the coupon below. Auto emblems are only one of scores of attractive and unusual emblem combinations, all of which are described in the 1930 catalog. This interesting booklet, which is beautifully illustrated in colors, is free to Legionnaires. Write for your copy today.

THE AMERICAN LEGION, EMBLEM DIVISION, 777 N. Meridian St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Check Here ☐ Here's my dollar bill: Send me an American Legion automobile emblem postpaid. It is understood that if I am not satisfied my dollar will be refunded without question upon return of the emblem. ☐ I do not want the auto emblem, but send me the 1930 Emblem Catalog, which is free.

NAME.....STREET.....  
CITY.....STATE.....  
I BELONG TO POST.....DEPT. OF.....

6-30



**New Invention**  
Offers You  
**\$95 Weekly**  
UP TO

**ASH-PAK**, amazing safety cigarette holder, completely encloses cigarette, prevents ashes from falling, sparks from flying! Safe, sanitary, adds to smoking pleasure. Smokers, housewives buy on sight. Sells for only \$1.00 retail. You make 100% profit. Sells several to a customer. Absolutely no competition. No experience needed. Rapid-fire seller.

**Your Ash-Pak FREE**  
Our liberal selling plan offers you your **ASH-PAK FREE**, also many other startling features. Sample sells for you. Earns you sensational profits. Write today for details of **FREE** offer and selling plan.

**THE NORLIPP CO., Dept. F-6,**  
568 W. Congress St.,  
Chicago, Ill.

**ASH-PAK**  
Safety  
Cigarette  
Holder  
Ashes cannot fall  
—sparks cannot fly  
—cooler, sweeter  
smoke. Write for facts  
—how to earn big money  
with Ash-Pak.

**Built for Comfort!**

Genuine black kid. Soft, easy fitting, comfortable. Strongly built for long wear. Placed-right Arch Support relieves ailments, ends pain. Snug-fitting heel; foot conforming last. No wrinkled linings during life of shoe. Features you've long wanted at a price you know is right. Sizes 5 to 15. Ask your dealer.

**M. T. SHAW, Inc.,**  
Dept. 1  
Coldwater, Mich.  
**Shoe Dealers**  
write at once!

**Arch Support**  
"Tom"

**Trade Builders**  
COLDWATER, MICH.  
\$5  
Pac. Coast \$5.50  
Little more for sizes 13, 14, 15

**SONG WRITERS!**

Substantial Advance Royalties are paid on work found acceptable for publication. Anyone wishing to write either the words or music for songs may submit work for free examination and advice. Past experience unnecessary. New demand created by "Talking Pictures", fully described in our free book. Write for it today—Newcomer Associates, 763 Earle Building, New York, N. Y.

**CRIME DETECTION SECRET SERVICE AND FINGER PRINTS**

**SECRET SERVICE BOOK FREE**

For 30 Days Reading—No Money Down  
Actual Crime Cases—If You Act Quick!  
We will send you this stirring book on Crime Detection, Secret Service and Identification Work for 30 days free reading. Written by authority. Send no money. If you decide to keep it, send me only \$1. If not, return it. That's all. WRITE TODAY—before this offer is withdrawn.  
T. G. Cooke, Book Dept. A-405 1920 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago, Ill.

## A Necessity to those who want to preserve each copy of The American Legion Monthly

A binder suitable for preserving one volume—there are two volumes yearly—of six numbers of your magazine—THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY.

THIS binder is strong, artistic in design, beautifully embossed in gold, and made of blue artificial leather.

THE Looking Device is convenient and simple—the actual binding can be made in a few minutes. It requires no hole punching—does not mutilate your copies—is easy to operate—can be quickly detached.

IN gold on the front of this binder is embossed The American Legion Emblem and THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY logo. On the end, embossed in gold, is the title, THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY, and the volume number—I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII or VIII. The current volume is No. VIII. If you desire to bind a complete set—all your past copies of the MONTHLY—binders can be purchased for volumes I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII.

THE price of this binder is \$1.00 each, postpaid, in the United States. In foreign countries, add to remittance estimated postage.

THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY,  
P. O. Box 1357,  
Indianapolis, Indiana

Gentlemen: Enclosed is \$----- (Insert proper amount computed at \$1.00 for each binder.) Please send, postpaid, the binder for Volume I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII of The American Legion Monthly. (Check or circle binder or binders desired.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## Big Moments

(Continued from page 58)

started to rake it with machine guns again.—FRED O. MOATS, *Fairmont, W. Va.*

### FRATERNIZING

\$10 Prize

I HAVE spent the best years of my life as a soldier and like all real soldiers I am partial to a good glass of wine, whiskey, or beer. And so it happened that when my captain requested me to take a detail of men (real soldiers) to penetrate the woods near Mont Sec after our victorious advance on St. Mihiel on September 12, 1918, and round up prisoners, stragglers, or what have you, I was about the most surprised member of the A. E. F. when, after advancing therein, we came on one of the most jovial, rollicking and boisterous parties it has ever been my privilege to witness. For there in a clearing surrounded by immense trees and shrubbery was a stalled German beer train, and still partaking of its contents were a sergeant and about twelve of our distinguished bucks—and about forty German soldiers. They had all imbibed rather freely and when we broke in on them they were in the second stage of conviviality, which is signified by combined singing. Our gang were holding their mess cans high as they sang in unison "Hail, Hail, the Gang's all Here," while the Germans did their damndest to follow suit. As soon as they caught sight of our presence the sergeant with the instinct born to him roared, "Tenshun" and facing around, saluted, saying, "I beg to report one German beer train and forty prisoners."—JOHN P. HEALY, *Oakland, Calif.*

### WITH BLACK JACK'S O. K.

\$10 Prize

THE paunchy, pasty-joweled majors, newly arrived in Chaumont from Washington, D. C., after the Armistice, puffed up indignantly like pouter pigeons when the sergeant-reporter from the *Stars and Stripes*, official A. E. F. newspaper, asked to see their records covering distribution of decorations.

Not by a jugful! No publicity in their department. What they did was their own business, and the doughboys be damned. And would the sergeant please depart and stay departed?

The sergeant stood on the steps outside and meditated. He had been sent from Paris to investigate the distribution of decorations and an assignment was an assignment whether from city editor or army captain.

Now what? The reporter's chief superior, head of G-2, was not in G. H. Q., so the young man decided to call on Colonel Quekemeyer, General Pershing's aide.

As he stood outside the C.-in-C.'s offices, trying to slip by a pop-eyed lieutenant colonel, to whom he had outlined his errand, there came a ringing cry of "Attention!" And out of his inner of-

fice strode with quick step General John J. Pershing himself.

His eyes swept the room. "What does the sergeant want?" he asked the lieutenant colonel. The latter explained.

"Is that right?" the general snapped.

"Yes, sir," said the reporter.

"Give the soldier an order to go where he pleases and ask any questions he wishes so that he may carry out his assignment."

Then he was gone!

The reporter shortly afterward with a quiet smile presented his order to some affrighted majors.

I was that reporter and that was my big moment.—ROBERT I. SNAJDR, *Cleveland, O.*

### THE MESSAGE WENT THROUGH

\$10 Prize

OUR objective, that October afternoon, was the crest of the ridge north of the Somme—St. Juvin Road. We were being literally pinned to the ground by machine gun fire.

Out of the woods where Battalion Headquarters was located, suddenly darted a battalion runner, a little country boy from Iowa. Straight for me he came, on a dead run, through a hail of bullets that were splashing up the dust like heavy rain drops. He had not gone far when he caught one through the chest and plunged forward on his face.

I crawled back and dragged his body into a shell hole. From his clenched fingers I took a blood-soaked message and read orders to withdraw to the bottom of the hill. This was done, and I then worked my way back to the runner. He was still alive, but was breathing with difficulty. Some water from my canteen brought him back to momentary consciousness. His eyes flickered open and he managed to whisper a few words before sinking back into oblivion.

What had he to say, this boy, with his soul on the brink of eternity? What was on his mind? Any concern for himself? Any regrets over his fate? Any farewell message to his folks at home?

I leaned over, and listening carefully, heard him murmur, with a simplicity dramatically symbolic of the unconquerable spirit of America, "Did you—get—the—message—Lieutenant?"—HERMAN ULNER, *Jacksonville, Fla.*

### ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES

\$10 Prize

IN WRITING about my big moment I assume that the singular experience which still vividly lingers in my memory is the experience worthy of that title. Mine came to me in February, 1919.

During the big show I had my excitement. I was partly buried by debris stirred up by a flock of whiz bangs which exploded directly above my head; I was fired at by everything that could be fired. I saw some of my buddies die alongside



of me, and experienced everything else which was part of the war. However, I have forgotten all of this—it was just a part of the day's work.

The incident which stands out clearly in my mind is a very insignificant one. When returning from France our company was fortunate enough to get transportation on the *George Washington* on February 18, when President Wilson and his staff were returning to the States. The ship was waiting in the harbor and we started up the gangplank, with most of the French mud still sticking to our hobnails. Imagine my surprise when a gob stood on deck with a broom to brush our shoes.

That was the biggest kick I got out of my entire eighteen months' service.—ISAAC VELLEMAN, *Hannibal, Mo.*

## BACK FROM THE SHADOWS

\$10 Prize

**E**VACUATION Hospital No. 6 was sent to Coblenz to take over a German hospital, in the Army of Occupation.

While giving an anesthetic to a doughboy for a minor operation for appendicitis, I discovered my patient was not breathing, had no pulse and was deathly white. I said, "Colonel, stop the operation, the boy is dead, and I have killed him with chloroform. Oh, I thought I had a can of ether and instead it was chloroform." The colonel said, "You have killed him indeed."

We lowered the head of the table, gave him artificial respiration and other restoratives.

Feeling I had carelessly killed a boy by getting the wrong can of anesthetic and being unable to stand on my feet or do any more for him, I dropped on my knees by his head and felt his pulse once more. Imagine the big moment in my life when I felt a tiny flutter of pulse. In a few moments we knew he would live.

The boy slept through the long hours of the night, but I lay awake hour after hour, went down into the shadow of death with him, and lived over again and again the happy moments of his resurrection to life.—MRS. FRANCES PETERS, *Gainesville, Fla.*

## GRATITUDE

\$10 Prize

**I**T WAS on November 11, 1918, that I got my first pass to go to town from the base hospital at Angers, France, where I had been since I was wounded on October 14th. You can imagine the rejoicing that was going on, for the Armistice had been signed only that morning. Old men and women as well as children were dancing in the streets, waving flags, and shouting, "Fin la guerre!" Nobody paid any attention to me as I strolled along enjoying the scene. It meant a lot to me to know that the war was over and that my buddies were no longer in constant danger of death or mutilation from enemy shells. It meant a great deal more to these French to know that their sons, brothers, husbands and fathers were safe, and that their nation was preserved.

The walking soon tired me and I sat down on a chair outside a café. As I was resting, I noticed an old Frenchman who detached himself from the merry-makers and came toward me. When he reached my chair he bent over and said in American, "Wiz your assistance. Thank you." He was gone before I could collect my wits enough to answer him. The warm glow that filled my heart at his words has persisted to this day. I will never forget the courtesy of that Frenchman who paused in his happiness to thank a lone American soldier for his small share in the work of saving France.—W. STUART WEED, *Decatur, Ill.*

## EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES

\$10 Prize

**C**AMP Devens, July, 1918. I was attached to the headquarters staff of the 76th Division as assistant adjutant. The rest of the staff had left for France on the night of July 3rd. Sailing orders for the division were being received nightly. News that the division was leaving had spread and telegrams and letters from well meaning relatives and friends were coming in bunches. Washington had wired that no man should be transferred from the division except under "extenuating circumstances."

While running through the usual morning supply of sob letters my eyes fell on one addressed in pencil to "Mr. General." When I had finished reading that letter, I knew it was genuine. The writer was a mother of four boys. Two had already made the supreme sacrifice, the third was in France, the fourth in our division. Couldn't "Mr. General" find some use for this boy on this side the water? It was so simply written, so pathetic, so brave that I decided here was an "extenuating circumstance."

I found the boy was in the 301st Machine Gun Battalion; they would leave for France at eleven that night. I sent for the boy, satisfied myself that the mother's statements were correct, and dictated a special order transferring him to the Quartermaster Corps, for domestic service.

It was a sorely disappointed youngster who left headquarters with that order, but a very grateful mother who wrote her thanks to "Mr. General" a few days later.—CHARLES F. REID, *Pittsfield, Mass.*

## THE TOP MAKES THE GRADE

\$10 Prize

**F**OR nine months I was the top sergeant in Co. C, 311th Field Signal Battalion, 86th Division, Camp Grant.

After the Armistice, I attended "in person" a reunion of our outfit at the old Palmer House in Chicago.

Contrary to expectations no one "knocked hell" out of me, but it was a Big Moment for a long, long while—CORLIS O. NUTT, *Winona, Minn.*

**FINAL ANNOUNCEMENT:** The last instalment of prize-winning *Big Moments* will be published in the September number. No contri- (Continued on page 62)

## 10 Inches Off Waistline

"My waistline went from 42 down to 34 inches. It took only 35 days," says E. D. Lane, of Albany, N. Y. "Just wore a Director Belt and got results. Never felt better in my life."

The Director Belt gets at the cause of fat and quickly removes it by its gentle, kneading, massaging action on the abdomen, which causes the fat to be dissolved and absorbed. Thousands have proved it and doctors recommend it as the natural way to reduce. Stop drugs, exercises and dieting. Try this easy way.

## Sent on Trial

Let us prove our claims.

We'll send a Director for trial. If you don't get results you owe nothing. You don't risk a penny. Write for trial offer, doctors' endorsements and letters from users. Mail the coupon NOW!

**LONDON & WARNER**  
332 S. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

London & Warner, Dept. C-119, 332 S. La Salle, Chicago  
Gentlemen: Without cost or obligation on my part please send me details of your trial offer.

Name.....

Address.....



## New Kind Of Can Opener

Works Like Magic!

### AGENTS

Men and Women make up to \$6 and \$8 in an hour, full or sparetime. Big, worthwhile commissions on every sale. Exclusive Territories. Send quick for FREE TEST Offer.

At last! An automatic, simple little can opening machine for the home. This revolutionary invention in only a few short months has banished old can openers from over 100,000 kitchens. And no wonder! Imagine an amazing, lifetime device that holds the can and cuts out the top leaving can rim slick, smooth and clean. Just turn a crank, that's all. Approved by Good Housekeeping Inst., Modern Housewife, etc. Write today for special introductory advertising offer.

**CENTRAL STATES MFG. CO.**  
Dept. G-1003, 4500 Mary Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Free Suggestions in  
**BRONZE TABLETS**  
MEMORIAL FLAGPOLES, GATEWAYS, ETC.  
*The Flour City Ornamental Iron Co.*  
2637-27th AVE. SO. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

**PETTIBONE'S**  
FEATURE PARADE AND BAND  
**UNIFORMS**  
OF SPECIAL DESIGNS  
PETTIBONE'S Write for Catalog CINCINNATI, O.

**FIREWORKS**  
The Kind You Saw at the  
Louisville Convention  
Superb selections of highest class display fireworks with complete instructions  
\$100.00 to \$500.00  
Extraordinary displays with expert operators, \$500.00 to \$50,000.00  
Write for Catalog and Information  
**Thearle-Duffield Fireworks Co.**  
624 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago  
The Largest Producers of Displays in the World



# Your Post Needs This For FLAG DAY

Dear Comrade:

Here is the opportunity of a lifetime for your Post to materially contribute to the civic betterment of your community!

"OLD GLORY", an accurate motion picture history of the origin and development of our national emblem, affords your post an exceptional opportunity of bringing to your fellow townspeople a never-to-be-forgotten lesson in patriotism and flag etiquette. Surely no project could be more worthy of your sponsorship. It is an educational classic which every man, woman and child in America should see! Flag Day is rapidly approaching and your community will look to your Post for a fitting observance of this patriotic holiday. Your present program, regardless of how elaborate, can be materially augmented with "OLD GLORY" and at a very nominal charge.

Theatres everywhere are co-operating with Posts in bringing "OLD GLORY" to their communities. The coupon below will bring you full details of how easily your Post can sponsor this unusual picture. The number of Posts which we can serve is limited and it is, therefore, important that you act immediately.

Sincerely yours,

*Marquette*

E. O. Morquette,  
Director Film Service

## M A I L T H I S

AMERICAN LEGION FILM SERVICE,  
777 North Meridian Street,  
Indianapolis, Indiana:

Please send (without obligation) a copy of your special pamphlet "OLD GLORY" which explains how easily our Post can exhibit this patriotic film on Flag Day.

NAME.....

ST. AND NO.....

CITY AND STATE.....-6-30

## Big Moments

(Continued from page 61)

but ion reaching the office of The American Legion Monthly after June 20th will be considered. The prizes, as heretofore, will be: A first prize of \$100 for what, in the opinion of the editors, is the best story submitted, \$50 each for the next two, \$25 each for the next four, and \$10 each for the next twenty. Contributions submitted will be judged not by their literary finish or lack of it, but by the quality and interest of their contents. No contributions will be returned, nor can the editors of the Monthly (whose decision will in all cases be

final) enter into a correspondence about them. Contributions need not be typewritten, though typewriting is preferred. Address Big Moment Contest, The American Legion Monthly, P. O. Box 1357, Indianapolis, Indiana. Submit as many stories as you like, but do not enclose more than one story in a single envelope. Each story not to exceed 250 words. Write on one side of the sheet only, and put name and address in upper righthand corner of each sheet. Besides the final contributions to be published in September, instalments will appear July and August.

## He Wrecked His Way to Fame

(Continued from page 29)

"With the greatest race in the world, the greatest audience and the greatest aggregation of racing drivers; not to mention the largest purse, my car wouldn't start when the word came to crank up for the preliminary pacing lap that would launch us into the race proper!

"My mechanics cranked and pushed. Then four or five other men got behind me and pushed. Ten feet, twenty, fifty, a hundred, two hundred. A couple of weak coughs, a sputter and then a roar that shook the whole speedway! I was on my way! Not such an auspicious start!"

Nevertheless, De Paolo quickly worked into the lead of the procession and during the greater part of the 500 miles held that position. Toward the end Benjie Hill came up to challenge Pete, but De Paolo's lead was sufficient to bring him in fifty-eight seconds to the good with an average of 101.13 miles an hour. Just to show what a difference 58 seconds may make, Pete's share of the prize money was \$36,150, while the driver of the second car got \$15,000.

With the jinx apparently relegated to the rear, Pete finished 1925 in a blaze of glory. His record for the rest of the year was: Won Altoona 250-mile race, June 13; won Laurel 250-mile race, July 11; second in Laurel 250-mile race, October 26; won Salem 250-mile race, October 21. He won the driving championship with 3,260 points; Milton was second with 1,735.

Pete finished third in the driving championship in 1926 and won the championship for the second time in 1927.

He came to the 1928 Indianapolis race with a front-drive Flying Cloud Special, painted the all-time De Paolo color, canary yellow. While making his four-lap qualification trial with his throttle wide open his steering froze on the northeast turn of the track, his car turned over several times and slid along the rough bricks for a couple of hundred yards. Pete was thrown from the car. Spectators started toward him, expecting to find him dead, but he pulled himself slowly upon his feet,

with the flesh on one arm in tatters and his face and side badly cut, and staggered toward the wrecked car.

The Flying Cloud was repaired in time for the race, but it was not driven by De Paolo. He insisted on being carried from the hospital to watch the race, but did not stay long, returning to the hospital, where he remained for several weeks.

Pete entered the 1929 Indianapolis race, driving a Boyle Valve Special, but a broken steering arm put him out early. He was scheduled to drive a Duesenberg Special in the 1930 Indianapolis race and then to retire from racing.

The cars used in racing's major league are the finest and fastest in the world. They have looped circular or oval speedways at speeds approximating 150 miles an hour, yet their straight eight engines have been of only 91½ cubic inches displacement—less than half the size of the present-day Ford power plant. (This year the rules are changed to permit a maximum of 366 cubic inches.) Racing engines are built as accurately as a watch—and as well balanced. They have to be if they are to stay in one piece at the speed at which the parts move. With the cars wide open the engine crankshafts of the 91½ cubic inch jobs revolve as high as 8,000 times a minute! With an engine speed of 7,000 r.p.m., which is not at all abnormal, the pistons must move upward 7,000 times a minute and downward the same number of times. The supercharger, which forced gas into the engine, turned up approximately 37,000 times a minute! The peripheral section of the supercharger has a speed of 600 miles an hour! (Today's rules ban the supercharger.)

Racing is an expensive profession. Cars cost from \$12,000 to \$18,000. The prize money is large, but there is a heavy-footed flock of big time drivers who make the winner of every contest drive his head off to stay out in front.

I have never heard a breath of scandal about an A. A. race. The business of managing them, and writing about them, has kept me in close touch with these



youngsters who literally ride with Death at their elbow.

"When a tire blows, something breaks on the car or it hits an oil streak and gets out of control, maybe in the interim shooting to the top of the track and then down again, is a driver's mind working fast enough to know just what it is all about?" I asked Pete. "I have heard some of them say they know all about what is going on and as soon as the car straightens out they tromp on her and let her go."

Pete looked off into space for a minute. "Let's grant that a driver's actions are more or less automatic, superinduced by the necessity for quick work in many tight places. For instance, I am passing a car on a turn. The car I am passing skids a bit and slides out toward me. Without even thinking, I'll swing out into the clear.

"There isn't any doubt that a racing driver's reflexes are quicker than those of the average driver. Now, supposing I am tearing along the front stretch of a track. Suppose the track surface is slippery from oil or moisture. I am traveling 130 miles an hour, which is 686,400 feet; 11,440 feet a minute; 190 feet a second. I blow a tire. Maybe I will be able to hold the car. Maybe I won't, owing to a combination of circumstances. If I do not hold the car, it may spin so fast that it looks like a blur to the spectators and feels worse than a blur to me. If it happens on a turn I

may slide up to the top of the track, and if I don't crash on through the guard rail and drop to the ground below, I may slide to the bottom again—all in the course of a second or so. One thing is sure, if my car decides to go over the top there is nothing I can do to prevent it.

"Maybe some drivers believe they are doing something to help themselves under such conditions; maybe some of them can keep track of everything; maybe some of them fight the steering wheel. Seems to me if they could handle the car, direct its movements, it would not get away from them in the first place. I'm not speaking now of slight skids. If they can't prevent it going A. W. O. L. in the first place, it is difficult to see how they can bring it back to normal until its gyrations have slowed down to a practical stop. About the first thing most drivers do when they see a car is on its own is to 'go down in the cellar,' as we call it. That is, the driver slides down in his seat in an endeavor to get some protection if the car turns turtle.

"When a car does slow down and no particular damage has been done, the driver puts his lever in gear and ambles around to his pits for a general inspection of the car. If he is inclined to a bit of ego, maybe the fact that he has come safely out of the mess convinces him that it was his own skill that did it. Personally, I am inclined to believe that once my car gets away from me, my future is in the hands of God."

## Then and Now

(Continued from page 34)

of the men from whom detailed information may be obtained:

THIRD DIV.—Walter J. Wells, Elks Hotel, 275 Tremont st., Boston.  
50TH INF.—William Heagney, Box 657, R. R. No. 2, Stratford, Conn., or Bert Hollers, 1202 N. Sluss ave., Bloomington, Ind.  
M. G. Co., 104TH INF.—Edwin A. Holmes, 40 Broad st., Boston.  
FIRST AND NINTH F. A., Ft. Sill, OKLA.—George H. Drew, Bdw. and Cross st., East Somerville, Mass.  
OFFICERS, SCHOOL OF FIRE, FT. SILL—Dwight P. Griswold, Gordon, Nebr.  
SIXTH, SEVENTH AND EIGHTH REGTS., C. A. C.—W. G. Kuenzel, 24 Gilman st., Holyoke, Mass.  
11TH ENGRS.—Harold S. Ring, 50 E. 25th st., New York City.  
21ST ENGRS., LIGHT RY., A. E. F.—Frederick G. Webster, 6819-A Prairie ave., Chicago, Ill.  
23D ENGRS.—Carlos D. Smith, The Hawthorne Hotel, Salem, Mass.  
31ST ENGRS., RY.—F. E. Love, 111 1st ave., W. Cedar Rapids, Iowa.  
32D ENGRS.—Gordon Pannill, Box 970, Winston-Salem, N. C.  
318TH FIELD SIG. BN.—Earle E. Murphy, P. O. Box 998, New London, Conn.  
37TH SERV. Co., S. C.—Joseph E. Fitzgerald, 523 Ashmont st., Dorchester, Mass.  
SEVENTH BN., 151ST DEPOT BRIG.—R. M. Leonard, 176 Aspen rd., Swampscott, Mass.  
U. S. A. (HARVAIR) BASE HOSP. No. 5—W. I. Whitely, 4 P. O. Sq., Boston.  
BASE HOSP. No. 54—Miss Rose A. Cassidy, Chedd's Ford, Pa.  
BASE HOSP. No. 104—Joseph Sussman, 133 Smith st., Perth Amboy, N. J.  
104TH F. H., 26TH DIV.—John Dunlap, 63 Pennacook st., Manchester, N. H.  
34TH AERO SQDRN.—John G. Sujack, 15 N. Vail st., Arlington Heights, Ill.  
41ST AERO SQDRN.—J. E. Hardin, Stratford, Calif.  
42D AND 47TH AERO SQDRNS.—M. A. Niland, R. D. No. 7, Morgantown, W. Va.  
29TH AND 400TH AERO SQDRNS.—Edgar C. Kelley, Scottsdale, Pa.  
491ST AERO CONSTR. SQDRN.—Talmage B. Rowe, 369 E. Green st., Nanticoke, Pa.  
YEOMEN (F), U. S. N. R. F.—Ex-members in North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas,

Missouri, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Kentucky; address Mrs. Paul M. Akin, 777 N. Meridian st., Indianapolis, Ind.  
U. S. NAV. AIR STATION, BAY SHORE, L. I.—LeRoy C. Flint, 301 Strand bldg., Providence, R. I.  
42D, 43D, 44TH, 51ST, 52D, 53D AND 57TH REGTS., C. A. C.—J. A. Donnelly, 111 West Illinois st., Wheaton, Ill.  
WORLD WAR NURSES—M. Etta Wallace, R. N., 29 Banks st., Somerville, Mass.  
ORDNANCE TROOPS, DOMGERMAIN, FRANCE—Robert Wood, City Hall, Atlantic City, N. J.  
SUPPLY Co. 318, Q. M. C.—William A. Leekie, 1809 Beverly rd., Brooklyn, N. Y.  
U. S. S. *Wilhelmina*—Dr. M. M. Sorenson, 1506 State st., Racine, Wis.  
U. S. S. *Bridgeport*—Harry J. Leonard, P. O. Box 24, Cleburne, Tex.  
A. P. O. AND P. E. S.—Leon A. Rogalski, 859 29th ave., Milwaukee, Wis.  
8TH ARMY CORPS VETS. Assoc.—Annual dinner of Philippines and China veterans. George S. Geis, Box 342, Wabash, Ind.

## TIMELY announcements of reunions held elsewhere than in Boston, follow:

SECOND DIV.—Annual reunion in Los Angeles, Calif., June 5-7. Address Wayne H. Castle, 1816 South Figueroa st., Los Angeles.  
32D DIV. VETS. Assoc.—Annual reunion Milwaukee, Wis., Sept. 14-16. Special broadcast Memorial Day, May 30th, 5:30 to 6:30 p. m. E. S. T., from WTMJ, Milwaukee, by Legion championship band of Electric Post to advertise reunion. Address Byron Beveridge, Madison, Wis.  
12TH ENGRS.—Reunion at Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, Mo., June 26-28. Address John J. Barada, 514 Kansas st., St. Louis.  
146TH AMB. Co., 37TH DIV.—Annual reunion Columbus, Ohio, June 14. Write J. L. Snoots, 133 Brighton rd., Columbus.  
FIRST CO. INF., THIRD O. T. S., CAMP CUSTER—Reunion at Hotel Fort Shelby, Detroit, Mich., June 6-7. L. C. Jarrandt, 306 Peoples State Bank bldg., Pontiac, Mich.  
POLAR BEAR ASSOC.—Biennial reunion at Detroit, Mich., May 29-31. Address Walter Dundon, 2114 Canton ave., Detroit.

THE COMPANY CLERK

# \$10,000

Protection Against

## ACCIDENT and SICKNESS

For **\$10. YEAR** No Dues or Assessments  
Men, Women 16 to 70 accepted  
**NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION**  
Policy Pays

\$10,000 for loss of life, hands, feet or eyesight. Many unusual protecting clauses. \$25 Weekly benefits, pays doctor and hospital bills. Covers Automobile, Travel, Pedestrian and many common accidents. Covers many common sicknesses, including typhoid, appendix operations, lobar pneumonia, etc., etc. Oldest Phila. Casualty company. Don't delay, you may be next to meet sickness or accident. Mail coupon today for free descriptive literature.

**COMMONWEALTH CASUALTY CO.,**  
706 Wallach Bldg., Newark, New Jersey.

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

**AGENTS WANTED for Local Territory**



## BE A RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTOR

### EARN UP TO \$250

per month, plus expenses

Big demand for trained men in this permanent, fascinating profession. It offers men 19-55 unlimited opportunities. Pleasant outdoor work with regular hours. Travel, or remain near home. We'll assist you to a position paying \$120 to \$150 per month plus expenses, upon completion of few weeks' spare time home instruction, or refund your money. Quick advancement to \$175, \$200, \$250 per month with experience. Your future can be made a certainty. Learn about it now. Send for free booklet.

**Standard Business Training Institute, Div. 24, Buffalo, N. Y.**



## RAISE CHINCHILLA AND NEW ZEALAND WHITE FUR RABBITS

**Make Big Money We Supply Stock**

and pay you following: prices for all you raise. Chinchillas average \$3 each. New Zealand Whites \$2 each. 32-page illustrated book, catalog and contract, also copy of *Fur Farming* magazine, tells how to raise rabbits for big profits, all for 10c. Address

**OUTDOOR ENTERPRISE CO.**  
BOX 1042, HOLMES PARK, MISSOURI



## MORE MONEY DAILY FOR YOU!

### SHIRTS UNDERWEAR TIES

Men and Women—Industry's leader offers you direct-to-wearer agency. Pays big. Happy work. Thousands successful. Sample outfit free. Start at once. Write today.

**DEPT. CARLTON MILLS, INC.**  
308-L 79 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

## Take off that excess FAT



Without dieting, or drugs, or exercise, you can take off pounds of fat, reducing abdomen 4 to 6 inches in a few weeks.

### MIZPAH REDUCER

shows results almost immediately, and relieves that tired feeling generally—excess fat is burdensome and wears down the whole system.

Made of best quality Para rubber and Egyptian thread especially woven for this purpose, also in superior quality of Linen. Can be boiled to cleanse without injury to the rubber.

No lacing, no fussing, simply step into the Mizpah; pull it into place where it stays, without rolling or slipping, conforming to every movement of body.

Made and guaranteed by one of the largest, oldest and best known makers of surgical belts.

Prices: Rayon Silk with garters attached, particularly adapted for women, \$10.00 each.  
Linen, particularly adapted for men for size 42 or larger, \$8.00 each.  
Egyptian Thread, suitable for either men or women for sizes up to 44, \$5.00 each.

If not entirely satisfactory in one week, return and money will be cheerfully refunded. Suitable for either men or women.

State waist measurement at "A" and height.

**The WALTER F. WARE CO., Philadelphia, Pa.**  
Dept. G. Makers of the No. 44, Mizpah Jock





LACK of space in this department last month prevented the inclusion of some interesting asides inspired by Marquis James's article on the ill-starred expedition of Señor López for the liberation of Cuba. Twenty-five years ago a popular school exercise recitation in the South and Southwest was a poem by Mary E. Wilson of Kentucky on the death of Crittenden at Havana. Possibly boys may still declaim these lines:

Ah! tyrant, forge thy chains at will—

Nay! gall this flesh of mine;

My thought is free, unfetter'd still,

And will not yield to thine.

Take, take this life that heaven gave,

And let my heart's blood stain thy sod;

But know ye not Kentucky's brave

Will kneel to none but God?

The lines were inspired by the last words of Crittenden as they are reported in many accounts: "An American kneels only to his God and always faces his enemy." Mr. James reports: "When I began my studies of the López expedition I expected, or at least hoped, to be able to reproduce those words. It seems, however, that they were not uttered. Professor R. G. Caldwell of the historical department of Rice Institute, Houston, Texas, in his exhaustive examination of contemporary evidence finds that they first appeared in the New Orleans *Crescent's* write-up of the execution, and are not corroborated by eye and ear witnesses, including several Americans. His conclusion is that they are a journalistic elaboration. But this should not trouble school boys, past or present, for the words do reflect the spirit with which Crittenden met his fate."

LIKE all old-time Southwesterners, Major Henry W. Daly pronounces Geronimo as if it were spelled Heronimo, accented on the second syllable, which is the way Geronimo himself pronounced it. It is simply the Spanish equivalent of Jerome. Major Daly's account of the last of the campaigns in pursuit of the great Apache chieftain is interesting at this time because of a revival of popular interest in the subject. It has been written from his personal diary, kept in the field amid the stirring incidents described, and embraces much not before published or at variance with generally accepted accounts. As he turned in his manuscript Major Daly said that it depressed him, in a way, to write on such subjects. In view of the state of our Indians today he said that many people must think him drawing the long bow. Fifteen years after the surrender he said that he saw Geronimo at the Pan-Ameri-

can Exposition at Buffalo in 1901. He had learned to letter his name, and was selling autographs for a quarter apiece "for whiskey money." "When I looked at him I thought this Indian must be an impostor," continued Major Daly. "All of the old pride, the old force of character gone. It did not seem possible, in spite of reverses and imprisonment, that one could change so. I touched his arm and spoke to him in his own tongue. 'Are you Geronimo?' A look of great surprise came over his face. 'Who are you that asks?' he said. I mentioned my name, or rather the name of his own making that Geronimo had always called me by. He fell into my arms, and later, in his tent, we had a very long talk which I am not ashamed to say brought tears to my eyes."

ALEXANDER GARDINER, who writes on "Saint Botolph's Other Town," is himself a native of Massachusetts, and received most of his education and his initiation into journalism in that State. He is the author of "Canfield: The True Story of the Greatest Gambler" (Canfield also being a New Englander), which has recently been published by Doubleday, Doran & Co. Sears Gallagher, who made all but two of the etchings which illustrate Mr. Gardiner's article, is a native of Boston and still lives there. He is a member of the Guild of Boston Artists, the Chicago Society of Etchers, the Brooklyn Society of Etchers, and the Boston Society of Water Color Painters. In 1922 he won the Logan Medal awarded by the Chicago Society of Etchers for his drypoint "Maine Coast." He is represented in numerous libraries and museums throughout America and in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris. Samuel V. Chamberlain, who made the etchings of Faneuil Hall and the Fish Pier, is a native of neither Boston nor Massachusetts, but, like everyone who isn't a native of Indiana, of Iowa. He served in the American Field Service in France during the war. He is a member of the Chicago Society of Etchers, and in 1925 received first honorable mention in etching at the Paris Salon. He is represented in the Bibliothèque Nationale, the British Museum, and in many public collections in America. He now lives in Paris.

A NATIVE of Worcester, Massachusetts, Richard Washburn Child received his A.B. at Harvard in 1903 and was graduated from the Harvard Law School three years later. He was ad-

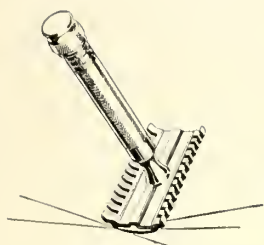
mitted to the bar in 1906 and continued in practice until 1917, meanwhile contributing to magazines fiction and articles on the problems of the day. During 1917 and 1918 he was assistant to Frank A. Vanderlip in war finance work, and in 1919 he became editor of *Collier's*. President Harding appointed him ambassador to Italy in 1921, and he occupied this post until February, 1924, serving also as chief American representative at the important Genoa and Lausanne conferences of 1922. Some of the results of his diplomatic experience are embodied in "A Diplomat Looks at Europe," published in 1925.

THE fact that Walter P. Chrysler, a native of Kansas, has built the tallest building on an island inhabited almost exclusively by buildings that are not quite so tall is, in a sense, simply evidence of Mr. Chrysler's affection for an old family landmark. For he is a descendant of Tuenis Van Dolsen, the first male child born in New Amsterdam in a day when, we suppose, the tallest building was a two-story blockhouse and the fastest vehicle an ox-cart. The story of Mr. Chrysler's own romantic career is perhaps too familiar to require retelling. He graduated from railroads to automobiles when, in 1912, he became works manager for the Buick Motor Company, of which he served as president and general manager from 1916 to 1919, when he joined the General Motors Corporation as vice-president in charge of operations. He is now president and chairman of the board of the Chrysler Corporation.

SPECIAL attention is called to the announcement of the impending close of the Big Moments contest, which is printed at the end of this month's instalment. No contribution reaching the Indianapolis office of the Monthly after June 20th will be considered for the final instalment of prize-winning Big Moments, to appear in the September number. Including the September instalment, a total of one hundred and sixty-two Big Moments will have been printed—that is to say, nearly two and three-quarter hours of them—and three thousand dollars will have been awarded as prizes, or less than a month's pay for a wartime Master Signal Electrician, Chief Water-tender, or Quartermaster Sergeant, Senior Grade.

*The Editor*





# Punishment-proof!



## New razor protected by reinforced corners

**MORE** than ten million men are blessing their New Gillette Razor for its wealth of new comfort, speed and smoothness, but most of all for its protection against hard knocks.

When you dropped your old Gillette, the slightest dent was enough to throw the blade out of alignment and cause the razor to "pull." Now all that is banished forever by the sturdy reinforced corners of the new cap and the cut-out corners of the New Gillette Blade. Punishment-proof—that's what the New Gillette really is!

A big advantage? Yes. But that is only one of *many* big improvements—no more wiping; no more taking razor apart to dry the rust-resisting blade; channel guard; longer, bent-back teeth—all these and many others are yours for only \$1.00 at your dealer's in the 24K. gold-plated New Gillette Razor in a handsome case, with one New Gillette Blade.

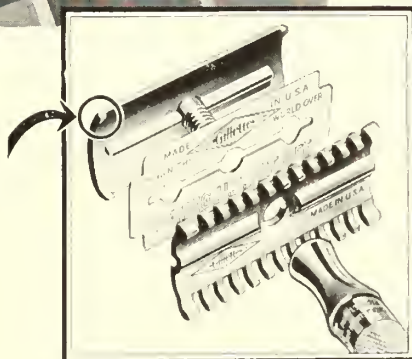
See your dealer on your way home tonight.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.

\$1.00 for ten;  
50c for five

We can't prevent your dropping the New Gillette, but we can prevent the nicks and dents that spoil your shave.

**QUICK FACTS: REINFORCED CORNERS PREVENT DAMAGE IF DROPPED...** cut-out blade corners cut out "razor-pull" ... new processed steel blade resists rust ... new shape guard teeth ... channel guard ... square blade ends ... all yours for only \$1.00.



The New Gillette  
Blades in the new  
green packet

# The New Gillette Shave



The cigarette that  
puts a spark of  
pleasure in every  
passing moment.



# Camel

